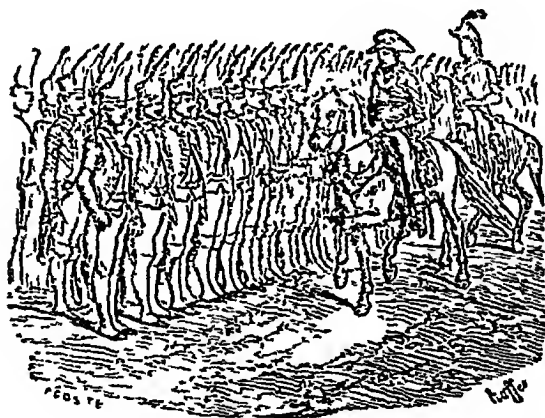


LIFE NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

BY
CHARLES MACFARLANE

WITH
*FIFTY-NINE ILLUSTRATIONS BY HORACE VERNET,
RAFFET, AND OTHERS*



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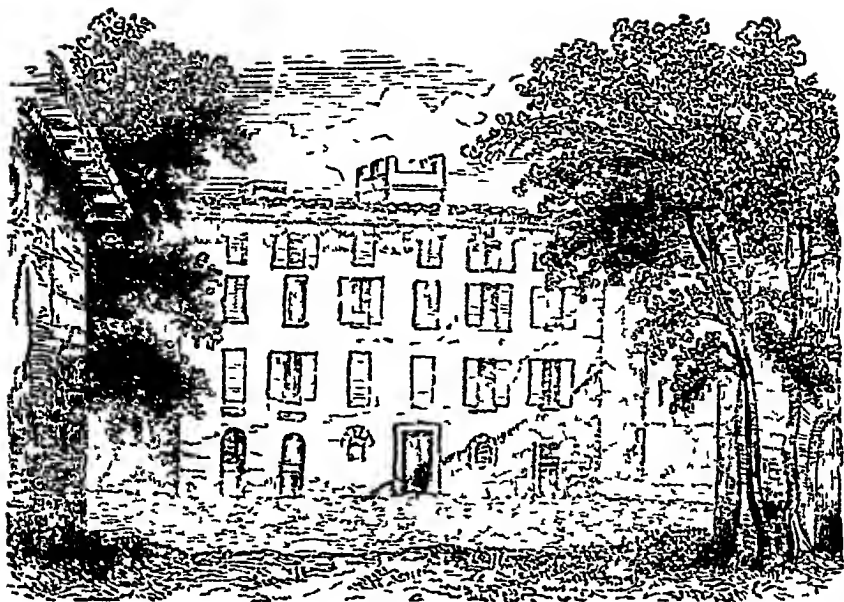


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Birthplace of Napoleon

MEMOIR OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BOOK

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE by descent, both paternal and maternal, and by birth, was a Corsican

The mountainous but not unfruitful island of Corsica, which for some time previously had been subjected and occupied by the Saracens, or Arabs, from the neighbouring coasts of Barbary, was conquered by the great and warlike Republic of Genoa in the early part of the eleventh century, or about fifty years before the conquest of England by the Normans. The Mussulmans were exterminated

or expelled, the rude native islanders, originally settlers from the coast of Italy, were somewhat civilized, churches were erected, a Christian bishop was sent from Rome to reside among them, and, although turbulent by nature, the Corsicans rather quietly submitted to the Genoese for more than 500 years. The island received an Italian civilization, long the highest and best in Europe, but this did not penetrate into the interior, which remained, down to our own days, in a semi-barbarous condition. Towards the close of the sixteenth century the greatness of Genoa began rapidly to decline, and from that period the Corsicans were never tranquil. One rebellion or insurrection succeeded another, the object of all being to expel the Genoese, and turn the island into an independent state. In 1736 the Corsicans in arms elected for their king the noted Theodore, a poor German adventurer, who finished his career as a prisoner for debt in the King's Bench, London. Theodore's reign was very short (he had to fly for his life from those who had voted him a crown), but the war against the Genoese continued with great fierceness and cruelty on both sides, and when it was terminated, in the year 1740, it was through the powerful aid given by the French to the Genoese. From this time the French were more masters of the island than were those who had applied to them for assistance, but their authority was almost confined within the narrow limits of the coasts, and the forts, towers, and castles, which had been built by the old Italian Republic. In the mountains, and in the forests of the interior, the native population held out for independence, every man was armed, the women often fought like men, and the French sustained not a few surprises and reverses. It was as savage a war as ever raged in the mountains of Catalonia, Calabria, or Albania. As a general rule, no quarter was allowed to the Genoese. In the year 1755, the Corsicans elected to the supreme command of their forces the celebrated Pascal Paoli, afterwards the intimate associate and friend of Dr Johnson, Oliver Goldsmith, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and all that constellation of ability and genius which shed a lustre over England in the early part of the reign of George III. Though only a private citizen, Paoli might have been king by name, as he was for a considerable time in fact. Under him the islanders gained

many triumphs in the field, and almost rooted out the last remnant of the power of Genoa. But at the end of the year 1764 France sent over six French battalions, under the command of the Count de Marbœuf, an able, amiable, and experienced veteran, who was destined to exercise a great influence over the fortunes of the Bonaparte family. In 1768, nearly four years after the arrival of the Count de Marbœuf, the Republic of Genoa, finding that she could do nothing with the island herself, made a formal sale of Corsica to the Crown of France. For a short time the war of independence lingered on in the interior, but then Paoli was compelled to abandon his native country, and to seek an asylum in England.

It was during the last heavings of this tempest that Napoleon saw the light. He was born at Ajaccio, on the 15th of August, 1769.

An old dispute as to the date of his birth has been recently revived and discussed with great and unnecessary heat. The register of Napoleon's first marriage with Josephine Beauharnais, preserved in the *mairie* of the second arrondissement or quarter of Paris, where he was married in 1796, fixes the date of his birth on the 5th of February, 1768, and many persons, relying on this document, still maintain that this is the exact date. Yet, many years ago, M. Eckard, a painstaking Swiss, and a writer of some eminence, who very carefully examined the question, was convinced by an extract from the Registres de l'Etat Civil of Ajaccio, which was copied for him on the spot, that Napoleon was really born in that city on the 15th of August, 1769. A short time before his own death, M. Eckard gave his proofs in a short essay entitled, "*Bonaparte est-il né Français ?*" (Was Bonaparte born a French subject?) Bourrienne, who had known Napoleon from the age of nine years, was decidedly of opinion that he was born on the 15th of August, 1769, a few months after the union of Corsica with France. M. Michaud, jun., who contributed a very full, and, on the whole, very good memoir of the great man to the "*Biographie Universelle*," found this date confirmed by the register of Napoleon's military services, preserved in the archives of the War Office at Paris, and writing with these documents before him, he could not doubt that the true date was August 15th, 1769, the day which Napoleon, when

he had attained to greatness, caused to be kept as his birthday. But how shall we account for the date indisputably inserted in the marriage register? Josephine was his senior by several years. Was it out of a feeling of gallantry towards her that he then made himself more than eighteen months older than he really was? Yet, at that period, when he had his fortune to make, and indeed afterwards, when his fortune was more than made, one must think he would have had a strong and evident motive for proving that he was by birth a subject of France—by law a Frenchman. But whatever may have induced this extraordinary man to anticipate his birth at the time of his wedding, there seems no longer any reason to doubt that his anniversary is now celebrated on the right day.

The Bonaparte family was of the class styled "*famiglia di cittadini*," or notables of Corsica, a sort of native gentry,—for the Genoese did not recognize in Corsica any nobles or patricians except those who were inscribed in the Golden Book at Genoa. The ancestors of Napoleon appear to have emigrated from Genoa to Ajaccio about the end of the fifteenth century. Another family, or distant branch of the same family, bearing the name of Buonaparte, was already settled in the town of San Miniato, in Tuscany, and since that period it has produced several men of learning. A Niccolò Buonaparte, in the sixteenth century, published a comedy, entitled, "La Vedova," or "The Widow." There was also a Jacopo Buonaparte, the reputed author of a narrative of the storming and pillage of Rome by the imperial troops in 1527, but his title to the authorship of the work has been disputed. One Ranieri Buonaparte was professor in the University of Pisa, in Tuscany, in the early part of the eighteenth century.* These few facts seem to comprise all that is really known of the race.

But other accounts speak of the Buonapartes as a distinguished family as early as the twelfth century, and describe them as having taken part in those factions and wars of the Guelphs and Ghibel-

* André Vieusseux, "Napoleon Bonaparte his Sayings and his Deeds,"—an admirable compendium, written by one thoroughly well versed in Italian history, and in the history of the whole of continental Europe, from the year 1790, and the outbreak of the great French Revolution.

lines which so long devastated Italy According to these relations, which we do not pretend to deny, although they are unsupported by any existing or accessible evidence, they were Ghibellines, like Dante, and, like that immortal poet, were persecuted and exiled from Tuscany by the victorious Guelphs They were afterwards settled at Bologna, Sarzana, Treviso, and other places, where their armorial bearings, sculptured in stone, were to be seen in the *façade* of houses For a long time Napoleon is said to have prided himself not a little on the advantages of gentle birth and the antiquity of his family, and if at a later period he affected to despise such matters, his sincerity may be doubted, as, at the same time, he gave a friendly reception to genealogists who traced his descent from the most ancient House of Brunswick, to the Greek emperors of the House of Comnenus, and even to Attila the Hun¹ In his first Italian campaigns he received as friends the magistrates of Treviso, who hastened to assure him that his noble ancestors had once governed their Republic, but fifteen years after this, when his father-in-law, the Emperor of Austria, paid him a similar compliment, he replied that his patent of nobility dated from the battle of Monte Notte (the first victory which he gained over the Austrians), and that he preferred being the founder, the Rudolph of Hapsburg, of his dynasty

His father, Charles Bonaparte, exercised the profession of a lawyer at Ajaccio, as the fortunes of the family had declined He had previously studied in the University of Pisa. It is frequently said that Charles had there-taken the degree of Doctor of Civil Law, but the short time he stayed at Pisa, and his very early marriage, seem to cast some doubt on this assertion He was a remarkably handsome man, and said to be very eloquent, as Corsicans very frequently are. He was the bosom friend, and, according to some, a relative of Pascal de Paoli When scarcely nineteen years old he married Letitia Ramolini, who had not completed her sixteenth year, and who was celebrated in Corsica as the most beautiful young woman of her day The family of Ramolini, said to be descended from an ancient noble house of Naples, appears to have been in about the same condition and circumstances as that of Bonaparte. Both in-

disputably belonged to the gentry of the island, and would have been classed among the nobility in almost any parts of Italy. The proud Genoese, with their Golden Book and their exclusions, incensed families of this class, and made in Corsica insurgents and patriots of many who otherwise would have lived quietly under their government. When Paoli, who had often beaten the Genoese, attempted to oppose the power of the French, who had purchased the island, Carlo Bonaparte took the field with him, and although he was scarcely more than twenty years old, he acted as Paoli's aide-de-camp and secretary. His young wife, who had already been delivered of her son Joseph, and who was then pregnant with Napoleon, accompanied her husband, sharing in the hardships and dangers of a partisan warfare, over the rugged mountains of that difficult island, until the defeat of the Corsicans at Ponte Novo obliged Paoli to give up the unequal contest, and to emigrate to England. It has been remarked that some physiologists ascribe to these circumstances the restless disposition of Napoleon for war; he is reported to have said himself that he never felt so happy and so well as during a campaign, when riding sixty miles in a day, and that his health generally declined in peace and repose.*

In the latter years of his own life, Napoleon was heard to regret the defection of his father. "Paoli," said he, "was a great man - he ought to have followed his fortunes, and to have fallen with him!" He, however, was not consistent in the views he took of this case. For us, it is curious to remark that, if Carlo Bonaparte had accompanied Paoli in his flight, his son Napoleon would have received an English education, and would have become, in all probability, an officer in our army, like the late Count Rivarola, and many others of his Corsican countrymen. Nay, it might even have happened that the birth of Napoleon should have occurred in England. But, upon the final submission of Corsica to France, about the middle of June, 1769, Carlo Bonaparte, making terms with Count Marboëuf, retired to his native town, and about two months after, Napoleon, his second child, was born there. In his baptismal register at

* A. Vieusseux. Bourrienne

Ajaccio, his family name is spelt both Buonaparte and Bonaparte; the former being more in accordance with the correct or Tuscan orthography, but the second agreeing better with the common pronunciation of most Italians, who, in speaking, say Bono, instead of Buono. His father, and other members of his family, signed Buonaparte, but Napoleon himself, from the date of his first Italian campaigns, adopted the signature of Bonaparte, probably because it was shorter and better adapted to French pronunciation: he became known to the world as Bonaparte, and his own spelling, as registered in his own despatches, proclamations, and other documents, ought now to be universally adopted.*

Carlo Bonaparte had two uncles. Napoleon, who was a magistrate, and died at Corte, in Corsica, in Paoli's time, and Luciano, who was a priest and Archdeacon of Ajaccio. Both these members of the family appear to have been much respected by their countrymen. Carlo Bonaparte transferred to Count Marboëuf the devotion he had previously professed to Paoli, and the Count became the friend and protector of the lawyer and his wife and children. When in the year 1770 the Count, as Governor of Corsica, convoked the three Estates of that island, the family of Bonaparte was registered in the order of the nobility, and Carlo, as its representative, attended the Assembly. Shortly afterwards he was appointed Counsellor and King's Assessor to the Judicial Court, for the city and province of Ajaccio. In 1777, after the accession of the amiable and well-intentioned Louis XVI, Carlo, with other deputies of the nobility of Corsica, was sent to Paris and the Court of Versailles. While in the French capital, through the patronage of Count Marboëuf, Carlo obtained a *bourse*, or gratuitous admission, to the College of Autun for his eldest son Joseph; and another in the Military School of Brienne for Napoleon. He afterwards obtained, through the same recommendation, a pensioner's place for his eldest daughter Marianne in the Royal Institution of St Louis de St Cyr. Three children

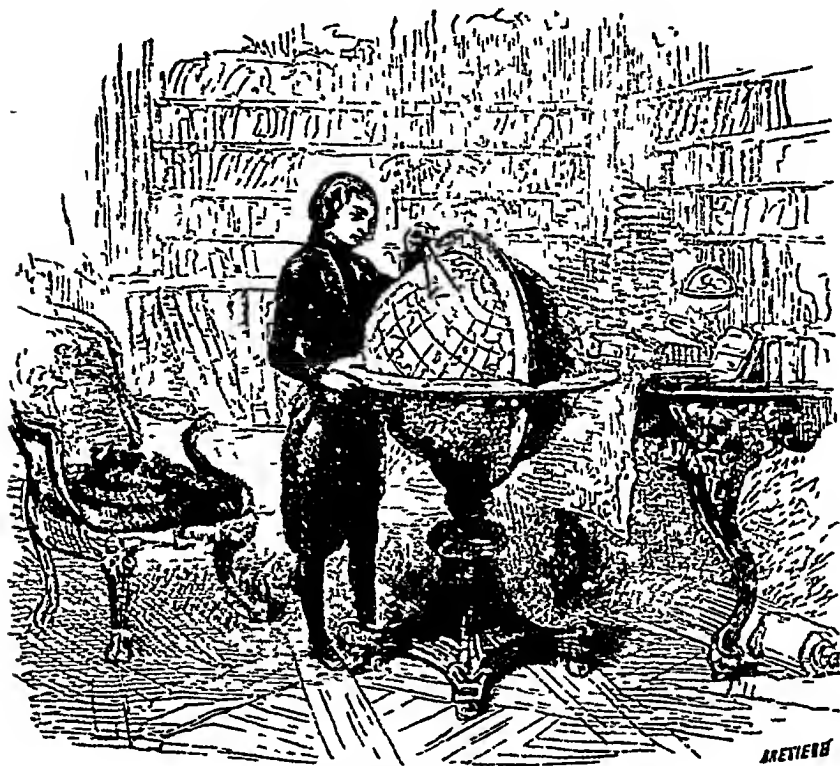
* A. Vieusseux. Napoleon's amiable brother Louis, late King of Holland, &c., was very angry with Sir Walter Scott for spelling the name in the true Italian manner with the letter *u*. The text will explain what very little reason there was for such anger.

were thus provided for At the time the family was in straitened circumstances, owing to certain lawsuits which Carlo had to sustain about a disputed inheritance, and also concerning a marshy tract of land called "Le Saline," which, under the encouragement of the local administration, he had undertaken to drain and bring into cultivation

The infant Napoleon was nursed by a Corsican *paesana*, or countrywoman, whose memory he cherished, and who, with her children and grandchildren was remembered in his last will* This good woman paid him a visit at the palace of the Tuileries, when he was at the height of his splendour, and returned to Corsica loaded with his gifts† Napoleon first left Corsica for the Military School at Brienne in 1778, when he was about nine years old There was nothing very striking in his boyhood, he has said himself that he was only a stubborn and inquisitive child He was essentially Italian At Brienne, where he spent not quite six years, he learned to speak French, and became distinguished by his aptitude for mathematics, but made little progress in Latin and general literature Pichegru was for a time his monitor in the mathematical class Bourrienne (afterwards his private secretary), who was his school companion and his only friend at Brienne, says that at this time Napoleon was noticeable chiefly for his Italian complexion, the keenness of his eye, and a certain abrupt and bitter tone in his conversation He was poor and proud His more mercurial and more affluent school-fellows looked upon him as a needy foreigner, and he keenly felt their jibes and sneers Countries may be annexed and politically incorporated, but the character, language, and habits of a people are not to be changed quite so soon In France a Corsican is still a foreigner, and in that Italian island a Frenchman is still more alien One day, in a pet, young Napoleon told Bourrienne that he did not like his countrymen, and that he would live to do them mischief Bourrienne states that he studied history assiduously, especially classical history This he must have done in French translations and epitomes, without undergoing the sobering process of construing

* Montholon, "Memoires," &c.

† "Biographie Universelle."



Studying Geography

Latin and interpreting Greek It has been conjectured that he might have derived from Greek and Roman history those notions of glory and conquest which afterwards urged him on There is a report made to his Majesty Louis XVI by M de Keralis, Inspector-General of the Military Schools of France in 1783, in which young Bonaparte was described as of excellent constitution, obedient, polite and grateful, and very regular in his conduct "Very forward in the mathematical studies, tolerably well acquainted with history and geography, has made but little progress in Latin, *belles lettres*, and other accomplishments, bears a good character, would make a good sea officer, deserves to be transferred to the Military School at Paris" In consequence of this report he was transferred to Paris

in October, 1783, to continue his studies until he should attain the age for entering the army as an officer of the French monarch

The pecuniary difficulties of his father continued. The establishment of the Paris school, and the manner of living of the pupils, were upon a footing of expensive indulgence which ill agreed with young Bonaparte's finances, and which shocked his notions of regularity and economy. In a very remarkable letter addressed to Father Berton, his late superior at Brienne, he exposed such a system of education, saying truly that it was a bad preparation for the hardships attendant upon the military profession. Bourrienne has given a copy of this letter. In the regulations which he afterwards drew up for his own military school of Fontainebleau, Napoleon enforced the principles which he had thus early expressed. Both the letter and the regulations merit the attention of those who would now remodel our own military schools at Woolwich and Sandhurst.

Young reformers are very seldom popular among those with whom they are associated. Napoleon's spirit of observation, criticism, and censure, and his active, restless disposition, appear to have attracted the attention of his superiors at the Paris school, who hastened the period of his examination, as if anxious to get rid of a troublesome guest.* While there he manifested a strong taste for military evolutions and combinations. One of his teachers said, "He is Corsican by birth and disposition. He will become a great man if circumstances favour him." Having passed his examination by the celebrated Laplace in a satisfactory manner, he was appointed second lieutenant in the Artillery Regiment de la Fère, and joined his regiment at Valence, a town pleasantly situated on the banks of the Rhone, between Lyons and Avignon. His father Carlo Bonaparte had just died at Montpellier, in the south of France, *of an ulcer in the stomach*, in the thirty-ninth year of his age, leaving a family of five sons, Joseph, Napoleon, Lucien, Louis, and Jerome, and three daughters Marianne (afterwards Elise Baciocchi), Annunziata (afterwards Pauline Borghese), and Carletta (afterwards Caroline Murat).

* A Vieusseux.

In all Madame Letitia had borne her husband thirteen children, and yet, at the time of her husband's death, she was still a handsome woman. In her old age, when we ourselves frequently saw her at Rome, she was a dignified and graceful matron, with considerable remains of classical beauty both in her person and in her face. She certainly looked one proper to be a mother of kings and queens. We were young at that period, but we believe such to have been the impression produced by the personal appearance of "Madame Mère" on older and far more experienced observers. Napoleon always spoke of her with respect and admiration. "She had," he used to say, "the head of a man on the shoulders of a woman." Left without a guide and protector, she was compelled to take upon herself the direction of family affairs, and the burden was not too much for her strength. She administered everything with a degree of sagacity not to be expected from her age and sex. She soon had to contend with extreme difficulties, and even with absolute pecuniary distress. Under these severe trials she became acutely sensible to the evils of poverty and to the value of money. The habit did not forsake her in after life, when strict economy seemed no longer necessary. She was even accused of avarice, but she appears to have been only economical. A homely adage was, often in her mouth, "It is well to provide for the rainy day!" and she continued to apply the proverb when her son was Emperor and master of the resources of one-half of Europe. They varied in dispositions, abilities, and appearance, and various opinions may be entertained of the merits of each and all of them, but it will remain an indisputable fact that this Corsican dame was the mother of a well-favoured, distinguished family.

At Valence, where Napoleon first joined the army, he remained between two and three years, during which he diligently improved himself in military studies. Some complained that he was apt to be morose and testy, but on the whole he appears to have been rather a favourite with his French brother-officers. At this time he was more at ease in money matters, as, in addition to his pay, he received a small yearly allowance from Corsica, furnished, most probably, by his father's uncle, the archdeacon.

In 1788, his regiment was removed to Lyons, and shortly afterwards to Auxonne, in Burgundy. During these changes of quarters he obtained leave to visit Paris, which was then beginning to be a focus of political agitation, for the financial embarrassments of the Government had induced Louis XVI to convoke the States General, and reform and mutation were the order of the day. In fact, the great Revolution, which was to sweep everything before it, and to uproot with that which was bad, nearly all that was morally and politically good, had already commenced in the stormy capital of France. The young artillery officer may well be excused for having caught the prevailing fever of political excitement. It had transported out of their senses thousands of older and wiser heads. Doing as others did, Napoleon overlooked his duties as a soldier, and took up his pen to write for the public press. He could not spell French correctly, but that was of small moment, for there were born Frenchmen, now writing and publishing, who spelled scarcely better than he, and the printers could well correct the proofs. Of political science he knew nothing, but even here he could be scarcely more ignorant than the majority of his competitors for literary fame. Of the sincerity of his convictions—if convictions they may be called—we have not the slightest doubt. He was, for a very short time, a thorough believer in the perfectibilian dogmas of the day. Those provincial academies which had first tempted Jean Jacques Rousseau into the field of literature,* continued to offer prizes for the best essays on subjects fixed by themselves. Being subjected to the prevalent influence, the Academy of Lyons now proposed this question—"Which are the most important truths and feelings to be inculcated in order to render mankind happy?" Our young artillery officer became a candidate for the prize. At the close of his life he is said to have declared that the gold medal was awarded to him, and a romantic story is told by Montholon and others, detailing how Talleyrand recovered the original manuscript for its author,

* Rousseau's first production was an essay for a prize proposed by the Academy of Dijon, on the question, "Have the Arts and Sciences contributed to the corruption or purification of morals?"

and how the Emperor Napoleon thrust it into the fire to destroy such evidence of his youthful folly. We confess that in this matter, as in hundreds of others, we suspect rather the veracity of his Boswells than that of Napoleon himself. It is now proved positively that M. Daounou was declared to be the victor, although, on account of the summary suppression of the academies by the Revolution, he never received the medal *

Napoleon had commenced writing a history of Corsica. With his manuscript he introduced himself to the free-thinking, very popular Abbé Raynal, author of "Philosophical and Political History of the Establishments and Commerce of Europeans in the Two Indies," and of other widely diffused works, which all, more or less, partook of the revolutionary, subversive spirit. It appears that Raynal gave the handsome young soldier a kind reception, listened with pleasure to his talk about his native country, and encouraged him to go on with its history. About the close of the year 1789, Napoleon went to visit his mother at Ajaccio, and it was from Corsica that he sent the MS of the first volume of his history to the Abbé Raynal, with a letter, the autograph of which has been preserved, and is remarkable for its faults of French orthography—a slovenly habit of which, throughout life, Bonaparte never entirely got rid.† The work was never finished, and the first volume was not printed, which Napoleon said, long after, that he was very glad of, as that volume was, like the essay sent to the Academy at Lyons, "written in the spirit of the day, stuffed full of republican maxims, with nothing but liberty from beginning to end, and a great deal too much of that sort of thing!" It was believed that the original MS had perished, but it was reported, eight years ago, that a well-known Italian bibliographer announced that a copy was discovered, and that it was going to be printed with other youthful works of the late Emperor. It will well become his

* "Biographie Universelle." Here the writer, M. Michaud, jun., cites as his authority M. Péricaud, librarian of Lyons, in his "Mélanges Biographiques et Littéraires," published in 1828.

† A. Vieusseux. This early letter has been often printed. It will be found in a footnote to M. Michaud's "Biography."



Napoleon the Pamphleteer

nephew, Louis Napoleon, to suppress such juvenilia, seeing that their author himself would not allow them to appear

Napoleon was still in Corsica in 1790, when De Paoli, the emigrant patriot, having been recalled by a decree of the National Assembly from his place of refuge in England, was invested by Louis XVI with the governorship of his native island, as the person best qualified to keep that island tranquil. The now aged chief accepted the appointment upon honourable conditions and with praiseworthy views. He hoped that a constitutional form of government, like that under which he had so long lived in England, was about to be established in France, whence it would extend its happy influence to his native country, he had his commission from the King, who had sworn to the Constitution, and whom he could not expect to see carried to the scaffold by his people. A deputation

of Corsicans repaired to Paris to grace the return of their veteran leader, and escort him home, and Joseph Bonaparte, Napoleon's elder brother, was one of these deputies. Young Napoleon was introduced to Paoli, who well remembered his father, and who now treated the son as a family acquaintance. When talking of these times in after life, Napoleon was accustomed to say that Paoli was a man of Plutarch's "*Lives*"—a man cast in the antique mould. It is affirmed by many, that on the first return of the veteran he bound himself to his service, and looked up to him for advancement and fortune.

Towards the end of 1790, Bonaparte rejoined his artillery corps at Auxonne, where he lived in the barracks with his younger brother, Louis, whom he was instructing in mathematics, in the expectation that he also would obtain a commission in the army. While thus engaged, he wrote a violent *inveective*, in the shape of a letter, against one of his own countrymen, Matteo Buttafuoco, then a Deputy from Corsica to the National Assembly, whom he charged with political dishonesty and want of patriotism—charges which, however ill founded, were now putting in jeopardy the liberty and even the lives of those against whom they were produced. Matteo Buttafuoco has been described as one of the most honourable men in the Assembly. However this may be, the attack of the young artilleryman was libellous, gross, declamatory, and *turgid*—was a production to please the low Jacobin clubs of that mad period, but to be regretted and deplored by its author afterwards. Napoleon printed it at his own expense, which must have been no trifling tax to one so very poor. As there were no printers in Auxonne, he carried his MS. to the neighbouring town of Dôle, whither he used to walk on foot from Auxonne to correct the proofs. The distance from one town to the other is about twelve miles. As hotels were expensive, he returned to his barracks at Auxonne in the evening. He was a diligent and enthusiastic reader of Rousseau, whose writings, perhaps even more than those of Voltaire, contributed to tear up society by its roots, and to give to the French Revolution its unwise and fatal direction. We have seen an autograph letter which he wrote at this time, earnestly requesting his correspondent

to send him the "Memoirs of Madame de Warens," which formed a supplement (or so he said) to the "Confessions" of Rousseau *

We believe that these memoirs were supposititious

In the month of April, 1791, he was transferred, as first lieutenant, to the 4th Regiment of Artillery, stationed in his old quarters at Valence His patriotic diatribe against Buttafuoco, copies of which he had distributed among the clubs, gained him some notoriety The Jacobin clubs were now indoctrinating the army, and winning over to their cause vast numbers of soldiers and non-commissioned officers, of whom we may pretty safely say that nine of every ten expected to be colonels or generals under the "liberty and equality" system Party spirit inevitably began to run high in the various regiments Most of the commissioned officers were men of birth and Royalist, Bonaparte, who professed the new ideas, had frequent altercations with them, and thus obtained the reputation of being an enthusiastic Jacobin Although in heart he was always an aristocrat, this gained him popular favour and consideration, and in brief time the Royalist officers followed the tide of emigration to the banks of the Rhine, and, by so doing, left open the field to Bonaparte, and such as he, who very soon gained the posts they had left vacant In February, 1792, before he was twenty-three years old, Bonaparte was made a captain of artillery, so rapidly in these days of whirlwind did promotion run in favour of those who did not take the losing side But degradation often followed promotion with equally rapid strides The fate of the officers of the army, as that of all other classes or interests, was then in the hands of those who ruled the clubs at Paris Thither the young captain repaired without leave granted or asked, in order to solicit active employment Although military discipline was greatly relaxed, his absence from his corps was noticed, and he was superseded He remained unemployed in the capital for several months,

* This letter was preserved as a great curiosity, by a bookseller at Geneva. It is many years since we saw it, but we think we can distinctly remember that it consisted only of four short lines, and that in those lines there were two errors of French orthography We mention these trifles merely as evidence of haste and negligence In this hurry he always wrote. His dictation was so rapid that very few could follow it

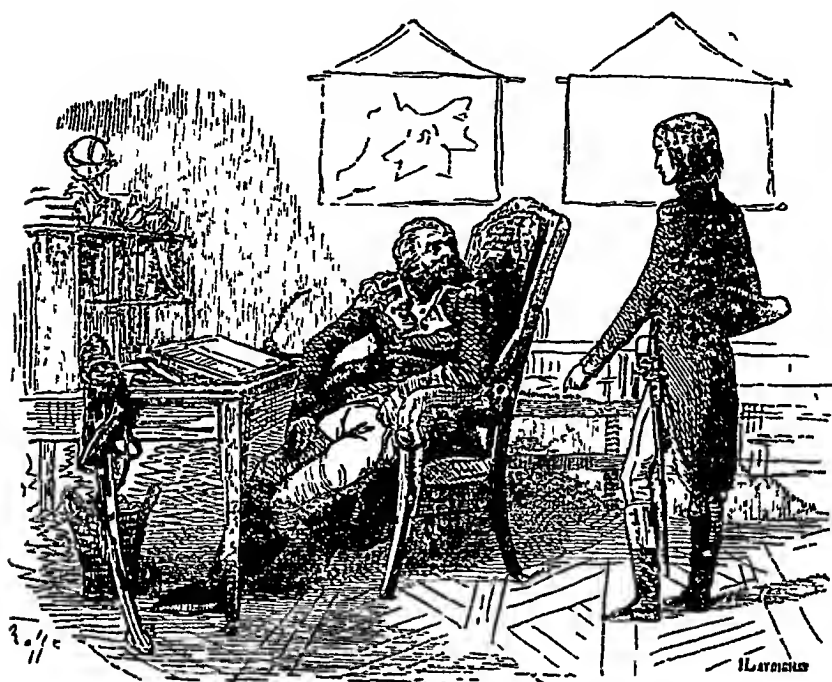
living chiefly with his Brienne schoolfellow, Bourrienne, who was about as poor and as friendless as himself. He witnessed the insurrection of the 20th of June, 1792, when the Parisian mob, for the first time, forced their way into the Tuileries. He strongly expressed to Bourrienne his indignation both at the conduct of the populace and the pusillanimity or indecision of the Court—saying that with a few pieces of cannon he could have swept away all that rabble, and when he saw the King standing near an open window with a red cap on his head, he exclaimed, "This is the way to lose a kingdom!"^{*} He was obliged to conceal the feeling for four or five years, but from this day he ever retained a loathing of the scene he had witnessed, and a strong dislike to armed mobs, and to all people in arms who were not regular soldiers. On the 10th August, 1792, he was a spectator of the second attack of the Parisian mob upon the Tuileries, which led to the bloody massacre of the faithful Swiss Guard, and to the imprisonment of Louis XVI and his family in the tower of the Temple. He looked on with a calm calculating eye, criticising the manner in which the palace was attacked, and the way in which it was defended. All this was of use to him afterwards, when he was called upon to defend the Tuileries, as the seat of the Convention, against a similar attack. He is said to have declared at a much later period, that if he had been, at this momentous crisis, a general officer, he would have fought for the King,* but, being only a poor subaltern of artillery, he took part with the Republic, which promised quick advancement, though he did not approve of its excesses. Meanwhile he was soliciting to be actively employed. From being invaded, the French had become invaders with one army, under Dumourier, they were overrunning Belgium, and with another, under Custine, they were menacing Germany, but Bonaparte could not yet be appointed to either of these forces. At last, towards the close of this stormy month of August, 1792, he received a commission to serve in the expedition of Admiral Truget, which was to scour the Mediterranean, and act more

* The day after the captivity of the King he wrote to one of his uncles "Do not be uneasy about your nephews, they will be able to find some place for themselves"

especially against Sardinia and Naples. As England had not yet been forced into the war, there was nothing at sea capable of opposing the Republicans. Bonaparte was to go to Corsica and join the expedition there. He was embarrassed at the moment by a family incident. The Assembly, which was now effacing everything that bore the royal impress, had just abolished the Royal Institution of St. Louis de St. Cyr, and the young ladies who had been placed there for education were now preparing to return home. Ill provided with money, Bonaparte hastened to St. Cyr, to look after his eldest sister, Marianne, who had been put upon the establishment through the influence of the Count de Marbœuf, and he wrote to the administrators of the district of Versailles, in which the school was situated, to ask for his sister the travelling allowance of one livre (tenpence) per league, in order that she might return to Corsica under his care.

The administrators of Versailles referred the matter to the maire and municipal council of St. Cyr, who acceded to the petition, and made out an order for 352 livres, as the travelling money of Demoiselle Marianne Bonaparte, to return to Corsica.* That very same day Napoleon removed his sister to Paris, and the following day both set out for the south. At the time of their departure the streets of Paris might literally be said to be running with blood. It was Sunday, the 2nd of September, memorable for the massacre of priests and political prisoners, who were dragged out of their dungeons and slaughtered in heaps by the mob. From the capital these horrible practices extended into the provinces, yet the brother and sister, who had contrived to pass the barriers of Paris just before they were closed preparatory to the butchery, travelled through these frightful scenes without let or hindrance. It was a time to make professions of an ardent Jacobinism, and no doubt such professions were made both by the young officer and the young lady. A suspicion of aristocracy was then death. Under the circumstances

* Michaud, "Biographie Universelle." In this work Napoleon's letter, with a postscript written by his sister is given at full length from the original text. The demoiselle's French orthography is quite as defective as her brother's. The letter or petition is dated September 1st, 1792.



Napoleon soliciting employment.

almost any other man than Bonaparte would have waited till the end of this sanguinary crisis, but he would not delay one moment, or diverge a mile from his route

On his arrival in Corsica, Bonaparte reported himself to Paoli, who was yet Governor, and to the military authorities, by whom he was immediately appointed to the local rank of chief of a battalion. He occupied himself in surveying the coast, especially towards the south, whence an invasion of the contiguous island of Sardinia was projected. Here the acquirements he had made in the military schools were of great practical use to him. Young as he was, he is said to have surveyed a country, for military purposes, better than any other officer. In January, 1793, Admiral Truguet appeared with his fleet and some land troops before Cagliari, the little Sardinian capital, and about the same time Bonaparte was employed with a

body of soldiers and sailors in making a diversion from Bonifacio, by attacking the islets in the narrow strait which divides Corsica from Sardinia. He anchored off the island of La Madalena, he took possession of the little island of Santa Stefano, but failed completely in the attack of the larger island, with the loss both of artillery and men. This small and unfortunate affair was the first engagement of Napoleon Bonaparte. According to local tradition, he had never been under fire before, and he directed his own guns and the throwing of the bombs with rare skill. The Sards of La Madalena kept for many years a bomb which fell upon one of their churches, and which they said had been thrown by Bonaparte's own hand. In the same church they preserved some silver chandeliers and a silver crucifix, which had been presented to them by our great Nelson, who, in 1794, made Corsica the scene of some of his most brilliant and romantic exploits*. It has been reasonably conjectured that this failure was owing quite as much to the indiscipline of his own people as to the resistance he experienced from the islanders. On the eve of the expedition to La Madalena, it is said that he ran a narrow chance of being torn to pieces by the French sailors, who were all demagogues, and were committing bloody excesses at Ajaccio. These Jacobin sailors got into a quarrel with some Corsican soldiers (or so goes the local story), Bonaparte, as an officer, ran to restore order, the seamen called him an aristocrat, sang *ça ira* to him, fell upon him, and were about proceeding to extremities, when the mayor, municipals, and inhabitants of the town of Bonifacio ran to the rescue, and saved him.

Truget likewise failed completely in his attack upon Cagliari, for the native population would not fraternize, and the King of Sardinia's artillery, firing red-hot shot, burned one of his ships, sank two others, and damaged all the rest. A few weeks after this catastrophe Corsica itself took up arms against France. De Paoli, indignant at the de-

* Valéry, "Voyages en Corse, à l'île d'Elbe et en Sardaigne." Nelson's silver chandeliers and crucifix remain, and are much prized, but in 1832 the islanders sold the reputed Bonaparte bomb to a Glasgow merchant for thirty dollars, which money was to be spent in buying a clock for the church.

position and monstrous execution of King Louis, who had given him his commission, and whom he believed to be animated by an eager desire to render his country happy, refused to acknowledge the Republic which had been proclaimed at Paris, most of his countrymen shared in his sentiments, rallied round him, applied for English assistance (for at last we were at war), and drove the French and their partisans away from Ajaccio, Corte, and other towns.

The old and most intimate union and sympathy with Paoli were now disregarded. The Bonaparte family remained attached to the union with France, in which the young members of it had placed all their expectations and hopes, and as partisans they were obliged to fly from Ajaccio, and to seek a refuge in the other Corsican town of Bastia, which was held by a French garrison, until Nelson knocked the place about their ears, and the commandant capitulated on the 21st of May, 1794. The house of the Bonapartes at Ajaccio was plundered, and the little property they had was confiscated. Napoleon himself is said to have escaped in disguise. He was at Bastia when the Commissioners of the Convention, La Combe St Michel and the Corsican Saliceti, arrived from Toulon with reinforcements, and with a decree of outlawry against Paoli. Two frigates were sent to retake Ajaccio, and Bonaparte embarked with some troops in one of them. He landed at his native town, and had some skirmishes with De Paoli's men, but the enthusiastic peasantry rushed down from the mountains in such numbers that he beat a retreat, and was glad to return on board the frigate. Thus, even in his second affair of arms, this great soldier was unfortunate. It was soon after this that the English first landed in Corsica. By the 10th of August, 1794, Calvi was reduced by Nelson, and then the French were entirely expelled from Corsica. Napoleon and the rest of his family emigrated to Nice, and from Nice they soon proceeded to Marseilles, where his mother, with her three daughters, and Louis and Jerome, her two youngest sons, lived for a time in great penury upon the wretched allowance which the French Republic made to political refugees of their own party. Family letters of the period have been preserved, which strongly exhibit the extreme distress to which they were occasionally reduced. Not many years ago there were people

living in Marseilles who remembered seeing the youngest daughter, afterwards Madame Murat, Grand Duchess of Berg, and Queen of Naples, performing at home the offices of a housemaid.* Young Lucien obtained a situation in the commissariat of St. Maximin, near Marseilles, and Joseph, the eldest, found employment as a clerk in an office, until he married, a year or two after this season of clouds and adverse winds (in August, 1794), Julia Clari, the daughter of one of the richest merchants in Marseilles, who brought him some ready money with the future hope of a good fortune † As for Napoleon, after seeing his family settled at Marseilles, he went to Paris to seek once more for active employment. He never more returned to Corsica, nor does he appear to have retained any great affection for the country of his birth. After arriving at supreme power, he bestowed one small fountain on Ajaccio, and succeeded, by the death of a relative, to a pretty olive-grove near that town. In the sequel of his history the name of Corsica scarcely recurs ‡ By dint of solicitations at head-quarters, he obtained the confirmation of his local rank of *chef de bataillon*, and in September, 1793, when Robespierre and the Jacobins ruled France in a reign of terror, he was appointed to serve in the artillery at the siege of Toulon, which town, fortress, and arsenal had been given up by the persecuted desperate French Royalists to the combined forces of Great Britain and Spain.

About this time he published another political pamphlet, entitled, "The Supper of Beaucaire," being an imaginary dialogue between men of different parties in the south of France, which was then distracted and desolated by a civil war of the very worst kind. One of the interlocutors, a military man, supposed to speak the sentiments of the author, recommends union and patriotism, and obedience to the laws and decrees of the Convention (which assuredly was the

* On their first arrival from Corsica, the family received rations of bread from the Republican Government.

† It should appear that by this time Joseph was appointed a commissary of war. Both the appointment and the marriage were no doubt promoted by the distinction which Napoleon had by this time acquired at the siege of Toulon. But Joseph, when young, had some of the personal good looks and pleasing manners of the family.

‡ Lockhart, "History of Napoleon Bonaparte"

very worst Government that France or any other country in modern Europe had been acquainted with). The spirit of the composition is sternly republican, but its logic and style are superior to those of his former declamatory pamphlet. If not aided by others, he had much improved as a writer within the last two years. Still, those have not consulted the author's reputation who have copiously quoted from, or reproduced *in toto*, this *pièce de circonstance*. When Montholon praised it, he was simply mad. The pamphlet was distributed among the Jacobins, who then monopolized political power and all official stations, and it no doubt produced to Bonaparte some of the benefits which he desired, and for which alone he had written it.

When he arrived before Toulon, the French besieging army had made little or no progress in its operations against the place, and had been repeatedly worsted and thrown into confusion, by *sorties* made by the English troops. It was commanded by one Cartaux, a rough illiterate fellow, who had been a private of dragoons before the Revolution. The man was extremely ignorant of military matters, but, like so many others, he had made his way by affecting republican fanaticism, and by using the coarse revolutionary jargon then in fashion. Bonaparte has given an amusing account of his reception at Cartaux's head-quarters, and of the gross ignorance and absurd vanity of this *sans-culotte* general. He had great difficulty in making him understand the simplest notion concerning a battery. On a trial of one of his guns, the shot was found to reach not one-third of the distance; yet Cartaux had been blazing away the ball and powder of the Republic! To conciliate his good-will, Bonaparte adopted his shibboleth and jargon. Cartaux was taken in. Not so Madame his wife, who was accustomed to say, "Cartaux, you are a fool to take the gentleman for a Jacobin!" That young man has too much good sense to be a Jacobin! No, no! That young officer's manners are too good for him to be a real Jacobin." Fortunately Gasparin, a commissioner of the Convention, arrived at the camp. He was a man of education and of some military experience, and was thus able to understand Bonaparte, and to make some new friends for him. Cartaux was recalled, but his immediate successor was not

worth more than he* This was Doppet, a Savoyard doctor, now transformed into a general, who understood making pills better than directing cannon-balls In a few days, however, he was superseded by the veteran General Dugommier, who had served in both hemispheres, and who placed entire confidence in Bonaparte, forthwith giving him the command of the whole artillery for the siege The French were now reinforced to more than 30,000 men, while the allies did not exceed 11,000, consisting of the soldiers of four or five different nations, some of whom, the Spaniards, proved very lukewarm in the cause, while others, the Neapolitans, were exceedingly deficient in organization and discipline On the whole, our allies at Toulon were quite as bad as Bonaparte's two first generals Nor can it be said that at this time there was much military science on the part of our commanding officers, to make up for the want of numbers and other deficiencies Our generals had not even an *etat major*, or the elements for forming one Such elements did not exist in our army until nearly seven years later, when Sir Ralph Abercrombie landed in Egypt, to encounter the French there. The science we wanted, Napoleon possessed A council of war was held in the camp of the besiegers The executive at Paris had sent a plan of attack to General Dugommier—a plan probably drawn up by Carnot, who was one of the governing party Dugommier thought, and they all thought, that the plan was a good one, but young Bonaparte suggested better “All that you want,” said he, “is to force the English to evacuate Toulon Instead of attacking them in the town, which must involve a long series of operations, try and establish batteries, which shall sweep the harbour and the roadstead If you can only drive away the ships, the troops will not remain” He pointed out the rocky promontory of La Grasse, which stands nearly opposite to the town, and commands both the inner and the outer harbour, and said, “Take La Grasse, and in two days Toulon will be yours!” If Cartaux had made the attempt two months

* Poor Cartaux went through many vicissitudes. At one time he was a lottery office keeper in Paris, at another he was employed at a small Government office in Tuscany He died about 1808, leaving his wife, who had shrewdly discovered the non Jacobinism of Napoleon, in the lowest depths of poverty

earlier nothing could have been so easy of execution; but in that interval the English had thrown up three redoubts on that promontory, and had strengthened Fort l'Aiguillette and Fort Balaguier, which stood on the two seaward points of the promontory of La Grasse; and since the arrival of the troops from Gibraltar, these works, though with little to justify the comparison, had gone by the name of "Little Gibraltar." These two forts, which had been originally constructed, like all the important works at Toulon, merely as sea defences, were weak on the land side, and, however much they had been improved, they were still commanded by the higher ground at the back of them, so that their security depended entirely upon the three redoubts, and the abattis which the English had erected across the promontory.

Fort l'Aiguillette was the better one of the two, but both were absolutely under the guns of whatever party should secure the higher ground of the little promontory, which presented no precipices or obstructions to the French on the land side, being joined on to the continent by an easy slope. Under the direction of Bonaparte, batteries were erected opposite the English redoubts, and other batteries were thrown up near Fort Malbousquet, on the opposite side of the inner harbour. None of these advances had been allowed without a sharp contest, and in many instances the Republicans had been obliged to relinquish, with great loss, the ground they had gained. On the 15th of November they had lost in one affair some six hundred men. On the 30th, General O'Hara, perceiving that their works near Malbousquet might annoy the town and the arsenal, and Fort l'Aiguillette, made a sally in great force, drove them from the hill and from their redoubt, and was in the act of spiking their guns, when Bonaparte in person, observing that the greater part of the English troops were descending the opposite side of the hill and pursuing the French impetuously and without order, threw himself with an entire battalion into a hollow which was screened by willow-trees and bushes, and which led round to the gorge of the redoubt. O'Hara, who did not discover this force until it was close upon him, and who then mistook it for a detachment of his allies, advanced to the hedge to give orders. He was saluted with a vol-



Bonaparte leading the attack.

ley, and wounded in the arm. He attempted to return to the redoubt, supported by two soldiers, but the anguish of the wound made him grow faint. He ordered the men to seek their own safety in flight, and immediately after he was made prisoner by the enemy. Before the rash men who had been pursuing the French could get back to their comrades at the redoubt, Dugommier beat to arms all through his encampments, and, while some of the Republicans marched rapidly towards the hill, others threw themselves between the hill and the English lines to cut off their retreat to their works. A des-

perate struggle ensued, in the course of which Bonaparte received a bayonet wound, and was carried off the field fainting in the arms of Muiron, a young officer of artillery. Fighting their way through, O'Hara's people reached their lines, but not without serious loss—a loss the besieged could ill bear, as by this time they had two or three thousand men in hospital from the effects of wounds, disease, or excessive fatigue.

The allied fleet sailed away at last, having taken on board about 14,000 of the unfortunate inhabitants. The Republican troops, joined by the Jacobins of Toulon and its neighbourhood, butchered all whom they met, and committed every imaginable species of atrocity. Afterwards the slaughter was conducted in a systematic manner by the Commissioners from Paris, namely, Barras, Fréron, Fouché, and the younger Robespierre. Bonaparte has often been accused of participation in the bloody deeds. He had nothing to do with them, nor had the artillery with which he served, or any part of the regular troops. They were executed by what was called the "revolutionary army," a set of undisciplined wretches from Paris and other great towns, who followed in the wake of the guillotine, closing the march of the armies as volunteers and plunderers. For a long time every army of soldiers had this army of *canaille* in its rear.

Dugommier recommended Bonaparte for promotion, and employed him in the meantime to inspect and fortify the coast of Provence. Here he ran another risk of assassination, some fanatical Jacobins taking it into their heads that he was erecting new bastilles to enslave the people. In February, 1794, when Danton and his party gave the law to France, Napoleon received his commission of brigadier-general, and joined the "Army of Italy," at Nice. The commander-in-chief of this force, which had long been collecting for the invasion of the rich and beautiful country beyond the Alps, was General Dumorbion, who had with him that daring soldier Massena, a Savoyard subject and deserter, who, from the condition of a common soldier to the King of Sardinia, had already risen to be a general of the French Republic. It is said that Bonaparte's plans and suggestions were of great use to the French in the campaign of this year, in which they conquered Saorgio, Oneglia, and all the

summits of the Alps which lay nearest to them Napoleon was not the first to carry the tricoloured flag upon Italian soil This feat was now performed by Massena, who descended the reverse of the Alps and pushed on as far as Ormea in Piedmont, in the valley of the Tanaro In order to surprise and circumvent the allied troops of the Emperor and the King of Sardinia, and to turn the Austrian and Piedmontese positions, the French had openly violated the neutral territory of Genoa Before this they had clearly announced their determination to respect no neutrality whatsoever Their new law of nations was this Every state that is not for us is against us If a country be strong enough to defend herself, well, if not, she must allow passage to our troops, and furnish us with food and all that we may want As we, and we only, are in the right—combating for liberty and the rights of man—it is high treason against all mankind to oppose us! Moreover, their way was made easy by the propagandists and the bribe-money they employed Genoa swarmed with their partisans, and so did Piedmont and Lombardy, and other parts of Italy From the foot of the Alps to the banks of the Tiber there was not a town but contained its secret clubs and impatient democrats, all ready to welcome and to aid the French for the sake of liberty, equality, and fraternity But, over the whole of that extensive range of country, the rural population was loyal, devout, and strongly opposed to the new French doctrines

Augustine Robespierre, the younger brother of the terrible Dictator, had become acquainted with Bonaparte and with other members of the family at the taking of Toulon We do not for one single moment believe that Napoleon, in his heart, approved of the horrible massacres perpetrated at the bidding of the Robespierres, but the fact is indisputable that he contracted an intimacy, having all the appearance of a warm friendship, with Augustine, who was to the full as fanatical and as pitiless as his elder brother His own employment in the army, the subsistence of his mother, sisters, and brothers, and perhaps the lives of all of them, might be pleaded as the necessity of his standing well with that government of terror, but Napoleon himself, in speaking of Augustine Robespierre long after this date, declared that he liked the man It is probable

that Augustine's recommendation of Bonaparte for promotion had carried more weight at Paris than the recommendation sent thither by General Dugommier. This younger Robespierre, as Commissioner of the Convention, met Napoleon again at the head-quarters of this Army of Italy, and their intimacy was renewed. Augustine, himself quite a young man, mentioned the young brigadier-general to his powerful brother at Paris as an officer of great daring and ability. Napoleon's brother Lucien states in his "Memoirs" that Robespierre thought of giving Bonaparte the post of Commandant of Paris, as he was not satisfied with Henriot, whose incapacity, only a few weeks afterwards, caused the overthrow of that party. A good decided soldier might certainly have averted the sudden catastrophe. Had Napoleon been really nominated, he might have performed for Robespierre on the 10th Thermidor that which he afterwards did for the Convention or Directory on the 13th Vendémiaire.

Meantime, the younger Robespierre entrusted the hero of our history with a secret and not very honourable mission to the city of Genoa, where he was to explore the fortifications, the artillery, and the other means of defence. But the work of the propagandist was added to that of the spy: he was to put himself in communication with the democratic faction in Genoa, to collect every possible information concerning the political feelings of the people and of the Government, to make friends where he could, and to pry into the conduct of the French minister, M. Tilly, who had received large sums of money from Paris for organizing a conspiracy, and who was suspected by the Robespierres and their colleagues, St. Just and Couthon, of having appropriated or misapplied the funds, and of having played a double part. Whilst Bonaparte was at Genoa on this mission, the revolution of the 9th Thermidor (27th of July, 1794) took place, Robespierre and his friends, including his brother, who had gone from the army to Paris just before the crisis, were guillotined, and a new party (but scarcely a better one) assumed the executive government of France. Returning from Genoa to head-quarters, Bonaparte found there a new set of Commissioners from the Convention, namely, Albini, Saliceti, and

Laporte, who seized his papers, placed him under arrest, and suspended him from his rank, declaring, in the most public manner, by an order of the day, that General Bonaparte had forfeited their confidence through his suspicious conduct, his intimacy with the brother of the late tyrant, Robespierre, and above all, his mysterious journey to Genoa, and that, therefore, he was to be sent to Paris to the bar of the Committee of Public Safety, which, in those times, was tantamount to an almost certain sentence of death. This order was signed by the three Commissioners, and countersigned by General Dumorbion. The moment was critical. But Bonaparte did not lose his presence of mind, and in the most influential of the Commissioners he had a countryman and a friend. Saliceti, whom he afterwards raised to posts of great emolument, if not of much honour, had been intimate with him and with his family in Corsica. Napoleon instantly wrote a pithy remonstrance, which was addressed to the three Commissioners, but put into the hands of the Corsican. We have been assured that Saliceti, in great privacy, assisted him to write the letter. He complained of having his character traduced before he was tried, and he appealed to his pamphlets and his known republicanism, his hatred of all tyrants, and his public services. Bad in taste, style, feeling, and everything else, as were his *brochures*, it was no doubt well for him at this moment that he had written and published them. It is said that during his short confinement he spent the greater part of his time in minutely studying a map of the north of Italy, on which were laid down all the passes of the Alps, and all the roads and cross-roads of Piedmont. After a fortnight, the Commissioners having, as they said, fully investigated the matter, issued a counter order, dated Nice, 20th of August, in which they stated that Citizen Bonaparte had been arrested in pursuance of measures of general safety, resulting from the overthrow of the traitor Robespierre, but that now the Commissioners, having examined his conduct previous to his journey to Genoa, and also his report of that mission, had not discovered any positive confirmation of their suspicions concerning his actions and principles, and that, "considering, moreover, the advantages which might be derived from his military information and knowledge of

localities for the service of the Republic, they, the Commissioners, order Citizen Bonaparte to be restored provisionally to liberty, and to remain at head-quarters until further instructions from the Committee of Public Safety." He was now at liberty, but his intimacy with Augustine Robespierre still stood in his way. He was not restored to his employment in the artillery of the Army of Italy, and soon afterwards he left head-quarters, and rejoined his family at Marseilles.

Various attempts have been made to disguise or deny the fact of the early Jacobinism of Joseph, Napoleon, and Lucien Bonaparte (Louis and Jerome were mere children), but Lucien himself, in attempting to palliate, clearly admits the fact in his own memoirs.* When Napoleon gained his first promotion in the artillery, his elder brother Joseph (as we have seen) was appointed a commissary of war, and Lucien was made a sort of clerk of the commissariat, being placed in the bureau or office of military subsistence at St. Maximin, a small town near Marseilles. Lucien had figured at the tribune or spouting-place of the Jacobin society at Marseilles before this, but at St. Maximin, as he tells us himself in his memoirs, "the popular favour carried him rapidly from the presidential chair of the Jacobin club of that town to *the presidency of the Revolutionary Committee*." It was in these local committees that nearly all the mischief and horrors were brewed that desolated the departments. In his memoirs, published forty-two years after those bloody doings, Lucien speaks of the atrocities with becoming reprobation, but we cannot perceive that he gave way to these feelings at the time when Jacobinism was triumphant. Lucien also tells us he went by the name of Brutus, and that in a few days he acquired a little dictatorship, that his *spontaneous* Jacobin zeal kept the prisons of St. Maximin well filled with *suspects*, but he takes credit to himself for having prevented an emissary of the Committee of Public Safety removing these unfortunate victims to Orange, where he knew they would all be murdered. On the downfall of Robespierre, one of these *suspects* (at St. Maximin, as elsewhere, all persons of respectability or pro-

* "Mémoires de Lucien Bonaparte, Prince de Canino, écrits par lui-même," London, 1836.

perty were included in this category) denounced M Lucien as a Robespierriest and Terrorist, and the Corsican Brutus, with other Terrorists of the town, was in his turn thrown into prison. The excuse which Lucien pleads for others he might well have pleaded for himself and his two elder brothers—they were poor and dependent, employment was to be obtained only by and through the Jacobins, when once employed, the slightest suspicion of aristocratism or *moderation*, the least symptom of lukewarmness, might have sent them to the guillotine, the terrible and inexorable *En avant ! en avant !*—Forward ! forward ! forward !—of the fierce democracy must have resounded incessantly behind them, as it did behind others. And on several occasions they may have been reduced very nearly to what Lucien calls “the infernal alternative of *kill or die !*”

With Lucien the case was somewhat different, but Napoleon appears really to have been ashamed of his boyish ultra-republicanism as soon as he ceased to be a boy. Madame Cartaux, at this time, was quite right in her estimation of his Jacobinism, that it was a mere mask put on for the occasion, with the determination to cast it off and trample it in the dirt as soon as that might be done with safety. We believe the intensity of hatred which the great man afterwards nourished against all Jacobinism arose, in a great measure, out of resentment for the forced compliances and the submissiveness of his early life, when he and his family depended for their bread on a set of vulgar ruffians.

During his stay at Marseilles, Napoleon courted one of the daughters of the merchant, Clari, whose sister had recently married his brother Joseph. The young lady was amiable as well as rich, but never distinguished by personal beauty. One day he said to her, “Perhaps I am destined to shine only as a meteor. But I will ensure you a brilliant existence.” His addresses, however, were declined, and the lady afterwards married Bernadotte, and, as the wife of that soldier of fortune, became Queen of Sweden. M Clari, the father, is reported to have said, that he then thought one Bonaparte in the family quite enough.

Disappointed as a matrimonial suitor, Napoleon went to Paris,

to hunt *salons* and antechambers in pursuit of active employment. Aubry, a captain of artillery at the commencement of the Revolution, but now President of the Military Committee, with nearly all the powers of a minister-at-war and commander-in-chief, received him very coldly, being evidently under the impression that he was a real Robespierist. He said he was too young to command as a general officer. Aubry, however, soon afterwards offered him the command of a brigade of infantry in the army of La Vendée, in which enthusiastically Royalist country one of the fiercest and most sanguinary of civil wars was in progress. This appointment was wisely declined. Thus Bonaparte remained unemployed on the *faubourg* of Paris during the greater part of the year 1795. His name was struck off the list of general officers, and he received no pay, half-pay, or allowance whatever. Aubry, who was afterwards accused of counter-revolutionism, and who died an unhappy exile in the West Indies, was very soon charged with dismissing General Bonaparte and other patriotic officers, in order to fill up their places with Royalists and *ci-devant* aristocrats. At this distressed period of his fortunes, Napoleon sometimes knew what it was to go without a dinner. It was Bourrienne, his schoolfellow, and Saliceti, the Corsican, who supplied his most pressing wants. He was often heard to say, what a happy fellow he would be if he had only money enough to live in Paris and keep a cabriolet! This might suggest to our thoughtful friend, Thomas Carlyle, a new chapter on gigs and respectability. At one time Bonaparte, who had always to a considerable extent what Byron afterwards called an Oriental twist of the imagination, seriously entertained the idea of going to Constantinople, to offer himself to the unfortunate Sultan Selim as an instructor of his troops and artillery; and Bourrienne gives a copy of a paper which Napoleon presented to the War Office at Paris, showing the advantages that would result to France from a greater intimacy and closer alliance with the Ottoman Porte. This paper, however, remained unanswered. Its writer must have thought of it with curiously mixed feelings, when, not four years afterwards, he invaded Egypt and made war against the same Sultan Selim. At last, however, Napoleon obtained temporary employment, with

very moderate pay, in the Bureau Topographique—a department in the War Office in which the plans of field operations and fortifications were drawn

Meanwhile, another crisis in the internal affairs of France was coming on with whirlwind speed—the pace at which all things now moved in that country. The National Convention, which had ruled France for three years, had now adopted more humane and practicable views of government, and, principally under the inspiration of that active constitution-maker, the Abbe Sièyes, had framed a new Constitution, with two legislative councils instead of one, a property qualification for voters at elections, instead of universal suffrage, and an executive, consisting of five Directors, to be vested with joint powers and very ample faculties. It was clear to most men that the Convention could no longer go on as it was. But previously to its own dissolution, the Convention passed a resolution to the effect that two-thirds of the members of the two new legislative councils should be taken from its own actual sitting members, so that the electors should have to fill up only the other third. In other words, for one new member to be elected and returned, two old members were to retain their seats without any fresh election. This new Constitution, known by the name of the Constitution of the Year Three, was the third constitution which had been proclaimed and solemnly sworn to in France since the beginning of the Revolution in 1790. It was laid before the primary assemblies all over France, in September, 1795, to receive their sanction, and every kind of influence, legal and illegal, was employed to insure success. In many of the departments the Constitution and its rider were readily submitted to, as people were wearied of terrorism and anarchy, and wished and hoped for a more regular form of government. They cared little about details, and saw no harm in the arrangement by which two-thirds of the legislative councils were to be composed of men who had the advantage of political and parliamentary experience. But in Paris, the great crater of the revolutionary volcano, the proposal met with a strong opposition from various parties, Jacobins, Royalists, Constitutional-Monarchists, and their varying shades and fractions, each and all of whom were ready

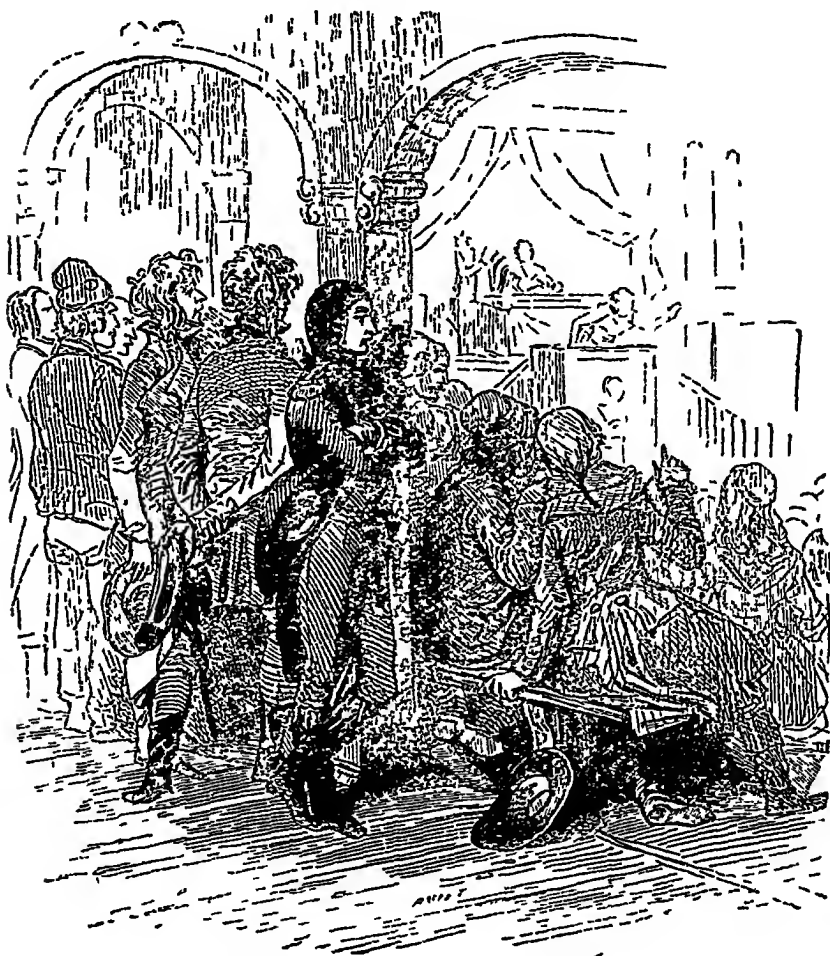


The National Guard

to unite for one given purpose—to make a fresh revolution—in which each might have at least a chance of establishing its own scheme of government. These men exclaimed, “The Convention, after having deluged France with blood, wishes to perpetuate its tyrannical power under a new name! The election must be not for a third, but for the whole! The Conventionists must retire from a field which they have occupied too long! Down with the Convention!” The electors of the sections or districts of Paris protested against the rider, or supplementary clause, formed a central committee to organize resistance, and called upon the National Guard of Paris to support the rights of the people. From 40,000 to 50,000 of those civic troops answered to the call. These were chiefly from the faubourgs, the more respectable sections of the capital either remaining quiet, or preparing to take the other side.

On the 12th Vendémiaire (or 4th of October) the Convention, which sat in the Palace of the Tuileries, ordered General Menou, the Commandant of Paris, who had under him about 5,000 regular troops, to march and disperse the insurgents before they should have time to reach the palace. Menou, who afterwards displayed his incompetency in Egypt and elsewhere, went about his present

work without any spirit, and without any military skill or forethought. He marched with a considerable force, and was joined by volunteers of the respectable classes, but he was brought to a dead halt in the Rue Vivienne by seeing the muzzles of muskets protruding from every door, gateway, and window, and by hearing a terrible chorus of most resolute shouts, and after hesitating for a few minutes, during which a good many of his volunteers skulked away, he returned speedily to the Convention, who deprived him of his command, and ordered him under arrest as a traitor. Next they named Barras as a proper man to take the command of the troops and put down the insurrection. Barras had acted in this capacity before, and particularly on the critical night when Robespierre was extinguished in the Hôtel de Ville, but Barras, though he had served under the old *régime*, was no soldier, and had a very decided aversion to exposing his person, and this time most people thought there would be some hard fighting. Some Deputies very opportunely thought of Napoleon Bonaparte, the young officer who had contributed so materially to the taking of Toulon, &c. At the critical moment, on the night of this 12th Vendémiaire, when Menou was dismissed, Bonaparte was sitting in the gallery of the House. He was well known to Carnot, Tallien, and other members of the Convention, as a man of head and of action, but it is added, that either Carnot or Barras himself said, "I have the very man we want for this business. It is that little Corsican officer, who will not stand upon ceremony!" The young brigadier was instantly called before the Committee of Cinq Cents, and, after some hesitation and considerable embarrassment, he consented to accept the command under Barras, and to do all the needful work. There was no time to lose. He sent Adjutant Murat to secure and bring up all the artillery which had been removed from the Tuileries to the camp of Sablons. Murat, with such men as he could speedily collect, made a rush for the spot, Section Lepelletier, with the same intention, was already in motion for the camp, but the brave and rapid son of the innkeeper and postmaster of Cahors got there first, and made sure of the guns. These were only guarded by some twenty men!—a few minutes, and Murat would have been too late!



Napo'eon in the Gallery of the Convention

While the Convention sat in permanent session through the night, Bonaparte quickly drew his lines of defence round the Tuileries, and along the adjoining quays on the north bank of the Seine. He had about 5,000 regular troops under arms, and the 1,500 or 1,800 patriots of '89, but his main reliance was upon

the cannon, which he loaded with grape-shot, and placed at the head of the various avenues through which the insurgents must advance. He sent 800 muskets with ball cartridge into the Convention, with the hope that the honourable members would make good use of them in case of extremity—a proposition which is said to have made the honourable members look very grave

Betimes in the morning of the 13th Vendémiaire—the 5th of October, and the anniversary of the march of the Parisian mob to Versailles—the sectioners were in motion, but many of the National Guards did not answer the call to arms, several of the sections were altogether backward, and long delays ensued. At length, about the hour of noon, Section Lepelletier seized the church of St. Roch, and drove in some picquets near the Pont Neuf. Then there was another pause, which lasted till near four o'clock in the afternoon, Bonaparte wisely waiting to be attacked, and his adversaries hesitating as to how it was to be done, or waiting for more force. Having been anticipated by Murat at the camp of Sablons, they had no artillery, apparently not so much as a single gun, the number of their National Guardsmen is variously stated at 20,000, 30,000, or 40,000, but it is doubtful whether half of the smallest of these numbers ever debouched and came into action. It may be that half of the largest of these numbers would not be an overstatement, if there were taken into the account battalions that lay in the cross streets, out of the fire of the artillery, and others that meant to join in the conflict when the certainty of success should be demonstrated. They were commanded, or at least headed, by General Danican, a brave officer of noble birth, General Duhoux, the Count Maulevrier, and Lafond-de-Soule, who had belonged to the Garde-du-corps of Louis XVI. It is scarcely possible to believe that even a third part of the sections would follow such leaders. General Danican, after driving in 400 or 500 men stationed at the Pont Neuf, sent a flag of truce to summon the Convention to withdraw their troops and disarm the terrorists, that is, the 1,500 or 1,800 ultra-Jacobins whom the legislature had taken into their pay under the more attractive name of *patriots of '89*.

The bearer of this flag of truce was bledfolded, and conducted

into the hall of the Convention His message threw the house into great doubt and trepidation, for, notwithstanding the monopoly of guns and grape-shot, and the reported genius of the young artillery officer in command of them, victory, to the majority, seemed anything rather than certain Several members recommended conciliatory measures—a negotiation, a treaty with the insurgents Boissy d'Anglas was of opinion that a conference ought to be opened with Danican Gamman recommended a proclamation, in which the Convention should engage the citizens to retire, promising them the immediate disarming and dismissal of the battalion of '89 Lanjuinois supported Gamman's motion, dwelling upon the dangers and horrors of civil war, but Chenier said there was nothing for the Convention but victory or death; and, on the motion of Fermond, the House passed to the order of the day They continued, however, in a state of hesitation till about half-past four o'clock, when a heavy firing announced that the battle had begun The muskets were then brought into the hall, and the honourable Deputies armed themselves

When Section Lepelletier first came in sight of the Conventional troops they waved their hats, and intimated by other signs and words that they wished to fraternize Women, with dishevelled hair, ran between the two armies, crying, "Peace, peace!" But none of these appeals made the smallest impression on the men that manned the guns, for things were not now as they were on the 10th of August, 1792, when the cannoneers stationed to defend the Tuileries turned at the first call of the insurgent people the mouths of their guns against the palace A part of the sections began to move in several columns along the quays and the Rue St. Honoré As soon as they were within musket-shot they were ordered to disperse in the name of the law, they answered by discharging their muskets, and thereupon Bonaparte's gunners opened a murderous fire of grape-shot and canister The effect was instantaneous and decisive, for although some desperate men returned to the charge once or twice, and attempted to carry the guns, the mass of those who had come into action ran from the open ground under cover of the houses and churches, and into the side streets,

where the cannon-shot could not reach them. The party which had occupied the church of St Roch attempted to maintain themselves there, although their position lay exposed to the fire of the artillery, it was here that the greatest number of lives were lost, but when about two hundred had fallen the post was evacuated. A few hundreds that clustered about the Théâtre de la République were dislodged by a few shells. According to Bonaparte's own account, the fighting, which had not properly begun till half-past four, was all over by six. Faint attempts to erect barricades in the streets were defeated by rapid movements, and the scattered and panic-stricken insurgents, being followed into their several sections, were disarmed during the night.

The victory was complete. The ill-combined sectioners, who would soon have turned their arms against each other if success had attended them, could never rise again.

Tallien and some other Conventionalists would have annulled the elections of the third, or of all the new Deputies returned in virtue of the Constitution and the supplementary decree, and would have suspended the new Constitution itself before it came well into action, setting it aside as they had formerly shelved Héault de Sechelles' masterpiece, or the Democratic Constitution of 1793, but the majority, after some ferocious debating, negatived both these propositions. The House then formed into an "Electoral National Assembly," to complete in its own bosom the two-thirds—that is, to name themselves the members that were to remain, and the members whose retirement was to make room for the third who had been elected by the people, or by their electoral colleges. Next, they divided themselves, according to their several ages, into Council of Ancients and Council of Five Hundred, and all this being done, they proceeded to elect out of their own body or bodies the five Directors.

The Directors thus chosen were Sièyès, La Reveillère-Lepeaux, Rewbell, Letourneur, and Barras. They were to preside turn and turn about, each for three months at a time, and he who presided was to keep the great seals, and sign for the whole Directory. Every year one-fifth of this Directory was to be renewed—that is one

Director was to retire annually and make room for a new one By this rapid rotation all the leading members of the Convention might hope to be Directors in their turns

A military guard and a sort of civil list were conferred upon them, and the palace of the Luxembourg was appointed for their residence Sièyes, out of antipathy and hatred to his colleague Rewbell, or through calculation, or perhaps out of a vain desire to show that, if his perfect Constitution did not work quite so well as its admirers had anticipated, it was because those entrusted with its execution did not perform their duty ably or honestly, very soon resigned, and was succeeded by Carnot.

Except La Reveillère-Lepeaux, all these first Directors had been Montagnards and ultra-Jacobins. They published an amnesty for political offences, changed the name of the Place de la Revolution into that of the Place de la Concorde, and they intimated, in sundry speeches and diplomatic papers, that the French Republic, all-conquering as it was, was not averse to peace upon fair and honourable terms Yet, on the 30th of September, when the Convention had organized the new Constitution, and was sliding into it new names and appointed forms, it had been decreed that the Austrian Netherlands were for ever incorporated with the Republic; and the instant that Carnot became Director, all his attention was directed to plans of conquest for Germany and Italy.

Bonaparte retained the command of Paris during the winter of 1795-6 He reorganized the National Guard (a measure of such very frequent and necessary occurrence in France), he formed the Guards of the Directory and of the Legislative Councils, appointed the officers, and maintained the peace of the capital during a season of excitement, scarcity, and commercial distress. He mixed much with the inhabitants of all ranks, talking and reasoning with them in his short, pithy manner He was now well paid, and had ample means of employing and paying other men he frequented the *salons* of the Directors, and, most of all, the society of Barras, a man of birth and a man of pleasure, who lived in a style of splendour and profusion, and who entertained in his house gentlemen, and still more, *ladies* of all parties, including even some of the old nobility,

who had been so long proscribed and persecuted by the "equality and fraternity" Republicans. In fact, the Republic no longer existed, except in name the Directors were kings, and were soon popularly called, from the palace in which they resided, the "Five Kings of the Luxembourg" Barras, the chief of the five, was as splendid, gallant, and voluptuous as a Louis XIV Among the ladies who most frequented his society was the widow of the Viscount Beauharnais, who had been guillotined in Robespierre's time She was the daughter of a French planter, M Tascher de la Pagerie, and was born in the island of Martinique, she was known to possess some influence over his Majesty Barras, and was intimate with Madame Tallien, the beautiful wife of another influential member of the ruling party She was graceful, charming, the best dressing and most fashionable woman the Revolution had left in Paris. A short time after becoming acquainted with her in the *salons* of the great Director, it was rumoured that Bonaparte was going to marry Josephine * An old Parisian notary, a friend of her family, to whom Josephine was obliged to reveal her intention, in order that the marriage papers might be prepared, said to her, "Can you really be so mad as to marry a young fellow who has nothing but his cloak and his sword?" Napoleon did not forget these words Eight years after this date, on the morning of their coronation day as Emperor and Empress, when Josephine was glittering with diamonds and dressed in imperial robes, he desired that notary Raquideau might be sent for, and when the notary appeared, he said to him, "Well, Raquideau, have I nothing but my cloak and sword *now?*"†

They were married at Paris, on the 9th of March, 1796 Barras and Tallien were witnesses to the marriage, which (*more Republicano*)

* It was certainly *chez* Barras that this acquaintance commenced. The story of Josephine's son, Eugene Beauharnais, then a boy of ten years, waiting upon Napoleon to claim the sword of his unfortunate father, and of this incident leading to the first introduction to Josephine, is—though repeated in seven successive editions by a grave and solemn Scotch historian—a fable and an invention, and nothing more. It bears *romance* on the very face of it.

† Bourrienne assures us that this characteristic anecdote was related to him by Josephine herself

was contracted before the municipal authorities, without the intervention of clergy. Josephine was about four, or, as some say, six years older than Bonaparte, she had, by her former marriage, a son and a daughter—Eugene, afterwards Viceroy of Italy, and Hortense (the mother of the present Emperor), who became for a time, as the wife of Napoleon's younger brother Louis, Queen of Holland.* From the evidence of his own private letters, it should appear that, at least for some years, Bonaparte was fondly and even passionately attached to his charming wife, whose gentleness, humanity, generosity, and amiable disposition, well merited such affection.

Some days before the marriage took place, Bonaparte had obtained from the Directors a most important appointment, and twelve days after the marriage he set out for the Alps as Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Italy. At this time he had not completed his twenty-sixth year. He was rather short, of a very spare habit, and capable of bearing almost any amount of fatigue. Nor, although wanting the advantage of stature, was he one to be passed unnoticed in a crowd. His frame was elegantly put together, he had very small feet, and beautiful small hands, his head and face were like his mother's; his eye was quick and searching, but capable of great softness of expression, and when, elated by hopes which he had never measured, he put himself at the head of the army, he looked like one born to command.

For more than three years the French had been hammering at the barrier of the Alps, they had fought a score of battles, they had sustained, as well as inflicted, tremendous losses, as the united forces of the Emperor and the King of Sardinia had fought sternly and well campaign after campaign, but, by this time, the French had established themselves along the frontiers of Italy, from the Alpine pass of Mont Cenis to the pass of the Bocchetta, behind

* There are a good many disputes about the age of Josephine. A widow's age is always a ticklish question. It appears that she fixed the date of her birth on the 24th of June, 1768. This, as we have conjectured, may have induced Napoleon to antedate, and to put his own birthday in February, 1768, which would make him four months older than his wife. It appears, however, certain that Josephine was three or four years older than she gave out.

Genoa, and active emissaries were proselytizing and doing the work of the Republic in Piedmont and in Lombardy. The Italians very reasonably considered Bonaparte as their countryman, and such of them as had imbibed what were called liberal principles, expected a happy congeries of federated republics, and all manner of blessings and advantages, from the young Corsican Commander-in-Chief.

Napoleon arrived at head-quarters on the 20th of March, he found the disposable forces amounting to about 50,000 men, but badly provided, and in a wretched state of indiscipline. The Directory was not paying them more regularly than the Convention had done, the men were in want of clothes, shoes, and all other things, except arms and ammunition. He told them that Italy was a land of plenty, and that they would be able to provide for themselves, when their valour should give them a good footing in it. Marshal Marmont has observed, that Bonaparte, as an artillery officer, was unaccustomed to manœuvre masses of infantry and cavalry, but that he made up by his skill in strategy for what may have been his deficiency in field tactics, which he had excellent generals of division to execute for him. He had studied the country which was to be the scene of his campaigns, far better than it had ever been studied before for military and strategical purposes, and he knew that wherever he might advance, he would find those who would aid him with their local knowledge, and report to him every movement of his enemies.

The combined army of the Austrians and Piedmontese amounted to 50,000 men—in Bonaparte's reckoning to 75,000—and was now under the command of Beaulieu, a gallant veteran. It was stretched along the ridge of the Apennines, at the foot of which the French, as in the preceding campaign, were advancing. Bonaparte had more than the usual advantages which attend the attacking party. There were many points by which he might cross the mountains, and Beaulieu, being of course unable to judge what route he might choose, was obliged to watch all the passes. Hence the combined armies of the Emperor and King were scattered over a very long line, intersected by rivers and mountainous tracts.

The Austrian head-quarters were at Acqui, on the river Bormida, and the Piedmontese at Ceva, on the Tanaro, more than thirty miles apart. Bonaparte's plan was to force his way between the two, and to fight them separately, one after the other. Leaving General Surruier on his left to attack the Piedmontese, by the road leading from Oneglia, over the mountains, into the valley of the Tanaro, he pushed on his right along the coast as far as Voiti, ten miles from Genoa, as if to threaten that city, as well as the high road leading towards the plains of Lombardy, whilst he, with the main body, took a position at the foot of the mountains, above Savona, on the by-roads leading over the Apennines, by Montenotte, into the valley of the Erro, and by the Col, or pass of Altaie, into the valley of the Bormida. This latter pass is the lowest of the whole Apennine ridge, being only 1,400 feet above the sea. Bonaparte fortified the pass of Montenotte with redoubts. All this was done about the beginning of April*. On the 9th of that month the Austrian General Beaulieu marched with his left upon Voiti, near Genoa, repulsed the French, and drove them from their position with great loss. The French there appear to have been saved from total destruction by the setting in of a dark night. Beaulieu, several days previously, had ordered his subordinate general, Mercy Argenteau, who was stationed at Sassello, to attack on this same day (the 9th) the central position of the French at Montenotte, to break that centre, to push on between Bonaparte's dislocated army, to descend the southern face of the mountains, and to establish himself at Savona, thus keeping the Republican army split into two. Had success attended the plan of Beaulieu—as it very nearly did—the history of the campaign would have been the very reverse of that which it is.

Strategically, the plan of the veteran was quite as good as the young generals. But Argenteau lost a whole day, and instead of making his attack at Montenotte on the morning of the 9th, he

* It is said that it was through the advice of Massena that the pass of Montenotte was fortified—Carlo Botto, "*Storia d'Italia*". It appears that there were three redoubts, the principal one being an old work, which the French only repaired.

did not make it until a late hour on the 10th* The Austrians gallantly assaulted the works, carried two of the redoubts, and seemed to be on the point of opening the road to Savona But Colonel Rampon, who had posted himself with 1,500 French in the third redoubt, determined to defend himself to the last, and heroically repulsed all the attacks of the enemy

The fate of the campaign, the fate of Bonaparte, lay within that old patched-up redoubt Argenteau attacked it three several times with all his infantry, but, although his men fell fast around him, the brave and staunch Rampon, the real hero of this long fight, maintained the post This gave time to Bonaparte to march round by night by an unguarded road to Argenteau's rear, and, before Beaulieu, who was on the left of General Colli, who was on the right, could possibly come up to his support, he was defeated, after a terrific struggle, and driven in disorderly retreat to Dego, having lost about 4,000 men, in killed and prisoners Argenteau was greatly blamed for his conduct in the affair, and was dismissed the service

The young Republican general had now pushed into the valley of the Bormida, between the two disjointed armies of the allies Beaulieu and Colli hastened to repair this disaster by re-establishing their communications, but Bonaparte was too quick for them, and by two attacks, one at Millesimo on the 13th of April, the other at Dego on the 14th, Colli and the Piedmontese army were completely separately from the Austrians, and Provera, with an Austrian division of 2,000 men, was obliged to lay down his arms On the 15th, a mistake committed by Wukassowich nearly retrieved the fortunes of the allies that general, with 5,000 Austrians, came suddenly from Voltri, where Beaulieu had been victorious over the French, ran upon Dego, where he expected to find his countrymen, but where, instead, he found Massena, with a division of the French army, little prepared for any attack. Wukassowich made a brilliant charge, and scattered the French division, but General Laharpe

* Botta says that the fighting did not begin at Voltri until the 10th, but this is clearly an error

came down with reinforcements, and Bonaparte himself, dreading the fatal consequences of a defeat in his rear, hastened to the spot with still more troops. Then, after the most heroic conduct, Wukassowich was obliged to retire. As the Republicans debouched through the valley of the Bormida into the rich plains of Piedmont, Beaulieu retreated in good order to the Po, to defend the Emperor's Milanese territories, leaving Colli and the Piedmontese army to shift for themselves. Bonaparte instantly turned against Colli, who had taken post on the western declivities of the Apennines at Ceva, drove him from that post, followed him to Mondovì, dislodged him there, and pursued him beyond Cherasco. Betrayed by a part of his army who had been proselytized, and now badly served by the rest, pressed by a superior force, and looking in vain for aid from Beaulieu, Colli at length retreated to Carignan, about eighteen miles from Turin.

On the 25th April, the commandant of Cherasco, a fortified place with a garrison of 2,000 men, and immense stores of ammunition and provisions, basely surrendered at the first appearance of Bonaparte's aide-de-camp, Marmont, who had been sent merely to reconnoitre. There was treachery here,—there was treachery everywhere,—and in Court and council, as well as in the camp and in the fortresses.

By this time all the provinces of Piedmont south of the Po were open to the Republican invaders, the capital itself was almost at their mercy, and the resources of the country were consumed. Victor Amadeo sued for a truce, which Bonaparte granted, in consideration of having the key fortresses of Cuneo, Ceva and Tortona put into his hands. The Directory soon afterwards extended the truce into a treaty of peace, which his Sardinian Majesty paid for by delivering up all the other Piedmontese fortresses and all the passes of the Alps, and by ceding to the French Republic for ever Savoy, Nice, and some Alpine tracts of country. The poor old King did not long survive this ruinous peace, dying broken-hearted on the 16th of October. He had made a fatal mistake in agreeing to the armistice, but a panic had seized one part of the Court of Turin, and another portion of it had become partisans of the French Republicans. Bonaparte said, that if the King had held out only a fortnight

longer, he and the French army would, in all probability, have been compelled to retrace their steps across the mountains

Everything depended on rapidity of movement. Immediately after concluding the truce, Bonaparte marched against Beaulieu, drove him from the Po, beat him in a sharp battle at Fonabio, between Piacenza and Milan, and made him fall back upon the river Adda, but his movement was one of retreat, and his intention not to defend the line of the Adda, but merely to delay the passage of the



The Bridge of Lodi.

French across that river. Thus, a great deal too much has been made of the so-called battle of the bridge of Lodi. It was only an affair with Beaulieu's rear-guard, which he had left at the head of the bridge with some artillery. Had the Austrian general's intention been to defend the Adda, the bridge would have been blown up. While he moved off with the mass of his forces, his artillery at the bridge kept up a tremendous fire, and caused the French a very considerable loss.

It was on the 10th of May that the bridge was carried by the French, but while they had been performing the exploit, the Austrians had made good their retreat. Bonaparte was afterwards accustomed to say, long after this period, that it was at Lodi that the

idea first flashed across his mind that he might become a great actor in the world's drama

On the 15th of May he made a triumphant entrance into Milan, where the French had many converts and partisans. That city soon became the rallying-point of conspirators and desperate emigrants from other parts of Italy. They formed patriotic clubs, made speeches, wrote extravagant poems, and published newspapers, in which they lauded the French and Napoleon to the skies. Neither his interest, nor his duty to the revolutionary Government which employed him, could induce the fortunate young general altogether to conceal his want of sympathy with these people, or his aversion to democracy; but, while he assumed a distant and supercilious demeanour towards them, many of his officers and soldiers fraternized with the Italian republicans, who were constantly telling them how easy it would be to revolutionize the entire Peninsula, and overset every old government in it. "Certainly," says an Italian writer, "the Italian Government of that period were not perfect, but they were at least supportable by force of habit; and before this invasion they were every day improving and being reformed, as well by the rulers as by the people. And who will maintain that a lawless military dominion was better than these old governments? There were some who said, and still say, that out of evil good was to come. But I am well aware that men do not wait patiently for an uncertain result, and, assuredly, the patience of that generation was severely tried."* But several of these Italian states might be said to be exceedingly well governed when this tempest of foreign war burst over them.

The Milanese, a naturally fertile country, which had belonged for ages to the house of Austria, was rich and thriving—rich even in intellectual wealth, to a degree which it has not since attained—and the Austrian administration, in the recent reigns of Maria Theresa and Joseph II, had effected many useful reforms, with an enlightened policy and truly liberal spirit. Tuscany was, perhaps, the best administered, the most contented, and the happiest country

* Carlo Botta.

to be found on the continent of Europe; and here, too, governmental reforms, and reforms in the laws, had long been and were still in progress. The kingdom of Naples, though somewhat backward in civilization, had made immense strides in the right direction since the accession of Charles III in 1734, and the changes introduced by the Marquis of Tannucci, originally a jurisconsult and professor at Pisa. And here also there was an amount of learning, ingenuity, and genius, which those regions have not possessed since that storm overtook them.

Immense and almost incessant pains have been taken to show what some parts of Italy gained by the French Revolution, the invasion of the Republicans, and the established regal dominion of Napoleon. But few or none have paused to speculate on what might have been the condition of Italy if she had been left to herself to pursue her own paths of reform and political reorganization.

Even the zealots of Milan—or such of them as were not gainers in the scramble for power and plunder—soon found out the true signification of French fraternity. The governing powers at Paris, without money and without credit, had adopted the resolution that war must support war—*la guerre doit nourrir la guerre*—that is to say, the countries overrun by French armies were to feed, clothe, lodge, and pay the troops, and also to remit large contributions to France. This was the basis of all the instructions given by the Five Kings at the Luxembourg to Bonaparte and to all their generals. For much of the mischief that was done Napoleon was scarcely accountable.

Piedmont had been pitilessly plundered, in a regular manner, by the commissaries of the army and the commissioners of the Directory, and in an irregular manner by the soldiery and camp followers, among whom there were now many Italians, refugees from other states, men of desperate fortunes, and of no honour or morality. As a good part of Lombardy seemed to receive the Republicans as friends and deliverers, Bonaparte endeavoured to stop the irregular plunder here, but the regular plunder which he ordered himself was enormous. He imposed, at once, a contribution of 20,000,000 of francs, which fell chiefly on the nobility and clergy, he autho-

rized his commissaries to seize whatsoever provisions, stores, waggons, horses, &c, the army might want, merely giving cheques (which, for the most part, were never paid at all), to be paid out of the contributions. The horses and carriages of the nobility were seized, because they belonged to aristocrats; a great deal of property which belonged to the late Viceroy and the Austrian Government, and a great deal which did not belong to them, was sequestered as public property, and, to finish the accursed climax, the Monte di Pietà was broken open by express orders from Bonaparte and his countryman, Saliceti, and all the property in it that was worth sending was sent to Genoa to be converted into money for the benefit of the Directory. In passing through Piacenza, Bonaparte and Saliceti (that most rapacious and terrible of commissioners) had already treated the Monte di Pietà there in the same manner, and it afterwards became a rule to plunder all these charitable institutions.

The five Directors at the Luxembourg were incessantly calling on the general for money—money—more money, and Bonaparte himself says that, besides clothing and feeding and abundantly paying his army, he remitted to them 50,000,000 of francs during his first Italian campaign. The petty principalities, into which so much of the beautiful country was so unhappily divided, had never made war, but they were all obliged to purchase what was called a peace, at prices which might have saved Italy from this invasion, if they had been collectively poured into the treasury of the keeper of the keys of the Alps, the King of Sardinia. Thus the Duke of Parma was made to pay 1,500,000 francs to furnish clothing for the army, and to surrender twenty of his best pictures. The Duke of Modena was made to pay 6,000,000 francs in cash, 2,000,000 more in provisions, cattle, horses, &c, and to deliver up fifteen of his choice paintings, and, as he could not feed the voracity of the republicans fast enough, they took his whole duchy from him a few months later. Until the Emperor should send another army, there was absolutely nothing in Italy to offer any valid resistance to these insatiable plunderers.

In these and other similar discreditable transactions, which be-

came of common occurrence in every part of Italy occupied by the French for the next three years, the military commanders, commissaries, and other agents, were assisted by many Italians, who had embraced their part in order to glean in such a harvest. They pointed out where valuable objects were to be found, and they went to find them out and deliver them into the hands of the French. It is remarked by a French writer, in the Supplement to the "Biographie Universelle," that the acknowledgments given for the valuables taken away from churches and other public establishments are signed by Italians, and that not a French name appears on them. Many of these, however, belong to a later period, after Bonaparte had left Italy. A collection of these original documents, or *procès-verbaux*, as the French style them, has been made by a French gentleman, M Villenave, they are all dated the year vi (1797-8), and entitled, "In the name of the French Republic," bearing the legend of "Liberty and Equality." Some of them are remarkable for the miscellaneous nature of the plunder. One *procès-verbal* states the delivery of a golden chalice weighing six and a half pounds, nine other chalices, seven silver lamps, sixteen silver candlesticks, eight flower-vases, censers, statues, basins, saucers, coffee-spoons, trays, hand-bells, &c, all of silver. Another mentions a sack containing several packets of silver utensils of the province of Perugia, without specifying either the objects or the weight. These acknowledgments are signed by men calling themselves agents of finance, and are countersigned by the superiors of the churches thus plundered. Under General Bonaparte things were done with more regularity, but still many irregularities and violences were committed which he did not know or could not prevent, as he himself acknowledged.

The spoliation of the Monte di Pietà, and the violences perpetrated in the country, gave rise to popular insurrections in various parts of Lombardy. The inhabitants of Beinasco, a large village between Milan and Pavia, rose in arms and killed several French, and partisans of the French whom the people stigmatized as Jacobins. The insurrection spread rapidly in that quarter, the bells rang to alarm, and a multitude of country people ran to Pavia,

where they were joined by the lower orders in that city,—for it must be observed that in Italy it was the peasantry and the working classes in general that were most inimical to the French

On the 23rd of May, Pavia, a large city with about 30,000 inhabitants, was in open revolt. The French soldiers that were in the town shut themselves up in the castle, those who were found about the streets were seized and ill used, some were killed, the rest had their lives saved by the interference of the municipal magistrates, who protected them at the risk of their own. General Haguin, who happened to pass at the time on his way to head-quarters, was assailed by a frantic mob and wounded, but was saved by the magistrates, and concealed in the town house. In all this tumult the country people were the chief actors. Bonaparte was at Lodi, on the point of following up Beaulieu, when the news of the insurrection in his rear reached him. He hastened back to Milan, and induced the Archbishop Visconti to proceed to Pavia in order to persuade the people to lay down their arms. Meantime he sent Lannes with a strong column against Benasco, which was stormed and set on fire. All people taken with arms in their hands were put to death. Bonaparte himself advanced against Pavia. The archbishop, who preceded him, harangued the multitude from the balcony of the town house, explaining to them their danger, their inability to resist the French regular troops, and exhorted them to lay down their arms and disperse quietly. But the ignorant and deluded people would not listen to his advice, and some even cried out that the archbishop was become a Jacobin. Meantime the French arrived, and broke open one of the gates by means of cannon. The cavalry rushed into the streets and sabred all they met. Most of the country people ran out at the other gates, and the citizens returned to their houses. An order of Bonaparte required the inhabitants to give up their arms of every description immediately, which was obeyed. Then came a second order, by which the city of Pavia was given up to pillage for twenty-four hours. During the rest of that day, the 25th of May, and the whole of the following night, the soldiers rioted in plunder, violence, and debauch, in the houses of the unfortunate Pavese. Murder, however, was not added

to pillage and rapes, and it is recorded that several of the French officers and soldiers spared the honour and property of those who were at their mercy, and screened them at the risk of their lives from their more brutal companions. Next day, the 26th, at twelve o'clock, the pillage ceased, but Pavia felt for a long time after the effect of this cruel treatment. It is not true, as some have stated, that the municipal councillors were shot, General Haguin interceded for them, stating how kindly they had behaved to him, and they were only sent for a time as hostages to France. Three or four of the leaders of the insurrection were publicly executed, and about one hundred more had been killed in the first irruption of the French. The university, and the houses of the professors, among whom was the celebrated Spallanzani, were spared from pillage by an express order of Bonaparte.

Such scenes are of common occurrence in a town taken by storm, and the excuse is, that it is impossible to prevent soldiers rushing in with arms in their hands from doing what they pleased. But Pavia was not so situated. The defence was contemptible, and the people had given up their arms. The pillage, therefore, was not tolerated, but authorized. It was meant as a punishment.

We know that an insurrection in the rear of an army is a most dangerous contingency, and that, by the laws of war, which are founded upon self-preservation, it must be severely punished. But then the degree and measure of the punishment are left to the discretion of the commanding officer—and his is a heavy responsibility indeed. In the present case, Bonaparte wanted to prevent a repetition of an attempt which might have proved most disastrous to his army. He wished to terrify the people of Lombardy, but he knew that it was the country people, and not the respectable, quiet citizens of Pavia, who had risen. And yet it was upon those very citizens that the punishment chiefly fell. And what punishment! To have the domestic privacy of their houses invaded by an infuriated and lustful soldiery, their wives and daughters literally violated under their own eyes, and their property carried away, or wantonly destroyed! There was the brutality of the deed. Had Bonaparte ordered all the real insurgents taken with arms in their hands to

be tried by military law, and executed—had he even levied a severe contribution on the town for not having opposed the insurgents—no one, certainly no military man, could have blamed him, but the cold-blooded pillage and rape were totally inexcusable. Much of the property of the inhabitants was destroyed—it ruined them, and did no good to the soldiers. It was no fit of passion or revenge that influenced Bonaparte on this occasion, for he was himself cool and temperate. It was a matter of cold-blooded calculation, in order to strike terror for the future. The means, however, were ill chosen. The disgraceful usage of the women of Pavia could not have had any great effect on the minds of the country people, for the town and country population were quite distinct, if not alien, from each other in feelings in those times. It was also a dangerous precedent for a soldiery already but too much inclined to lawless acts, and it could not but demoralize the army still more. The burning of Blenasco, a country village which had begun the revolt, was not half so horrible as the coolly calculated enormities of Pavia.*

This was Bonaparte's own deed—conceived and executed without any order from Paris. But in many instances the five Directors instructed him to carry out the work of terror, revenge, and devastation, and, to the credit both of his heart and intellect, he refused to do their bidding. We have, under our eye, a terrible letter written by Carnot, as one of the Directors, on the first entrance of the army into Milan. Here the General was ordered to treat the whole Milanese territory with the utmost rigour, to impose upon it heavy contributions *in cash*, to be paid immediately during the first terror caused by the arrival of the invaders, and not to leave the canals, which give fertility and wealth to the country, or the other great public works, altogether exempt from the contingencies of war. "Let the troops of the Republic," continued this Director, who managed the war department, "that are stationed in that fertile country live upon its resources—the harvest is near at hand. The Army of Italy must not draw anything from France."

Now, Bonaparte would not inflict any injury on the canals; and,

* André Vieusseux.

instead of damaging the other public works, he took a laudable care to preserve them, and to protect them from the ruder part of his soldiery, and from the more destructive vengeance of the native Italian democrats and levellers. If, in the refectory of a monastery situated within the walls of Milan, that glorious fresco painting, the Last Supper, by Leonardo da Vinci, was brutally damaged, it was certainly not owing to, but in spite of, the young Commander-in-Chief. The Directory continued the practice adopted by the Convention, of sending commissioners to head-quarters, vested with extraordinary powers. These men, who were nearly all civilians, were far more rapacious, and infinitely more vindictive, than the military, and they very often assumed the right of giving orders to the Commander-in-Chief, and even of directing his military movements. Bonaparte soon told them that they were no longer masters, that they were only servants of the Government, that it was he who commanded in Italy, and that, instead of taking their orders, he would expect to be obeyed by them.

In spite of the Directory, who had told him their commissioners were the proper authorities for all diplomatic negotiations on the spot, he presently took the whole business of diplomacy into his own hands, and negotiated truces and treaties as he himself thought best under circumstances of which he could best judge.

The Five Kings at the Luxembourg (or the five lawyers, as the soldiers often called them) could not but conceive a jealousy of their aspiring and decided commander. This feeling betrayed itself even in their congratulations on his victories. But how was his ambition to be curbed? The Directors thought that the best way would be to divide the military authority in the country beyond the Alps into two, and they ordered Bonaparte to march forward into Central Italy, with one *corps d'armée*, and to leave General Kellermann in Lombardy with the other. Bonaparte promptly and plainly told them that such a division of authority would occasion the loss of all the conquests the army had made, and that he would never submit to such an arrangement. "Kellermann," he said, "may do as well as I, especially as I am convinced that our victories are mainly due to the courage of the army, but to place Kellermann with me in Italy

would be to spoil everything. I cannot serve willingly with a man who thinks himself the first general in Europe. Besides, I am of opinion that it is better to have one bad general than two good ones I have hitherto carried on the campaign without taking anybody's advice, and I should not have done any good had I been obliged to conciliate the opinions of others. My actions have been as quick as my thoughts. If I were to be hampered in my operations by the commissioners of the Government—if the commissioners should have the power of altering my plans, and changing the disposition of the divisions of the army—you must expect no good result. Divide your forces in Italy, take away the unity of military direction, and you will lose the first opportunity of dictating the law to your enemies. The present position of our affairs in Italy requires one general possessed of your entire confidence; if I am not to be that general, I shall not complain, and I will endeavour to win your esteem in any other capacity. Every commander has his own method for making war. General Kellermann has more experience than I have, and may do better than I can, but he and I together, we shall spoil the business." The Directors found themselves obliged to succumb, and Bonaparte was allowed to go on in his own way. General Kellermann was left with the Army of the Alps, which served as a reserve to that of the Army of Italy.

It may be well, here, to remind the reader that there were two Kellermanns, father and son. The father, who is now in question, and who was subsequently Duke of Valmi, Marshal of France, &c, entered the army as a common hussar as early as 1752, and had fought in many battles before Bonaparte was born. Even under the old *régime*, his courage and his abilities had raised him from a common soldier to the rank of a colonel. The son was Kellermann, *Count* of Valmi, Lieutenant-General, Inspector General of Cavalry, &c, who fought nobly in this first Italian campaign, and afterwards at the battle of Marengo, and who measured swords with the English in Portugal and Spain.

From the bridge of Lodi, the Austrian General Beaulieu fell back in perfect order upon the Mincio. Without the army of Piedmont he was numerically too weak to defend that line. In fact, having only

24,000 men, his movement had been one of retreat ever since the armistice of Turin had been concluded. Now, therefore, having reinforced the Austrian garrison in Mantua, and thrown some supplies into that place, he withdrew behind the Adige into the Tyrol, there to await the arrival of fresh Imperial troops. Thus, all Lombardy was at the feet of the conqueror, except Mantua, and that fortress was soon blockaded by the French.



Napoleon's entry into Milan

Milan was the scene of great gaiety and festivity. The Commander-in-Chief already lived like a king, in a splendid palace, with a Court of Italians around him. Every day he received addresses and deputations got up by malcontents in various and even distant parts of the Peninsula. These patriots, as they styled themselves, did all in their power to facilitate to the French the invasion and conquest of their native country. In some respects their services were of inestimable value: they acted as secret emissaries all over Italy, and especially at Venice and other places in the rear of the Austrian army, and they were always as ready to dupe and misdirect the generals of the Emperor as to convey correct information to the French head-quarters.

And in addition to these revolutionary bands, who did their work

without pay or fee, there were others composed of Italians, who took money for what they did. Not a few ladies, extravagant in their habits and needy in their circumstances, became purveyors of secret intelligence, and even managers of espials and plots. These Italians were all paid by Italian money and Italian spoils; and as coin flowed plentifully into the military chest from the contributions paid by the different states, the French general, although remitting large sums to the Government at Paris, had the means of being liberal at Milan.

Bonaparte was recalled from this easy and profitable work by intelligence that Wurmser was coming against him with part of the Imperial army, which had retreated before Moreau. The German veteran descended from the valley of Trento with from 50,000 to 60,000 men, consisting of some divisions he had brought with him from the Rhine, the remains of Beaulieu's troops which he had collected in the Tyrol, and some Tyrolese levies.

Bonaparte, who stated his own forces in the field at 44,000, wrote from Verona on the 24th of July, that Wurmser was moving down large columns by the valleys of the Adige and the Brenta. "We are in observation, ready at the first opportunity to cross the Adige and resume the offensive. Woe to either of us who makes a blunder in his calculations!"

Blind as ever to the fatal consequences of dividing his forces, Wurmser split his army into two, moving himself with the larger half along the eastern shore of the Lake of Garda, and sending Quosdanowich with the other division along the western bank. Bonaparte, who had raised his blockade of Mantua and concentrated his forces, instantly threw their entire weight upon Quosdanowich, crushed him at Lonato, drove him back into the mountains, and then, turning quickly round, faced old Wurmser with a force now nearly double that of the Austrians, and in two bloody battles fought near Castiglione, on the 3rd and 5th of August, the dull but brave old man was defeated, and driven back into the Tyrol with the loss of his artillery and of several thousand men. Bonaparte followed him up the lower valley of the Tyrol, defeated an Austrian division on the 4th of September, and entered as a conqueror into

the city of Trento Wurmser then suddenly struck away across the mountains to the east of Trento, and descending the valley of the Brenta, again entered Italy and advanced to Bassano, where he was joined by some reinforcements from Carinthia. But his active young opponent followed close upon his rear, and all that the veteran could do was to throw himself into the important fortress of Mantua with some 18,000 men, the wretched remnant of his army.

It was on the 14th of September when Wurmser got within the walls of the Virgilian city. By the end of October, as the snows were beginning to whiten the ridges of those Alps, two fresh Austrian armies were descending into Italy. The British Government had supplied the Court of Vienna with some more money, the Emperor had made a solemn appeal to his hereditary subjects, and to the bold Hungarians, and, misused as she would, the warlike resources of Austria were immense, and the loyalty and firmness of the people untouched. But again these two armies, instead of being united in the mountains, out of the reach of the enemy, and then poured down on the plain as one torrent, were allowed to come dribbling in different directions, and to get into the presence of the French divided and far apart. Marshal Alvinzi descended from Carinthia upon Belluno with 30,000 men, while Davidowich, with 20,000 men, moved down from the Tyrol. The two armies united would hardly have been a match for Bonaparte, who could bring at the least 45,000 men into action, but as it was arranged, they had between them to traverse nearly one-half of the breadth of Italy, before Alvinzi and Davidowich could join at the appointed spot between Peschiera and Verona, whence they were to march together to Mantua, where Wurmser was to be released, and the general with the Slavonic name moved at a snail's pace. With the mass of his forces Bonaparte rushed to meet Alvinzi, and gave him battle at Le Nove on the 6th of November, but instead of defeating him, he himself sustained a terrible repulse, and retreated next day towards Verona to pick up the shattered columns of Vaubois, who was retreating before Davidowich. Contrary to what might reasonably have been expected, Alvinzi, overcoming every obstacle, reached the heights of Caldiero, in front of Verona. But instead of finding

Davidowich there, he learned that the sluggard and blockhead, or arch-traitor, had been reposing himself for ten blessed days at Roveredo, between Trento and the Lago di Guarda, and was still there or far away in that neighbourhood. Davidowich, as we have seen, had driven in Vaubois, who had been stationed by Bonaparte between Trento and Roveredo to block up that narrow pass into Italy; and if he had only followed up his success, he might have pushed on to the right bank of the Adige near Verona, and thus have placed Bonaparte in a most critical position, with Alvinzi in front himself, Davidowich on his left flank, and Mantua in his rear, within which fortress Wurmser had at that moment 18 000 men at the very least.

Thus left to himself, Alvinzi was attacked on the 12th of November by Bonaparte, who attempted to dislodge from him Caldiero. This effort proved fruitless, the Austrians stood on those heights like rocks, and, after considerable loss, the French were compelled to retreat again into Verona. For the moment the young Corsican's heart failed him, and he wrote a desponding letter to the Directors. He forcibly expressed his dread of being surrounded—as he ought to have been, and must have been, if Davidowich had but done his duty,—he recapitulated the great losses he had sustained, affirming that his best officers were either killed or wounded, and his men completely exhausted by their hard fighting, their rapid marches and counter-marches. He drew so dark a picture of his situation, that, a day or two after the receipt of this letter, the Directory could not have been much astonished if they had received intelligence that his army had been utterly destroyed or reduced to capitulate. But Bonaparte soon roused himself, and marching quietly out of Verona in the night of the 13th of November, and moving rapidly by a cross-road that ran through a marshy country, he got close to Villanova, in the rear of Alvinzi. The Alpone, a mountain stream, almost dry in some seasons of the year, ran between the French and Villanova, and was traversed only by the narrow stone bridge of Arcole.

Bonaparte made a rush at the bridge, and found it defended by two battalions of Croats and Hungarians, with some artillery. Three times the French columns attempted to storm it, amidst a shower of grape-shot and musketry; and three times reeled back with

terrific loss Many of the men ran away along the narrow causeway which led up to the bridge, and plunged into the marshes for safety Bonaparte himself was thrown from the causeway into a marsh, and was very near being taken, for the Croats and Hungarians rushed across the bridge and swept everything before them A charge of French grenadiers drove back the enemy, and extricated their general when he was up to his middle in mud and water, and almost surrounded By this time Alvinzi had changed his front, and advanced from the heights of Caldiero, upon which the battle became general It lasted for three days, and was by far the hardest fought in all these Italian campaigns

"Never," wrote Bonaparte to Carnot, "was a field of battle so obstinately contested The enemy was numerous and determined I have hardly any general officers left" In fact, they were nearly all killed, wounded, or prisoners His own escape from hurt was almost miraculous, for he exposed himself in the very foremost rank, and was under the thickest of the fire at the end of the bridge, where it was most murderous It is said to have been at Arcole that the soldiers first bestowed on him, as a term of endearment, the name of "our brave little corporal"

If Davidowich had been at hand with only half of his 20,000 men, or if old Wurmser, leaving Mantua to take care of itself, had come up while Bonaparte was sacrificing his best men in obstinate and fruitless efforts to carry the bridge of Arcole, or when the French army was divided—one part on one side of the Alpone, and the rest on the other side—there would have been an end as perfect as could have been desired the invaders must have been exterminated But so bright a hypothesis was not to be realized by Austrian generals, or by any other generals, for many a year to come Intimidated by these terrible Croats and Hungarians and the well-served guns on the bridge, the French detached General Guyeux with 2,000 men, to cross the Adige lower down, at the ferry of Albaredo, which is below the confluence of the Alpone, and thence to march by the left bank of the Alpone, where the ground was firmer, to the village of Arcole All this Guyeux did successfully, but in the evening the Austrians in that quarter, being re-

inforced, fell upon him, and drove him out of the village. Next day (the 16th) Bonaparte obstinately renewed his attacks upon the fatal bridge, which he did not carry after all, and every attack on which cost him many officers and heaps of men. On the 17th he did what he ought to have done at first: he threw a bridge over the Alpone, just above its confluence, and, sending Augereau across, to advance along the left bank with a strong column, to take the defenders of the bridge in flank and in rear, and then push forward for the village of Arcole, he himself charged with another strong column along that unhappy causeway, flanked by marshes, on which he had been so long detained. Bonaparte's column was met in the teeth by such a fire, that men or fiends could not stand it, and again they reeled back. But Augereau, after a sharp contest, succeeded in his objects, and gained possession of the village. Alvinzi then made his retreat upon Vicenza and Bassano, where he took up his winter quarters. The French estimate his loss at 4,000 in killed and wounded, and as many in prisoners,—they do not state their own loss, but it must necessarily have been immense. On the same day that Alvinzi began his retreat from the left bank of the Adige, Davidowich, as if waking from a drunken sleep, came blundering down by Ala to the right bank of that river, and entered the Italian plains between Peschiera and Verona, but Bonaparte, who had now nothing else to do, turned against him with his superior and victorious forces, and presently drove him back to Ala, to Roveredo, and the steep hills that overhang the Tyrol pass. Thus ended what was not incorrectly called the third Italian campaign of the year 1796, and thus Bonaparte had beaten successively Beaulieu, Wurmser, and Alvinzi. Of the future campaigns we shall say little or nothing, having already said enough to explain how these matters were managed by or for the Austrians, and there having been for a long time no change of system—no wisdom taught by a fatal experience and an accumulation of disgrace.

In order to strengthen the armies in Italy, the victorious Archduke Charles had been left weak on the Rhine. He recovered Fort Kehl at the beginning of the year, but Moreau, strongly reinforced, again reduced that important fortress, and defeated the Austrians

in a great battle in the month of April. Nearly at the same moment, Hoche, who commanded on the Lower Rhine, defeated General Krey, and other French divisions were again advancing into the heart of Germany, when their march was suspended by the intelligence that the Emperor was negotiating for a peace with Bonaparte.

Both the young republican general and the old Austrian marshal had received reinforcements during the winter. Alvinzi, as early as the month of January, took the field with 50,000 men, intending not merely to relieve Wurmser, but also to drive the French from the whole line of the Adige, but he again divided his forces, was defeated at Rivoli on the 14th of January, 1797, and, after General Provera, who had surrendered with 2,000 men the year before, had surrendered with a division of 5,000 men, old Wurmser, being reduced to extremities for want of provisions, was obliged to capitulate in Mantua.

To his honour, Bonaparte would not witness the surrender of his aged antagonist, but kept at a distance as Wurmser and his staff came out of the fortress. "Wurmser," he said, "had done all that a brave officer could do after his defeat at Bassano, he marched for five days in the midst of hostile columns, crossed the Adige, overcame all opposition, reached Mantua, and resolutely threw himself into it. He had since made repeated sorties, fighting always valiantly, though always unsuccessfully, he had held out in the fortress for nearly six months, and now with a garrison fearfully reduced by famine and pestilence, he had obtained an honourable capitulation."

The Pope was unable to pay the enormous contributions demanded from him. After the surrender of Mantua the French overran the greater part of the Papal States, scattered with a few shots some 6,000 or 8,000 very unwarlike troops in the Pope's pay, took possession of the city and port of Ancona, and at Tolentino dictated new and still harsher conditions of peace to the helpless head of the Catholic Church. The poor Roman prelates, who were the negotiators at Tolentino, had been quite bewildered by Bonaparte's rapidity. They said, "These French armies do not march, they run!" The conqueror had announced himself as the friend

and defender, and not the enemy, of the Pope As further proofs of this friendship, Bonaparte exacted the formal cession of the rich papal provinces of Bologna and Ferrara, and the possession of Ancona by the French, till the conclusion of a general peace, and, besides the payment by the Pope of 30,000,000 of livres, he put the sculpture and picture galleries, and the libraries, books, and manuscripts of Rome under heavy requisition. The treasures of the Santa Casa, or Holy House of Loretto, had been for the most part removed before the invaders entered that city, but many of the diamonds, gems, and other precious articles found their way, nevertheless, to Paris, and the philosophism of the French commanders did not prevent their carrying off from Loretto the miraculous image of the Madonna According to Montholon, and the other writers of memoirs or eulogiums of the same school, Napoleon's mind was filled and his imagination excited by images of ancient Roman grandeur and recollections of the imperial and classical ages But, though so near to Rome, he did not proceed thither, nor did he ever in his life visit the Eternal City

With the charms of the capital of Tuscany—the Athens of modern Italy—he was much struck, and Florence had been the home of at least some of his ancestors When they took him into that wonderful square, and showed him the cathedral and the contiguous baptistry, he is said to have exclaimed, “They are so beautiful that they ought to be kept under a glass case!” While in that neighbourhood, he visited the small town of San Miniato, and there found an old canon of his name and race, who received the victorious general as a relative Before leaving the old priest Bonaparte inquired if he could oblige him in anything. The canon, with disinterested simplicity, asked him to use his influence with the Pope to obtain the canonization of a long-deceased member of the family, one Bonaventura Bonaparte, who had lived a holy life, and died in odour of sanctity

By this time Austria had poured another army to the frontiers of Italy, and had given the command of it to the Archduke Charles But this last Austrian army was composed almost entirely of raw recruits, and of the disheartened fragments of the forces of Beaulieu,

Wurmser, Davidowich, and Alvinzi, and the Archduke, instead of being left to his own genius and ready resources, was checked and embarrassed by the Aulic Council at Vienna. On the other side, the French, already superior in numbers, were flushed with victory, and General Bernadotte, who had quitted the Army of the Rhine, joined Bonaparte with 20,000 men. After sustaining some terrible defeats, in the month of March, on the Tagliamento, the Archduke retreated, slowly and in admirable order, towards Vienna, in the hope of receiving reinforcements from that capital and from Hungary, and of drawing the French into the hereditary states, where a population, enthusiastically devoted to the Emperor, would be sure to rise *en masse*, and attack them on their flanks and rear. The campaign was not hopeless, the Archduke was full of hope and ardour. The French, who had violated the continental territories of the Republic of Venice, were apprehensive of an attack on their rear from that quarter. General Landon was pouring through the valley of the Tyrol with another Austrian division, was driving back the French detachments on the Upper Adige, and was almost on the edge of the plains of Lombardy. Bonaparte was full of anxiety; but disguising his feelings, and suddenly pretending to deplore the horrors of war, and to be anxious, merely for humanity's sake, for a peace, he wrote a very flattering letter to the Archduke, calling him the saviour of Germany, and representing England as the only power in Europe that had an interest in continuing the war. The Archduke referred him for an answer to Vienna.

Bonaparte was now at Judenburg, in Upper Styria, about eight days' march from Vienna, but, notwithstanding the successes of Moreau and Hoche, there was no Republican army in the valley of the Danube to co-operate with him, he had many streams to pass, and several dangerous defiles before him and behind him, the Lombard Venetians, though without any aid from their timid, contemptible Government, were actually rising in insurrection, it being reported among the people, who had many wrongs to avenge, that the French army had got enclosed in the mountain-passes of Carniola and Styria, and would inevitably be compelled to lay down their arms. But there was a party at Vienna overcome by



Battle of Tagliamento

their fears, and ready to purchase peace at almost any price, and the Archduke was ordered to agree to a suspension of hostilities. Generals Bellegarde and Meerfeldt arrived at Judenburg on the 7th of April, had a conference with Bonaparte, and demanded an armistice, which was agreed upon till the 13th. Bonaparte moved his head-quarters to Leoben, and Massena, with the advanced guard, posted himself at Bruck, near the Semmering Pass, the last defile of the Noric Alps on the side of Vienna. It is to be remembered that Bonaparte, many months before, had laid before the Directory a plan of combined operations by the armies of Italy and the Rhine, the result of which was that they should dictate peace on the heights of the Semmering. He now accomplished that object with his own army alone. From his first entrance into the hereditary states of the Emperor, he had ordered a severe discipline to be maintained, and everything required by the army to be punctually paid for, and he had assured the inhabitants of Carinthia that they should not suffer from the operations of the war. He had strong reasons for adopting this line of conduct. The people of Carinthia, as those of Tyrol and all the hereditary states, were loyal, and devotedly

attached to the House of Austria, he could not hope to find here, as he had done in Italy, sympathizers and active partisans, and these populations, being far more warlike than the Italians, were proportionately more likely to resent in a formidable manner any plunder, injury, or insult. Bonaparte's object was now to obtain a peace. Only a few weeks before, he had told his soldiers at Bassano that they would free the brave Hungarians from the yoke of Austria, and reduce that proud Court to the rank of a secondary state. But these were words got up for the sake of excitement: the Hungarians were at that period as much devoted to their sovereign as the Carinthians and Tyrolese, and the conqueror had not, for the present, the most distant idea of entering Hungary.

The intrigues at Vienna, and all the circumstances and influences which led to the preliminaries of Leoben, scarcely belong to biography, and offer no characteristic traits of Bonaparte. The Emperor Francis, like his brother the Archduke Charles, was inclined for a protracted struggle, and could not support the idea of losing the Duchy of Milan. Thugut, his Prime Minister, although no favourer of France, cast his views beyond the mere Italian question, he looked to Germany, and there he clearly saw that Prussia was endeavouring to extend its influence at the expense of Austria, under the shield of its assumed neutrality. The Minister of Prussia at Vienna (Lucchesini) had made, in the preceding month of February, a suspicious journey into Italy, where he had conferred with the young conqueror. The secret policy of Prussia at that time, and for years after, greatly favoured the views of France, for which at last she was so fitly rewarded by Napoleon on the bloody field of Jena.

There was another influence at Vienna in favour of peace, and it was that of Queen Caroline of Naples, the aunt and stepmother of the Emperor Francis. The presence of the victorious French army in Italy kept her Majesty in perpetual alarm for the safety of her own kingdom, which contained no inconsiderable number of Jacobin republicans and would-be revolutionists. She, therefore, instructed her ambassador at Vienna, the Marquis del Gallo, to use his influence, which was great, with the Empress, whom he (the Marquis) had escorted from Naples at the time of her marriage. By the

credit of the Empress and of Thugut, Del Gallo was ultimately fixed upon as the negotiator with Bonaparte—an appointment which gave offence to many in Vienna.

On the other side, the French Directors were but little inclined to entrust General Bonaparte with the sole management of such an important negotiation as that of peace with the Emperor, and they sent him General Clarke (afterwards Duc de Feltre) as a coadjutor, or rather as a check. But the fortunate soldier would no more divide his diplomacy than his command of the army, and through his own determined character and astuteness, and the submissiveness of the colleague imposed upon him, he soon got rid of this impediment. Clarke was a very cunning and a very unscrupulous man, and, like others much less acute, he probably saw already that Bonaparte would soon be the supreme head of the French Government, and when he was told that he had much better go to Turin, to dictate a treaty of alliance to the prostrate, helpless King of Sardinia, Clarke went.

On the 15th of April, the Marquis del Gallo arrived from Vienna, at Bonaparte's head-quarters at Leoben. The Marquis was well advanced in years, not devoid of a certain diplomatic tact, but timid and irresolute. Bonaparte, assuming a cool, distant air, began by observing that his name did not sound like German. Gallo said that he was the Neapolitan Ambassador at the Imperial Court. "But," said the young soldier, looking at him with his keen eyes, "we have no pending negotiations with Naples, or the Court of the Two Sicilies, that I know of. We are at peace. Has the Emperor no negotiator of his own—no diplomatist of the true Austrian school? Is the old aristocracy of Vienna extinct?" This first address quite bewildered the old courtier, who could never before have heard such a diplomatic prelude, and who was jealous of his interest at Vienna. Gallo became supple and obsequious, and—we believe through weakness, and not out of any dishonesty—he came to a thorough understanding with the Commander-in-Chief of the French Republican Army of Italy. From the beginning, Bonaparte acquired a superiority over him—as he did, for a long time, over nearly every man with whom he came in contact. A quarter of a century after

these scenes at Leoben, we have heard the Marquis declare with his own lips that there was no resisting or opposing the young conqueror, that all who surrounded him were as if under a spell, that some were browbeaten and terrified, and others won over by a fascination of manners, but that all seemed disposed to succumb or obey. General Meerfeldt, who was associated with Gallo, was kept completely in the background. Thus, by a concourse of circumstances, which appeared purposely arranged, two Italians—Bonaparte, a Corsican, and Gallo, a Neapolitan—were left to settle the destinies of two principal continental states, and of the fairest part of Europe. Their conferences were close, and while they lasted quite secret. When the business was all over, Bonaparte sent for Clarke to join him at Leoben, just in time for being too late. While Clarke was far off in his travelling-carriage, the preliminaries of peace were signed on the 18th of April, 1797. Months, however, elapsed ere these preliminaries at Leoben were transformed into the Peace of Campo Formio.

The day after signing, Bonaparte wrote to the Directory—"Our military situation was not safe, the Court was leaving Vienna, the Archduke, being reinforced, would have made a stand before that capital, the Hungarians were ready to fall upon our right flank, and Landon and the Tyrolese, supported by the Venetian insurrection, were threatening our rear. As soon as I foresaw that the negotiations were assuming a serious turn, I sent for Clarke, who had your full instructions, but after waiting ten days, *I thought it best to sign the preliminaries myself*. I had your full powers over all the military operations, and, in my position, *the preliminaries themselves were a military operation*. Calumny will impute to me *ambitious views*, but my career, both civil and military, has ever been *straightforward*. Now, however, I feel that I ought to leave Italy, and I beg you to send me, with your ratification of the preliminaries, the necessary directions concerning the Italian affairs, together with my leave of absence to return to France." This pretended tender of his resignation frightened and embarrassed the Directors, who were beginning to feel that they could do neither with him nor without him. With his hand on his sword to lead them, the soldiers of



Napoleon and the Marquis del Gallo

the Army of Italy would at this moment have followed their little corporal to the ends of the earth, or have done whatever he chose to command. During the halts on the heights of Semmering and negotiations at Leoben, the republican army in other quarters had obtained successes. General Hoche had crossed the line, defeated the Austrian General Kray, and advanced to the Main, and General Moreau had entered Suabia, when they were stopped by a message from Bonaparte, informing them that he had settled the preliminaries of peace. Both Hoche and Moreau felt the bitterness of disappointment, for they had promised themselves laurels as green and bright as those which the young Corsican had gathered in Italy. The Directors, afraid of Bonaparte's celebrity, now certainly strove to oppose to it the military fame of Hoche, Moreau, and other

generals of the first years of the Republic, and hence, and from the bearing of those generals, arose a jealousy and a hatred which the First Consul, and Emperor afterwards, made very fatal to some of them

The Directors, in sending their ratification of the preliminaries, inserted a sort of half-expressed regret at being precluded by his arrangements from taking greater advantage of the recent "successes that have immortalized the French armies which occupy Germany" To him this was wormwood. They, however, praised Bonaparte as "a general who will bear a great name in the history of the war of liberty" They could not, they said, listen to his wishes for retirement, his presence in Italy being still necessary to consolidate the Lombard Republic, and to *dispose of the affairs of Venice*

He gradually withdrew his army from Styria and Carinthia, and quartered them in the Friuli and the other Italian continental territories of the Venetian Republic That unfortunate state, situated between the two contending parties (Ferrara and Austria), had prepared its own ruin by adhering to an unarmed neutrality Quoting Frederic of Prussia, Bonaparte had long been saying, "Where war is there are no neutrals" This war had, in fact, been carried on chiefly within the frontiers of the Republic, and on Venetian ground By stratagem, or threats, or force, Bonaparte had placed garrisons in all its fortified towns—Verona, Peschiera, Legnago, Bergamo, Brescia, and Palmanova, he had made the Government of Venice supply his army for nearly a year with all and more than was required for its sustenance and habiliments, he had applied to his own use the Venetian artillery and ammunition found in the fortresses, and he had treated the officers of the Venetian Senate, and some of the Senators themselves who came to remonstrate with him, with much less than common courtesy The Venetians could not have suffered more by an unsuccessful war if, instead of remaining neutral, they had joined their land forces, which were considerable, to the Austrians, and their fleet to the English, the Italian campaigns of Bonaparte might have had a very different issue But they remained unarmed, and met the fate reserved for those who will not help themselves On their very first advance into the Venetian

dominions, and many months before any popular insurrection against them was heard of, the French had made up their minds to overthrow that aristocratic Government, to appropriate all its territories on the continent, together with the city of Venice itself, and to keep all this as an affiliated or dependent Republic, or to barter it away (after having well plundered it) for territory elsewhere, and other advantages to France.*

The partisans and agents of Bonaparte got up political clubs, plots, and conspiracies without number, while he himself affected to be ignorant of their existence. Everywhere the disaffected subjects of Venice were encouraged to rise and join the French as liberators. Brescia and Bergamo were completely revolutionized, and the *patriots* were joined by bands of desperate Poles and hungry Frenchmen—the very refuse of Bonaparte's camp-followers. Yet he told the Venetian envoys that the Directory had not forgotten that their Republic was the old ally of France, that he was desirous of protecting Venice, that he wished to avoid the shedding of blood, that he only requested that they would not consider it as a crime "if some Venetian citizens were better inclined towards the French than towards the Austrians," and, finally, that he would not intermeddle between Venice and its revolted subjects. The envoys asked him if he could not at least help in checking the fearful excesses committed in Bergamo and Brescia, under the very eyes of strong French garrisons which he had thrown into those places. "No," said he, "the enthusiasm of democratic opinions has been of great use to me; it has aided the progress of my arms in Italy, and therefore I cannot consistently or prudently turn round against those who profess French republicanism!" "Then," replied the envoys, "let us ourselves restore order in those our own cities." "You see," said Bonaparte, "*there are French garrisons there!*" The insurgents in the rural districts were for their old Government, those in the cities were for the French. But all the cities were not like Bergamo and Brescia, and even there the Jacobinized parties could

* The correspondence of Bonaparte, published by Panckoucke, fully establishes this fact, which is further proved by a mass of other evidence, equally incontrovertible.

not have kept their ground a single day without the protection of the French. The local authorities at Verona had exerted themselves to save that important city from the democrats and levellers of Brescia who were advancing against him. There was no disaffection at Verona: the people of all classes were strongly attached to Venice, the country people offered themselves as volunteers by thousands. The deputies of the different districts consulted with the Venetian Provveditore, or Governor, and the other authorities, and it was agreed to form several strong detachments of country militia, mixed with some regulars, and place them on the principal avenues along which Verona might be approached by the mad democrats from Brescia, who threatened nothing less than the plunder of this city.

The commanders, who were chosen by acclamation, were Counts Maffei, Emily, Valenza, and Verità, all noblemen of influence in the country. Meantime, the Venetian garrison within the town of Verona was reinforced by one or two battalions of Slavonian regulars sent from Padua. But the castles, and even the town gates, were in possession of the French, and the Venetian troops furnished only the internal guards and posts—a strange and critical position for a neutral city! Some collision was inevitable. The French mistrusted the Venetians, the Venetians the French, and frequent disputes took place in the streets, which the Venetian authorities sedulously endeavoured to compose.

In the country matters were still worse. The armed peasantry, irritated at the overbearing conduct of the French military, their exactions, and other violences, and being less under the eyes of the Venetian authorities, would forbear no longer, and, considering themselves the lawful defenders of their old Government, they set up the once terrible Venetian war-cry—"St Mark for ever!"—resisted the French detachments which wanted to make their way through their position, and killed some Frenchmen, especially stragglers. General Balland, who commanded for Bonaparte at Verona, now gathered his men within the castle, pointed his batteries against the town, and told the Provveditore that, at the first hostile movement, he would batter Verona to ruins. The Provveditore replied



Delivery of Napoleon's Letter to the Doge

that he had had nothing to do with the movement of the peasantry, and that according to his orders he was most anxious to maintain peace between the French and Venetian Republics

All this did not happen until the middle of April,—a clear proof that the Venetian Government had neither directed nor planned the popular outbreak. Had it occurred only fifteen or twenty days earlier, Bonaparte would not have gone on to the Semmering

Pass, and the truce with Austria would not have been concluded either so soon as it was or so easily. But now the fortunate general, having signed the armistice of Judenburg, had nothing to fear in his front, and thus could reinforce the corps he had left in Verona and other places in his rear. He wrote a most furious letter to the Doge of Venice, accusing him and the Senate of treachery in arming the country people, who (he said) were shouting death to the French, and had already killed many hundreds of his brave soldiers. This has well been called "a declamatory exaggeration,"—a rhetorical figure to which Napoleon was much addicted from the beginning of his career to the end thereof. Recurring to that miscellaneous, undigested historical learning which he had picked up from partial French writers, he gravely lectured the poor, weak, timid Doge, telling him that they were no longer in the times of Charles VIII (when the power and policy of Venice had driven the French invaders out of Italy with disgrace and a fearful loss). He concluded by requiring the immediate disbanding of the army-militia, the recalling of all the regular forces to Venice, and the giving up into his hands the authors of the assassination committed on the French soldiers, as well as a number of Poles, and a few French prisoners taken in an affair at Salò—a town on the banks of the Lake of Garda. The alternative to the trembling Doge was an immediate declaration of war against Venice. Well would it have been for that old Republic if such a declaration had been made by Bonaparte a year ago !

Before receiving this letter, the Doge had liberated the prisoners of Salò, as well as several disaffected Venetian subjects who had been in confinement under suspicion, or rather under clear and manifold proof, of aiding the French and plotting against their own Government. Now a fresh deputation was appointed to wait upon the conqueror at his head-quarters. But, nearly at the same moment, tragical occurrences took place at Verona, and these added to the assumed wrath of Bonaparte. These occurrences have been widely misrepresented, not only by the French, but also by nearly every writer (whatever his nation) who has treated of them in an historical form. The real facts, as collected with much labour, and

most critically sifted, are these.—“On the 17th of April, without any previous notice, the French began to fire from the castles against the town of Verona, injuring the town palace and other buildings, and wounding several of the inhabitants. The people became enraged and tolled the alarm-bell. Count Emily, who was at Castelnovo to watch the insurgents from Brescia, hearing the cannon, hastened to Verona, overcame the French guard at the gate San Zene, and entered the town. Nogarola, at the head of another party, took possession of the gate S. Giorgio. The people, meantime, killed all the French they met with in the streets. The Provveditore, and other Venetian authorities, exerted themselves to quell the fury of the people, but they were unheeded. They, however, succeeded in protecting the French hospital, and in saving many scattered French soldiers, by conducting them to the town palace. They then hoisted a white flag on the tower. General Beaupoil, second in command, came out of the castle with two aides-de-camp. Without waiting for the escort of regular soldiers which had been sent to protect him, he came down into the town amidst the tumultuous multitude, who fell upon him, and would have killed him but for the Provveditore and other magistrates, who protected him at the risk of their own persons, and conducted him to the palace. Being asked there, why the castle batteries had fired upon the town, he said that General Balland thought that he was going to be attacked, especially when he saw a Venetian detachment fighting in the street with a patrol of the Italian or Cispadane Legion, which was auxiliary to the French. These Italian auxiliaries, composed of hot-headed young men and of desperate characters from the towns of Lombardy, were among the principal actors in the tragedy of Venice; they were the scouts and the forlorn hope of the French army. Beaupoil, however, agreed to a convention, by which a full amnesty should be granted for all that was past, and the previous friendly relations to be restored between the French and the Venetian authorities. Beaupoil signed the convention, and returned to the castle for the sanction of his superior, Balland, who, however, refused and dictated another convention, demanding, among other things, that all the population be

disarmed within three hours. In vain the Venetian authorities remonstrated that the thing was impossible in so short a time. At the expiration of the three hours he began to fire again upon the town. The fury of the people increased, and they resolved to storm the castles, threatening the Venetian authorities to consider them as traitors if they did not order the regular troops to join them in the assault. In this dilemma the Provveditore Giovannelli and his colleagues, not wishing to commit their Government to open hostilities against France, resolved to leave the town, thus disavowing the acts of the people, which they could no longer control. They withdrew to Vicenza. The people took the guns from the ramparts and pointed them at the castles. The garrison of one of the castles hoisted a flag of truce, but when a number of the people advanced to the gate, a discharge of grape-shot strewn the street with mangled bodies. The principal castle, meantime, was firing upon the town with red-hot balls and with shells. Erizzo, Provveditore of Vicenza, urged his colleagues to return to Verona, and not despair of their country. They did so, and proposed an armistice, which Balland accepted. But the conditions of the French commandant were so harsh that the deputies of the people would not listen to them, and the firing began anew. The Provveditore Erizzo then came from Vicenza with a reinforcement of regulars, with artillery and ammunition, accompanied by General Stratico, of the Venetian service. He was received with acclamation by the whole population, which was now unanimous against the French.

“Meantime it was announced that three French columns were marching against Verona, threatening to put it to fire and sword. General Stratico, having examined the fortifications as well as the position of the castles occupied by the French, declared that he could not resist the combined attacks from the outside and from within for more than twenty-four hours. The fighting and firing from the castles had lasted five days. Negotiations were again entered into, but the French General Kilmaine, having arrived in sight of Verona, demanded a surrender at discretion. The three deputies that went to the castle to arrange a capitulation were arrested as hostages. The Provveditori Giovannelli, Erizzo, and

Contarini, seeing that all was lost, then left Verona, and hastened to Venice to give the dismal news. The citizens, abandoned to themselves, sent Count Verità, one of their leaders, to General Kilmaine, who, after some demur, agreed to respect lives and property. But even this condition was not kept. The French did not murder the inhabitants, but the town, though not given up to indiscriminate pillage, was systematically plundered. Counts Emily, Valenza, and Verità, three leaders of the people, were tried by court-martial, and shot. The Venetian regular troops were made prisoners of war.*

This was one of the earliest of those atrocious courts-martial which the French established to condemn the subjects of other nations—men who owed their Republic no allegiance, and over whom no French law had properly any control whatsoever. These three Venetian nobles were murdered. Other men, sentenced by the same illegal, monstrous court, perished with them. Among the victims was an eloquent, courageous Capuchin friar, who had preached a loyal and patriotic sermon to the people, and who, before the French court-martial and at the place of execution, behaved like a hero. We regret, with Carlo Botta, that history has not preserved the name of this brave Italian monk. The most detestable actors in this sanguinary drama were native Italians of a different sort. These performers were Jacobins, or, as they would now term themselves, *liberals*. With the words of liberty and independence on their lips, they diligently employed themselves in seconding the fury of the French, and in pointing out to them, or in discovering for them, the unfortunate gentlemen of Verona who had aided in the popular resistance. It was they who discovered the brave Capuchin, and the MS of the sermon he had preached, and it was they who consigned him to prison and to the bloody and lawless tribunal. Others they hunted down for motives of private vengeance. They could seal the doom of any respectable inhabitant of Verona, merely by denouncing him as an aristocrat and zealous adherent of the old Venetian Government. The French generals

* A. Vieusseux "Napoleon Bonaparte, his Sayings and Doings."

and officers on the spot were not so ignorant of facts as afterwards (for the sake of appearances) they pretended to be, they knew the unscrupulous character of these Italian partisans, but, like Bonaparte himself, they thought it inexpedient to curb the spirit of Jacobinized democracy, which had served them so well, and General Beaupoil now said, and frequently repeated in public, that all were enemies to the French who were friendly to the old Government, that the Republic of Venice, with her 1,400 years of existence, had lived long enough, and that people must adapt themselves to present circumstances

"Such," says an indignant Italian historian, "was the issue of the Veronese insurrection. People called it the Veronese Easter, as if to compare it with the memorable massacre which goes by the name of the Sicilian Vespers, but if the effects of the two were equally cruel, the causes here were much worse, as at Verona the French added perfidy to tyranny."*

Bonaparte, even before he knew of the occurrences at Verona, had ordered General Kilmaine to take possession of Padua, disarm the Venetian troops, arrest the officers and the Governor, and send them prisoners to Milan, to do the same at Treviso, Bassano, and *Verona*, and to send moveable columns to chastise the peasants who dwelt among the hills and mountains. "In this war," said he, "you must dissolve all meetings of people by threatening their villages. Fall suddenly upon some village where the people are not strong, and burn it. But in the towns you will organize a municipality of the principal citizens, and a guard of the *best democrats*. You will arrest all the Venetian nobles, and all individuals most attached to the Senate, and let their heads answer for what may happen at Venice." Next he addressed a proclamation to the inhabitants of the Venetian towns and territories on *terra firma*, telling them that they must be free and independent, and that he would liberate them entirely from the dominion of Venice. A few months afterwards he consigned most of these people to the then new and strange dominion of Austria!

The Deputies of the Venetian Senate, appointed previously to the five days' firing and fighting in Verona, found Bonaparte at Gratz, in Styria, on the 25th of April. He had then signed the preliminaries of Leoben, and, with his hands perfectly free, he was on his way back to Italy. The two Deputies, Donato and Giustiniani, endeavoured to convince the General that what had happened could not be ascribed to the Venetian Government; that the French local commanders had every where been the assailants, that the Venetian Government had done all that it could to keep the people quiet, and that it was neither they, nor even the poor people, who had first broken the neutrality. They then went on to speak of the future, and of the means of preventing the recurrence of such sad misunderstandings, supposing that the French Government continued in the sentiments which it had all along professed, of wishing to be at peace with Venice. Instead of replying to them, Bonaparte cried out in his brusque, intimidating manner, "Well, are the prisoners liberated?" "The French, the Poles, and some from Brescia are free." "No, I will have all free—all those arrested for opinions, for being favourable to France, I will come myself and break open the *prombs*; I will have no state Inquisition, opinions must be free." [He had soon, even within the limits of France, state prisons and state inquisitions of his own.] "Yes, but free equally for all, which could not be if a few turbulent men were to be allowed to overawe by force the opinion of a whole population which is attached to its ancient Government." "I will have all those free who are arrested for opinions, and I have a list of them." "But your list, perhaps, does not explain whether they are arrested for mere opinions, or whether for treason, and other crimes, those of Brescia, for instance, whom you have mentioned, were seized in the act of fighting against the loyal people of Salò, who were defending their town against rebels." "But," returned Bonaparte, changing the subject, "my own soldiers who have been murdered! you caused them to be murdered. It is true that the proclamation of Battaglia was not written by him, but it was printed at Verona, by order of the Senate." Now, this sham proclamation, calling upon the people to arm, &c., was, in reality, written by a French

partisan, and not by Battaglia, a faithful Venetian, and it was published by the French themselves, in order to be produced as a ground of accusation against the Senate. The whole transaction was that which it has been called, "a mystery of iniquity." The truth is, that this apocryphal proclamation was first printed, not at Verona, but at Milan, in a newspaper called *Il Termometro Politico*, which was edited by Salvatori, a native of Lombardy, who had been a notorious emissary of the French Directory, and who is mentioned with contempt, as those men generally are after they have served the purpose of the moment, by Delacroix, French Minister of Foreign Affairs, in his letter to General Clarke, dated 30th December, 1796. Salvatori, however, continued to make himself busy, for the purpose of revolutionizing Italy, and he composed the proclamation which he ascribed to Battaglia, in order to bring matters to an issue between Venice and France. The paper appeared on the 5th of April, but the proclamation was ante-dated the 20th of March. Salvatori went on acting as a scout to the French, until Bonaparte, having become Emperor, cast off such ignoble instruments, when Salvatori, being reduced to extreme distress, threw himself into the Seine at Paris.

The Venetian Deputies disclaimed all knowledge of the composition. "But," said Bonaparte, who, as usual, leaped from one subject to another, "your people don't like us! your people hate the French, because they are taught to do so by your nobility!" The Deputies observed, that perhaps the people did not like the French because they had seen their fields, their gardens, their houses, and their furniture destroyed during the operations of the war. "Well," cried he, "unless you punish all those who have been guilty of offences against the French, unless you disarm the people, liberate all prisoners, and send the *English Minister* away from Venice, I declare war against you. It is for this that I have made peace with the Emperor, and have given up the idea of going to Vienna." [This was false.] "I have now 80,000 men at my disposal, I have twenty gun-boats, I will allow no more state Inquisition, no more Senate! I will prove a new Attila to Venice!" [Here he kept his word.] "While I had the Archduke Charles before me I offered you the

alliance of France, which you declined, because you wanted to arm the population and cut off my retreat. Now I will have no more alliance, I will dictate the law. I know that as your Government had not the means of defending its continental territory, and preventing the belligerent powers from overrunning it, so it has not now the means of disarming the people, I will do that myself!" He then delivered a rambling discourse on the Venetian Government, mixing up fable with history, old things with new, and dismissed the Deputies with these words—"Your Government is old it must cease to exist."

Other ruses were resorted to, but we are already wearied of these details, which are only given because the true story of the fall of Venice cannot be told or understood without them. On the 1st of May Bonaparte declared war in form, and ordered troops to march to the coast to blockade Venice on the land side. The Queen of the Adriatic, surrounded by its lagoons, protected by a numerous flotilla and formidable batteries, defended by 11,000 trusty Sclavonian troops, and about 4,000 native soldiers, besides a still respectable navy of several ships of the line and smaller vessels, open by sea to assistance from abroad, mistress of Dalmatia and Corfu,—Venice could have shown a bold front yet, and for months to come, against Bonaparte's threatenings. She could have knocked his gunboats and his other small vessels to pieces with far more ease than his disciplined soldiers had subdued the poor peasants on the continent. He could call up no French fleet to his aid, but a victorious British fleet might have been brought to the aid of Venice in a few weeks. But in the councils of Venice there were some traitors sold to the French, and many vile cowards, who fancied that by timely submission they might avert the doom. These men circumvented the timid Doge, who, instead of consulting the Senate, as he was bound to do by the existing constitution of the Republic, convoked a conference in his own apartments. Even here, however, the discussion was warm. A few noble Venetians still retained some of the spirit of their ancestors. Francesco Pesaro, Giuseppe Priuli, and Nicolo Ezzio were for resistance. Bonaparte had told them, with something plainer than words, that the Doge and Senate must

resign, and that the people must have a new constitution and form of government. The heartless, cowardly majority recommended compliance. "Never!" said Pesaro, "the moment is too critical for that!" We cannot, without certain ruin, alter the fundamental laws of the Republic. A revolutionized state will meet with no sympathy from the great Powers of Europe, and would be sacrificed in the end, whilst our old Republic, with its recollections of a thousand years, may still maintain its place on the political map of Europe, in the next negotiations for a general peace, provided only we keep free of internal revolution." "Who wants these organic changes? Who in Venice wants revolution?" said Priuli. "Where are our democrats? In Venice, who are they? A mere handful of rogues and men of desperate fortunes!" The Venetians are well affected. Let us not betray them by our timidity." But the cowards prevailed, and it was resolved that the Doge himself should propose to the Grand Council the expediency of immediately making an organic change, and adopting a more democratic constitution. The old Government, the Doge, the Senate, and the Grand Council, nearly resigned their powers, they sent away to Dalmatia their best defenders, the Sclavonian troops, and as the populace of Venice, with the arsenal and dockyard men, threatened to defend their Government in spite of its own members, the Venetian commander of the lagoons sent his boats to carry over a French division into Venice during the night. These troops being thus smuggled into the city, and ships being placed at the disposal of the French, it was easy to bring over more force, and thus trample out all opposition. A letter from the Polish officer Sulkowski to Bonaparte, of the 17th of May, calmly relates these extraordinary transactions. In all these deeds, as also in some of the very worst that were perpetrated in other parts of Italy, a body of Poles, who had been so recently duped, betrayed, and then beaten out of their own country, were conspicuous, active, and zealous actors. They were desperate and thoroughly unscrupulous adventurers, with scarcely a single virtue or good quality beyond that of animal courage. A few years later, and Portugal and Spain had to weep, like Italy, over the exploits of these *interesting* Poles.

The Venetian partisans of the revolution having asked the advice of the French *chargé d'affaires* as to the new form of government which would be most acceptable to General Bonaparte, a provisional municipal council was formed on democratic principles, to exist until the people should elect their representatives. The French took possession of the arsenal and docks, with all their stores, and all the ships of war, disposed of the wealth and resources of the city, and marked out, for conveyance to Paris, the best books and MSS and the choicest works of art. The mad Venetian democrats insulted their pusillanimous, degenerate nobles with impunity, burned the old honoured colours of the Republic, sang the "*Ca Ira*" with the French soldiery, and danced round the tree of liberty in the Square of St Mark in an ecstasy, and down to the last moment without any foreboding that they and their country were to be given up to the Austrians.

All these things were done about the middle of May, 1797. The disgraceful intrigues which led to this unexampled political suicide are proved by numerous existing documents, and by Bonaparte's own correspondence with the Directory and others. By the General's own showing, his was the quarrel of the wolf with the lamb, his was the secret resolution from the first to promise liberty and equality to the Venetians, to plunder them, and then sell them to the Emperor. "My objects," said he, "have been, first, to enter the city without difficulty, to get possession of the arsenal, and be enabled to take from it all that suits us." In a subsequent letter, dated the 26th of May, he told the Directors that Venice might be given to the Emperor as a make-peace. "Venice," he says, "which has been in a state of gradual decay ever since the discovery of the passage round the Cape of Good Hope, and in consequence of the rivalry of Trieste and Ancona, can hardly survive the blows we have inflicted on it: its population is stupid and pusillanimous, and not made for liberty. We shall take away the ships, strip the arsenal, carry off all the cannon, ruin the bank, and keep the island of Corfu for ourselves." It has been well said that Machiavelli himself could not have given more crafty advice to the Medici and Borgias of his time. The Directors demurred about giving up Venice to Austria,

and incurring the odium among all Republics, whether old or new, of duplicity, treachery, and an abandonment of Republican principles But by this time it was sufficiently clear that Bonaparte must have his way in the end, and that, whatever crooked policy he might adopt, he would still carry with him enthusiastic admirers who would never allow him to be in the wrong so long as he was powerful and successful

It is inconsistent with our present object to insert such documents, but we must give in full the vindictive order which Bonaparte issued on the 6th of May, for the treatment of the unfortunate people of Verona, as it is not only a striking record of the past, but as it is also a present warning and lesson to those who would neglect our own national defences, and expose us in our turn to the chances of a visitation from an enemy who may prove equally rapacious and vindictive

"ART I —The city of Verona shall pay a contribution of 120,000 sequins, which will serve to defray the expenses of the army.

"II —It shall pay, moreover, a contribution of 50,000 sequins, to be distributed as an indemnity among the officers and soldiers of the garrison, and of the column that has reconquered the town

"III —All the pledges in the Monte di Pietà, above the value of fifty livres, shall be confiscated Those of an inferior value will be restored to the owners

"IV —The commissary-in-chief will make out a statement of the losses sustained by individuals of the garrison and in the hospitals, which will be indemnified by means of a third contribution, to be levied on the town and territory of Verona

"V —All the horses for riding or carriage within Verona shall be seized for the use of the army

"VI —Verona shall furnish to the army a contribution in kind of 40,000 pairs of shoes, 2,000 boots, cloth for 4,000 coats, and 12,000 trousers and garters, linen for 12,000 shirts, besides 12,000 hats and 12,000 pairs of hose, for the use of the army

"VII —All the gold and silver of the churches and public and government establishments shall be confiscated.

"VIII.—A military court shall assemble immediately to try fifty

of the principal leaders of the insurrection against the French, who shall be sent in chains to Toulon, and from thence to Guiana, and all their property confiscated. If among them there should be any Venetian nobles, they will be shot.

"IX.—The whole province of Verona shall be disarmed, and whoever shall contravene this order shall be sent to hard work at Toulon for six years.

"X.—All the paintings, museums, collections, belonging either to the town or to individuals, shall be confiscated. Those among the owners who may be entitled to a compensation will receive it out of the property of the persons condemned by the military court.

"XI.—The general of division, Augereau, the chief of the staff and commissary-in chief, will see the present order executed.

"BONAPARTE"

Rough soldier as he was, Augereau was evidently shocked at these orders, and at the misery he witnessed in Verona. He wrote to Bonaparte on the 9th of May, telling him that everything had been plundered before his arrival; that the Monte di Pietà, in which were deposited effects worth 50,000,000 of livres, had been broken open and emptied without any formality, that the same practice had been adopted in the Venetian city of Vicenza, where there had been no insurrection, and where the French troops had marched in without any opposition, that a French commissary had been arrested on the charge of depredation, and that he believed that many officers of rank were implicated in the robbery; that arbitrary seizures had been made in the warehouses, shops, and private houses, that Verona was a desert; that the treasures of the churches had been seized to pay the first contribution imposed by General Kilmaine, that there was hardly anything more to lay hands upon, and that, consequently, he could not see how the new contributions were to be levied. As for the country, it had been given up to fire and plunder, many villages were quite deserted, and the families were wandering about houseless and famishing.

Such, with trifling exceptions, has been, is, and will be, the fate of every country that cannot provide for its own security.

About a month after the fall of Venice, the ancient Republic of Genoa met her doom. Ever since the beginning of the Italian war Genoa had been the subservient handmaiden of France. If submission could save, she ought to have been safe. It was through the territories of Genoa that the French armies had penetrated into Piedmont and Lombardy, it was from the ports of Genoa that they had been supplied with provisions. Genoa became the depôt of the plunder of Italy, thither were sent all the jewels and precious metals seized in the Monte di Pietà, and in the palaces or churches, or delivered by the Dukes of Modena and Parma, as well as the English goods seized in the neutral port of Leghorn, and in Genoa the gold and silver were melted down, the jewels picked out, and the whole sold under the superintendence of M. Faipoult, the Directory's diplomatic envoy. Genoa had also paid, under the name of a loan, several millions of livres to the military chest of Bonaparte. Its harbours had afforded protection to French men-of-war and privateers, which had landed troops, stores, and ammunition on its *neutral* coast, under protection of its batteries, and when our determined Nelson, indignant at this barefaced connivance of the Genoese, had seized some of the French craft close to the shore, a great outcry was raised by the French about the law of nations and the violation of Genoese *neutrality*, and Bonaparte instantly demanded that the Senate should expel the English and Austrian envoys—a demand which was complied with. All this the Senate of Genoa had done, and now, as a grateful return, Bonaparte demanded the abdication of that very Senate, because, as he said, it was an aristocracy. The Republic of Genoa, ever since the early part of the sixteenth century, and the time of the great and patriotic Doge Andrea Doria, had been governed by the patricians, but the patrician order was not close and exclusive as at Venice, new families being admitted into it from time to time. But, according to the law of nations and the rules of neutrality, what right had the French to interfere with such government, whether aristocratic, or democratic, or monarchical?

No sooner was the devil of democracy broke loose in Genoa, by his own command, than Bonaparte spurned it, reviled it, and crushed it by force of arms. A club of Genoese democrats, joined by emi-

grants and political refugees from other parts of Italy, among whom a Neapolitan, named Vitaliani, made himself very remarkable by his Jacobin fury, and secretly encouraged and directed by Faipoult, that cunning Corsican, Saliceti, and other agents of the French Directory or of Bonaparte, conspired against the Senate, liberated the criminals confined as galley-slaves and other prisoners, assumed the French tricoloured cockade, shouted "Viva Bonaparte! Viva il popolo!" (Long live the people!) broke into the arsenal, took possession of the gates, and attacked the ducal palace, where, however, they were repulsed by the regular guard. Meantime the working classes, the porters, boatmen, and artisans of the docks rose against the self-styled patriots at the cry of "Long live our prince, our religion, and the Virgin Mary!" The ridiculous was mixed with the horrible. A poor Turkish or Moorish slave, released from the arsenal by the revolutionary party, was told by them that he must join their column, and that if he only shouted "Viva il popolo!" all would go well with him. Not knowing one party from the other, the Turk shouted "Viva il popolo!" in the wrong place, for he had lingered in the rear and had fallen among the porters and the working people, who gave him a sound drubbing, and told him that he must shout "Viva Maria!" The poor fellow did as he was ordered, but, shortly after, he fell again among the revolutionary party, who gave him another beating, and told him that he must not cry "Viva Maria!" but "Viva il popolo!" Half-killed in consequence of his double mistake, and being utterly unable to comprehend why people of the same town were shooting, cutting, and stabbing one another, the unlucky Mussulman, in search of a quiet corner, went crying through the streets that the Christians had become mad, and in this, at least, he was right *

Those who invoked the Virgin Mary proved victorious; they re-took the arsenal, procured better arms, and drove the democrats before them from post to post, and gave them a thorough beating at the bridge called Ponte Reale. Many of the Jacobins were killed, and a few Frenchmen among the rest, for as they all wore

the same tricoloured cockade, the people could make no distinction. A strong detachment, however, was sent by the Doge to protect the house of Faipoult, the French envoy, where several of the revolutionists took shelter, and wherein the revolution itself had been planned. That night was passed in the midst of grief, lamentation, and death: the houses were illuminated, some for joy and some in fear. The French and the defeated party said, in their usual form, that their friends, who had begun the fight, had been basely assassinated by a set of ruffians hired by the Doge and the monstrous aristocracy. Yet, if ever there was a spontaneous movement on the part of an indignant people, it was this at Genoa. "But," says Carlo Botta, "Bonaparte was not the man to lose this opportunity, and now it was according to his will that states lived or died."

Tranquillity being restored, the municipal bodies were assembled to consult about the changes which it might be expedient to make in the constitution of the Republic, and the great majority voted for maintaining the governing power as it was, in the order of the nobility*. This was not what was wanted by the French. On receiving these accounts, Bonaparte assumed his most angry tone, and sent his aide de-camp, Lavalette, with a threatening letter to the Doge, demanding instant satisfaction for the French citizens who had fallen, and a reform in the constitution. If, in twenty-four hours, the liberals who had been imprisoned were not released, and those who had fought against them thrown into prison in their stead—if that vile populace were not instantly disarmed, the Genoese aristocracy might look upon itself as a thing that had been. Thus did the conqueror speak of a Government venerable for its antiquity, and of a courageous people who had but done their duty.

The Senate dispatched envoys to Bonaparte, who dictated the conditions of a treaty by which Genoa was to pay four millions to France, to mould her constitution into a more popular form—the legislature to be composed of two elective councils, and the executive to consist of twelve senators, presided over by the Doge. The ultra-democrats of Genoa wished to exclude the nobles from the new

* Letter from Faipoult to Bonaparte.

Government, but Bonaparte told them that this was not only unjust but also imprudent, and that in a constitutional country all classes had a right to be represented, and to share in the offices and duties of the administration *. In other quarters he said that these democrats, like all the rest he had found in Italy, were a *canaille*; that the whole liberal faction was either inept and visionary, or corrupt and utterly demoralized, that they were worse than the Jacobins of Murat and Robespierre; that they would turn Genoa into a condition worse than that of Paris during the Reign of Terror, and that there could be no prosperity where they ruled or predominated. He directed who should compose the elective councils, and he himself named the new senators and the new Doge. Long before the crisis he had written to the Directory that his object was to drive away the noble families who were ill affected towards France, and to recall those families who were friendly to the French, in order to form a government devoted heart and soul to France. Upon the whole, his conduct towards Genoa was more moderate than it had been towards Venice. The reasons for the difference were obvious: the French, who had so very few partisans in the Venetian territories, counted them by thousands in the city of Genoa, nearly all the Genoese of the middle classes, and a considerable number of the nobles, had a strong French bias, as they have continued to have from that time down to our own day.

In the troubles and revolutions of 1848-9, they would have called in a French army, and if Louis Napoleon, the nephew and now Imperial successor of Bonaparte, had been willing to incur the consequences, he might have held Genoa (at least the city) as a department of France. No doubt the uncle contemplated making it such (instead of chaffering it away like Venice to the Austrians), when he now regulated his line of conduct towards it. But here again the country people disliked the French, and detested the innovations, they invoked the Virgin Mary, broke forth into insurrection, carried alarm to the very gates of Genoa. They were put down and cruelly treated by a mixed French and Genoese column, commanded by the

* A. Viciusseux.

French General Duphot, who soon afterwards was killed by the populace of Rome. Many were massacred, others being taken were tried with the usual dispatch by courts-martial, and shot or sent to the galleys at Toulon. While this was doing, Bonaparte sent a French division under General Lannes, who, under pretext of restoring order, seized and kept the triple fortifications and castles of Genoa the Proud.

All these things were begun and finished merely in the names of General Bonaparte and the French executive, without reference to, or mention of, the French legislature. In fact, in many cases even the executive had not been consulted, while in many others the Directory had been disobeyed. Some murmers arose in the legislative body. "How!" said they "ancient governments are overturned and remodelled, and we are not consulted! We become acquainted with these facts only through public report. A war, a peace, and a treaty with Venice are all made without the necessary sanction of our legislature!" Though Frenchmen, these poor speech-makers were slow of comprehension, as they could not, or would not, see that their constitutional rights were becoming a farce, and that in a short time there would be no law or right except the will of the fortunate soldier. General Bernadotte, who, though destined to be a King, preserved for a long time his republicanism, had caught a glimpse of the truth many months before this, on his first joining Bonaparte in Italy. "I see here," said he, "a young general of twenty-six, who does everything himself who commands as a King, and who is obeyed by everybody. I think this does not bode well for the permanency of our republican institutions."

But by this time—the summer of 1797—the young Corsican had really assumed an almost royal state and style of living. He had taken up his residence in the country palace of Montebello, near Milan. Here he was joined by his wife Josephine, who had brought a complete Court with her from Paris, and who, by her engaging manners, soon formed another circle composed of the superior French officers and their families, and of Italian nobles, who, either through conviction or through expediency, called themselves friends of the French and of liberal ideas.

"While Napoleon conducted his negotiations with as much firmness and decision as had marked him in the field, it was her care that nature and art should lend all their graces to what the Italians soon learned to call the Court of Montebello. Whatever talent Milan contained was pressed into her service. Music and dance, and festival upon festival, seemed to occupy every hour. The beautiful lakes of Lombardy were covered with gay flotillas; and the voluptuous retreats around their shores received in succession new life and splendour from the presence of Napoleon, Josephine, and the brilliant circle amidst whom they were rehearsing the imperial parts that destiny had in reserve for them. Montebello was the centre from which Bonaparte, during the greater part of the summer, negotiated with the Emperor, controlled all Italy, and overawed the Luxembourg"*

Montholon, as a thorough Napoleonist, gives a still more glowing picture of the temporary glories of the place—"Montebello is a castle situated some leagues from Milan, upon a hill which commands the whole plain of Lombardy. The French head-quarters were there during the months of May and June. The assemblage of the principal ladies of Milan, who came there daily to pay their respects to Josephine, the presence of the Ministers of Austria, of the Pope, of the King of the Two Sicilies, and of the Republics of Genoa and Venice; those of the Duke of Parma, of the Swiss cantons, and of several princes of Germany; the numerous authorities of the Cisalpine Republic, and the deputies of cities; the great number of courtiers from Paris, from Rome, from Naples, Vienna, Florence, Turin, Venice, Genoa, who came and went at all hours; in a word, the whole manner of life in this castle caused the Italians to speak of it as the Court of Montebello; and in fact it *was* a brilliant Court. The negotiations of peace with the Emperor, the politics of Germany, the fate of the King of Sardinia, of Switzerland, of Venice and Genoa, were settled there."†

The principal negotiator for the Emperor was again the Marquis del Gallo—that easy Neapolitan over whose mind Bonaparte had

* Lockhart.

† 'Memoirs of St Helena,' &c.

gained so much ascendancy at Leoben. The conferences were afterwards transferred from Montebello to Udine, in the Venetian province of Friuli, whither Clarke, whom the Directory had associated with Bonaparte, repaired as plenipotentiary of the French Republic, as well as Count Meerfeldt on the part of Austria. Many projects and counter-projects were exchanged, and, greatly to the annoyance of the impatient conqueror, the negotiations were protracted. Alternately he tried cajolery and threats. The peace party at Vienna had been exposed, the Emperor was made aware of his true position, and of the great resources of his empire, and he raised his demands accordingly, being determined rather to renew the war than submit to any very unfavourable terms of peace. The Court of Vienna knew that discord was raging at Paris in the legislative councils, and even in the Directory. A club of Royalists in that capital had gained over many influential men of the Republic, and General Pichegru among the rest, for the purpose of restoring the Bourbons, and placing on the throne Louis XVIII, not as an absolute but as a constitutional monarch. Pichegru had been in correspondence with some members of the exiled Royal Family, and evidence of the fact was found among the papers of a French emigrant at Venice, the Count d'Entraignes, whose arrest was one of the conditions exacted by Bonaparte and his agent at the epoch of the democratic revolution of Venice. These papers were immediately forwarded by Bonaparte to the Directory. Several writers have bitterly censured the Venetian Senate for this deed, but these gentlemen have overlooked dates, and committed that not very uncommon error in modern history, an anachronism. It was after the virtual abdication of the Doge, and dissolution of the Senate, that the Venetian democrats—the traitors who sold their own country—gave up the emigrant Count and his papers.*

Prussia and Spain had long since made peace with the French Republic, and as yet Russia was not prepared to go to war. Great Britain and Austria were left alone in the struggle. Austria having now entered into separate negotiations with France, the English

Cabinet was also induced to make pacific overtures. This was about the beginning of June, 1797. Lord Malmesbury, who had failed in an attempt made at Paris in 1796 to conclude peace in concert with Austria, was appointed plenipotentiary for a separate peace between England and France. His lordship repaired to Lille, and was there met by Letourneur and Maret, the envoys of the Directory. On the 8th of July his lordship delivered his first diplomatic note in these terms — "England shall restore to France all her colonies. As for the allies of France, namely, Spain and Holland, England will also conclude peace with them on condition of retaining possession of the Cape of Good Hope, the port of Trincomalee in Ceylon, and the island of Trinidad in the West Indies."

As England had always been victorious at sea, this proposal was not unreasonable, but the Directory replied, on the 15th of July, that the French Government expected, *as a preliminary condition of the peace*, that England would restore all the conquests she had made from Holland and Spain, as well as from France. The negotiations lingered on for several weeks, although it must have been evident to our negotiator that the French were resolutely determined to prolong the war with us. In our opinion it was unwise to make any attempt of the sort, or to subject ourselves to the indignity of having our overtures rejected, but it ought to be remembered by those who are for ever censuring Mr Pitt's war policy, that that great minister twice made overtures, and took the initiative in pacific negotiations.

Meantime, Bonaparte was addressing his soldiers on the internal polity of France, and making harangues, in which there was no attempt to disguise his own conviction that he and his Army of Italy ought to be sole arbiters. He told them that, if necessary, "they would recross the Alps with the rapidity of the eagle, in order to put down the Royalists and defend the Constitution of the Year Three." He was furious against the legislative councils for having permitted their members to criticise his conduct at Venice and Genoa; and being urged by Barras and the majority of the Directors to support them against the councils, which had repeatedly

threatened to impeach them for their arbitrary usurpation of all the powers of the state, he hurried off to Paris General Augereau—a violent republican, a bold and active officer, but a man of no capacity for politics, and therefore only fit to be an instrument Augereau reached the capital prepared to do whatever might be put upon him, whether it were to mow down the people with grape-shot (as Bonaparte himself had done), or to seize, like a police agent, the obnoxious members of the legislature This opposition party in the councils was mixed, some were sincere republicans, who meant to retain the Constitution of the Year Three, but to restrain the immoderate and unprincipled abuse of authority by the executive, and the scandalous venality of Barras and Rewbell, others were really Royalists, who disguised their intentions by associating themselves with the republicans Pichegru, the President of the Council of Five Hundred, was at the head of the Royalist party The majority of the Directors—Barras, Rewbell, and Réveillière Lepeaux, who were called the *Triumvir*—endeavoured to stigmatize the whole as Royalists, who, in the language of the times, were sold to England and in the pay of Mr Pitt Pichegru proposed to move on the 17th Fructidor (3rd September), for a decree impeaching the Directory for having violated the Constitution in attempting to overawe the legislature by military force The centre, or “*Ventre*,” as it was nicknamed—the timid, cross-bench, middle party, or no party, of the council—being either afraid or gained over by the partisans of the Directory, prevailed upon Pichegru to defer his motion till the following day The Directory, having already appointed Augereau Commandant of Paris, took their measures accordingly

The next morning, the 4th of September, as Pichegru was about to launch his thunderbolt, the palace of the Tuileries was surrounded with troops, and Augereau, with some of his grenadiers, entered the hall of the council and arrested about sixty Deputies, who were forthwith whisked away from their parliamentary seats to prison. The documents from Venice, transmitted by Bonaparte, were made the groundwork of the charges against the arrested Members, and, without any very strict scrutiny, between forty and fifty members of the Council of Five Hundred, and ten or twelve of the Council of

the Ancients, besides the two Directors, Carnot and Barthélemy, and a number of newspaper editors and other individuals, were sentenced to be transported to pestiferous Guiana, in South America. Carnot, however, managed to escape. Merlin de Douai and François de Neufchâteau (two nullities) were substituted as Directors in lieu of Carnot and Barthélemy. Without any reference to the constituencies, the elections of no fewer than forty-nine departments of France were thus annulled at one stroke¹. But it is idle to talk of illegality and unconstitutionality. From the beginning of the Revolution French majorities had never respected troublesome minorities, they had always cast them out and set their heels upon them. In the time of Robespierre they sent them to the guillotine, in these less ferocious days they transported them to a most unhealthy climate, to die of the endemic fevers. The immediate result was that Barras and his friends became all-powerful in France, and arrogant in proportion. Barras exulted in the ruin which had overtaken "the infamous journalists," and so did Bonaparte, who forgot his own newspaper-writing, pamphleteering days, and could no longer tolerate that any public journalist should make comments on his conduct. At the same time Barras recalled Clarke, who had been Carnot's friend, and entrusted the negotiations with Austria solely to Bonaparte*. This was what Bonaparte had long wished.

The events of Fructidor rendered the triumvirs of the Directory more arrogant in their demands. At once they showed this disposition towards England. They recalled Maret and Letourneur from Lille, and substituted two rough members of the late National Convention—two parliamentary colleagues of Danton and Robespierre—to take their places. These men were Treilhard and Bonnier, who, on the 16th of September, abruptly asked Lord Malmesbury if he had powers for restoring to the French Republic and its allies

* This Clarke, whose name so often occurs, was descended from an Irish family settled in France. In his youth he had been a page to the Duke of Orleans (Philippe Egalité), and was a captain of dragoons when the Revolution broke out. He had been employed in the War Office under Carnot, his warm protector. Under the Empire he became Duke de Feltre, and obtained the reputation of being one of the greatest plunderers in Bonaparte's army.

all their colonies His lordship replied that he had not the powers for that "Then go and fetch them," courteously rejoined the two ex-Conventionalists, who were no doubt proud of the opportunity of insulting a British nobleman * And the next morning they sent him his passport with orders to quit the French territory within twenty-four hours This, be it remembered, was the second time within a twelvemonth that the French Directory had rudely broken off negotiations with England, and this second time our demands were exceedingly moderate France was to keep the extensive conquests she had then made on the continent, and England, a conqueror at sea, was to retain only the Cape of Good Hope, a port in Ceylon, and the island of Trinidad So much for the arguments of those who still contend, in the face of history and innumerable diplomatic documents, that the prolongation of the war was owing to English obstinacy, greed, and faithlessness That the French should repeat such fables is not so very extraordinary, but it certainly excites surprise to see English writers chiming in with the same story

The same Directors would have thrown fresh obstacles in the way of a peace with Austria, if it had suited Bonaparte to allow them so to do Meerfeldt, who was negotiating at Udine, was now joined by the Count Louis von Cobentzel, of a great Austrian family, an experienced diplomatist, and inclined for peace Bonaparte went and took up his head quarters at Passeriano, in a country seat which had belonged to the poor Doge of Venice, situated a few miles from the town of Udine On the 27th of September, Bonaparte had his first interview with Cobentzel, and 'after dinner, when the Germans are disposed to talk,' he conversed with him for three or four hours, affecting an easy gossiping tone, in order to surprise the Count into some disclosure of what would satisfy his master in compensation for the loss of the Austrian Netherlands, the Milanese, &c "I will keep the offer of Venice to the very last moment," said Bonaparte †

* Treilhard and Bonnier had gone the full lengths of Jacobinism Both had voted for the death of Louis XVI &c

† For all this, and for the allusion to the German habit of talking after dinner, see Bonaparte's own letter to M de Talleyrand, whom the Directory had now appointed their Minister for Foreign Affairs.

Meanwhile the Directors had appointed Augereau, for his services of Fructidor, to the command of the Army of the Rhine, as they had first appointed Bonaparte to the command of the Army of Italy after his services of Vendémiaire. Augereau issued a turgid proclamation, threatening the Emperor, and boasting that he would go to Vienna. Bonaparte thought he perceived that the Directory wanted to give him a rival. Although he had taken a correct measure of Augereau's political incapacity, he was greatly annoyed, and these feelings were aggravated by a letter he received from his aide-de-camp Lavalette, who told him that the Directors and their friends were very ungrateful, and that jealousy and calumny were busy with his name and fame at Paris.

Bonaparte wrote a reproachful letter to the Directors, complaining of spies being sent to his head-quarters, of Augereau's mischief-making, &c. and he begged them to accept his resignation. "No one," said he, "shall make me continue in the service after this unexpected mark of ingratitude on the part of the Government. My health is greatly impaired, and I am in need of rest. I wish to mix again with the mass of the citizens. I have had, for a long time, a great power entrusted to me, and I have used it on all occasions for the benefit of my country.* If those who do not believe in my virtue suspect me now, so much the worse for them. My own conscience, and the opinion of posterity, will be my reward."

This was the third time that Bonaparte had tendered his resignation, knowing all the while, as his secretary Bourrienne says, that it would not and could not be accepted. But his letter gave serious alarm to the triumvirs. Rewbell, La Révellère, and Barras exclaimed against the young Corsican's ambition, which pretended to dispose of peace and war at his will, to destroy ancient Republics, and give up their spoils to absolute monarchs, which seemed to patronize kings and princes, and refused to revolutionize Piedmont and Rome. "What does he mean by all this?" they asked each other—a question which could be responded to only by other questions,—“What can he mean? Does he aim at making himself a

* Of course, he no longer called Corsica his country, or ever thought of it as such.

King? What can we do to stop him?" Merlin and Neufchateau, the two new Directors, spoke of the General's great power and immense popular reputation, and suggested calmness and prudent counsels "With the Army of Italy at his back, and with the acclamations of the admiring people of Lyons and Paris, and all the great towns, he might pluck us out of our places, and upset the Constitution and even the Republic itself," said they At last it was resolved to dispatch to Passeriano M Bottot, Barras' private secretary, and a man of shrewdness, in order to sound the real intentions of Bonaparte, to whom the Directory wrote a long conciliatory letter, disclaiming all suspicions of his intentions, and explaining sundry points in a way which they hoped would prove to his satisfaction Bonaparte cherished his inward spite against the triumvirs until the moment should come when he could gratify it by open act Augereau, on his side, though he afterwards served under him, never forgave Bonaparte for the remarks he now made, and for the treaty of peace which deprived him of all the honours and profits he anticipated from his German campaign, and in 1814, when Napoleon was losing his throne, and when he had lost it and was on his way to Elbr, Augereau had his revenge, and made him remember these events of 1797.

Bottot arrived at Passeriano early in October, and was at first received coolly In his private interviews he, however, brought Bonaparte into a better temper He had been instructed by the Directory to insist upon revolutionizing Italy "What am I to understand by this?" asked Bonaparte, "am I to revolutionize *the whole of Italy?*" Bottot's instructions on this point were vague Bonaparte shrugged up his shoulders, as he was wont to do, and said that he must have more precise orders. He then hastened on the negotiations for peace

About this time, General Bernadotte, who had been at Paris, returned to Italy, and privately conferred with the Commander-in-Chief Bonaparte interrogated him concerning the intentions of the Directory, public opinion in Paris, and the resources of France in case of a new war, and also concerning the pending negotiations with Austria.- "Make peace by all means," replied Bernadotte.

"The Directory are offended at the little docility you show towards them, the armies of the Rhine are not friendly towards you, the Republicans are watching and mistrusting you, the Royalists, had it not been for the events of Fructidor, would have impeached you. The people of Paris are still enthusiastic of your renown, you are the idol of that mass which would have sent you to the scaffold on the days of Vendémiaire. I repeat to you, make peace, for if you should meet with reverses, you cannot reckon upon assistance or protection from any party." "But the Directory," asked Bonaparte, "what are its wishes?" "The Directory's advice is the reverse of mine. It insists upon not giving up Venice, on finding some pretext for renewing hostilities, and establishing Republics everywhere." "But if I begin the war afresh, will they furnish me with the means for sustaining it?" "You must not rely upon that. The nation at large wishes for peace, you have already obliged the head of the Germanic empire to acknowledge the Republic, and if now, instead of placing its existence again at the mercy of the chances of a war, you consolidate it by peace, your glory will shine in its full splendour. This, however, is not perhaps the wish of the Directory, which, feeling its own weakness, sees no other means of protracting its existence but by keeping the destinies of the Republic in a state of uncertainty. The public mind is too much agitated in France to admit of carrying on a fresh war without resorting to a dictatorship, but then your own position would be one of danger, for, whether you proved victorious or not, you would be an object of suspicion to the dictatorial power."

It was then that Bonaparte, raising himself, cried out, "Well, I am decided. I shall make peace!"*

After another conference with Cobentzel, Bonaparte, on the 10th of October, wrote to the Directory, giving categorically ten reasons for coming to pacific terms. Two or three of these deserve mention -

"5 The political nullity of the Italians. I have hardly 1,500

* This conversation is given in the "Life of Charles XIV, King of Sweden" (Bernadotte), by Touchard Lafosse.

Italians with my army, most of whom are the refuse of the large towns

"6 The fresh rupture of the negotiations with England

"8 The evident desire of the French nation for peace—a desire which manifests itself even among the soldiers

"9 Because it would be imprudent to risk sure advantages and French blood for people (the Italians) who have but little love for liberty, and are little worthy of it, and who, by habit, and character, and tradition, hate us heartily The city of Venice reckons perhaps *three hundred patriots*, but their interests shall be provided for, and they will join the Cisalpine Republic The aspirations of a few hundred men are not worth the lives of 20,000 Frenchmen

"10 Lastly, the war with England, which will open to us a new field for active operations, more vast and splendid The English people are worth much more than the Venetians, and if we oblige their Government to make peace, our commerce, and the advantages which we shall obtain in both hemispheres, will be a great step towards the public happiness"

And, in another place, he said that "the Austrians were slow and parsimonious, and the French Republic had no reason to fear them in its military projects, whilst the English were generous, enterprising, and intriguing, and there could be no tranquillity for France until the British monarchy was destroyed" The hatred of Bonaparte against England was of early date, and was founded upon a true though confused notion of the English power, and of the English character, which he could not help respecting, although it stood in his way He felt that he could not despise England, and he hated it the more for that *

Before the letter could have reached Paris he did what Bernadotte had advised, and what he had long before decided to do Many current stories must be weeded out of the biography of this wonderful man One of them which has been generally believed is, that Bonaparte, being impatient of the delays of the Austrian negotiator, eyeing a valuable China tray which the Count had received

as a present from Catherine of Russia, asked Cobentzel whether the possession of Mantua by the Emperor was a *sine quâ non* of the treaty, and the Count having answered in the affirmative, Bonaparte cried out, "Then war is declared, but, mark me! before the end of the year I will shatter your monarchy to pieces like this piece of clay," and with that he dashed the tray to the ground, and broke it into fragments. Bourrienne, who was with him at the time, denies the story as a most improbable bit of stage heroics — "I certainly know nothing of any such scene, our manners at Passeriano were not *quite* so bad." Bourrienne confirms the otherwise well-established opinion that Bonaparte's determination to make peace proceeded from the mistrust which the Directois had of him, and he of them.

On the 13th of October, at daybreak, the Alps of the Friuli, owing to a sudden change in the weather, appeared covered with snow. Bonaparte being told of this by Bourrienne, leaped from his bed, ran to the window, and then quietly said, "What! before the middle of October! What a country this is! Well, we must make peace." And he wrote to the Directory — "The summits of the mountains are covered with snow, I could not, according to the terms agreed upon, recommence hostilities before twenty-five days, and then we shall be buried in snow." The snow came very opportunely to back his already made-up determination of concluding peace. He told Bourrienne, after carefully inspecting the returns of the various divisions of his army,—"They are nearly eighty thousand effective men, I feed, I pay them, but I can bring only sixty thousand into the field on a day of battle. I shall gain it, but afterwards my force will be reduced perhaps twenty thousand, between killed, wounded, prisoners, missing, detached, &c. Then, how can I oppose the Austrian forces which will march to the defence of Vienna? It would require a month before the armies of the Rhine could support me, if even they were able to do so, and in a fortnight all the roads and passes will be deeply covered with snow. It is settled; I will make peace. Venice shall pay for the expenses of the war and the boundary of the Rhine, let the Directory and the lawyers say what they like."

The final treaty was signed in the night of the 17th of October, 1797, and, out of regard for diplomatic etiquette, was dated from Campo Formio, an old ruinous castle half-way between Passeriano and Udine. Hence it is called "the Treaty of Campo Formio." Barras, through his secretary Bottot, hastened to send assurances of cordial friendship to the peacemaker, and to say all that he thought most fit to remove angry feelings out of the breast of Bonaparte. "The revolution of all Italy is adjourned," said the great Director. Talleyrand wrote to tell the general that it was "a peace worthy of Bonaparte."

The Emperor ceded to France all the Netherlands, and the left bank of the Rhine, with Mayence, the great outpost and bulwark of Germany, he gave up, nominally to the natives, but virtually to the French, all that he had held in Lombardy, acknowledging the independence of the Milanese and Mantuan states, under their new name of the "Cisalpine Republic," and he consented that the French Republic should have the Ionian Islands, which then belonged to Venice, and the Venetian possessions in Albania. The French Republic, on its part, *consented* (such was the word) that the Emperor should take and keep Venice and its territory in Italy as far as the Adige, together with Istria, at the head of that sea, and all Venetian Dalmatia, on the opposite side of the Adriatic. The Venetian provinces between the Adige and the Adda were to be incorporated with that political phantom, the Cisalpine Republic. The Emperor, who, in the case of Venice, had admitted the principle of taking neutral or friendly states as compensations from an enemy, was also to have an increase of territory in Germany at the expense of Bavaria, and his feudatory and relative by marriage, the Duke of Modena, was to have the Breisgau. Modena, Massa, Carrara, and all the Papal provinces of Bologna, Ferrara, Ravenna, Faenza, and Rimini, as far as the Rubicon, were declared to be annexed to the Cisalpine Republic aforesaid. Tuscany, Parma, Rome, and Naples were left to their old governments and monarchic institutions, but, except Naples, they were all in complete subjection to France, and her liege vassals, the new Italian republicans, who never ceased promoting plots and conspiracies against the said

established governments From these manœuvres Naples itself was not exempted ; even now the road was paved for that entrance of the French into the Neapolitan kingdom which took place in 1799

To General Serrurier was confided the honourable task of finishing the spoliation of Venice, and then delivering it over to the Austrians. Having removed all their plunder, having stripped even the *Bucintoro* of its gold and ornaments, the French quitted Venice one day and the Austrians entered it the next, and not only was the new-fangled tree of liberty in St Mark's cut down, but an end was put to a Republic which had flourished for fourteen hundred years

The republicans murmured ; some of them complained in loud and frantic tones. But *cui bono* ? "The French Republic," said Bonaparte, "does not make war for other people. We are under no obligation to sacrifice French lives, against the interests of France, in order to please a set of babbling maniacs, who have taken a fancy to have a universal Republic over the world The Venetian nation exists no longer The populations of Italy, and the Venetians in particular, are little adapted for liberty, if they choose *they may still defend themselves*" "But," said one of the despairing Italians, 'you are our countryman, we have aided you and your army You came into Italy promising us liberty and independence, and——' "Fight for them yourselves," interrupted the Corsican On twenty different occasions, at the very least, he flew out against his miserable dupes "Their policy of the clubs," said he, "is vile, and will never do any good. They can only make clubs and long frothy speeches. They have no hold on the Italian people. Let no one exaggerate to himself the influence of the pretended patriots of Genoa and Lombardy if we were to withdraw from them our political influence, our troops, all these self-styled patriots would be massacred by the people. The inhabitants of these countries are not fit for liberty. They may, perhaps, get enlightened by degrees, but this will require time,—and a very long time ! The soldiers furnished to me by this Cisalpine Republic are the scum of the earth Italy stands more in need of drill-masters than of constitution-makers"

All this was not very flattering to the patriots or liberals, yet it

cannot be denied that a good deal of truth was contained in it. One could never have expected to see Napoleon revived as the idol of this political party or confusion of parties, or to hear the name of the greatest liberticide of modern history evoked as that of the patron saint of liberty. But so it is now, so it was (more especially in Italy) in the revolutionary years of 1848-9, and so it has been ever since the battle of Waterloo. We may safely repeat that these Italians are little adapted for liberty, that these liberals have no political enlightenment, and that it will yet take a long time to enlighten them.

In a military sense these first Italian campaigns of Bonaparte form by far the most brilliant part of his career. The genius for strategy, the rapidity of movement and combination which they displayed, will always render these campaigns a subject of warm admiration and attentive study to true soldiers. We would not diminish by the weight of a grain or the breadth of a line the glory of the young warrior, but some tender consideration is due to the brave old veterans with whom he contended in the passes of the Apennines and the plains of Piedmont and Lombardy.

We have attempted to show (as clearly as might be, without going into details unsuited to this biographical sketch) the numerous circumstances which favoured the progress of the French republican arms. These circumstances were all most adverse to the Emperor. A general suspicion of disloyalty and foul play recurs unavoidably to the mind, whilst considering the astounding reverses of the Austrian army in this war in Italy. "We know," says a writer who has seen some good service under the Duke of Wellington, "that the Austrian soldiers fought bravely, that their generals were officers of tried ability and experience, that they generally had a superiority of numbers over the French, that in several combats they obtained the advantage, and yet the result of each successive campaign was most disastrous, and army after army was absolutely thrown away. The thing does not appear natural. It has been partly accounted for by the slowness of Austrian movements as contrasted with French lightness and impetuosity, assisted as these were by their new system of warfare, which discarded all incumbrances of stores, tents, bag-

gage, and other customary appendages and comforts of European armies Much was owing to Bonaparte's able strategy, his eagle eye, rapidity of conception, and equal rapidity of execution Still, these cannot account for all, they cannot account for the mismanagement at Montenotte and Dego, for the weak defence of the passes of the Tyrol whilst Wurmser was making his flank movement upon the Brenta, for the surprise of the head-quarters at Bassano, for the fatal inaction of Davidowich at Roveredo, and for the other errors in Alvinzi's campaign There are no miracles in war, and yet the good fortune of Bonaparte in that Italian war appears almost miraculous The Austrian armies in Germany had been fighting for years against the French with various success, but had not incurred such sweeping disasters The character of the two Austrian commanders in Italy, Beaulieu and Wurmser, is above suspicion, that of Alvinzi, against whom insinuations were made at the time, was redeemed by the confidence of his own sovereign, who gave him afterwards important commands, and bestowed honours upon his old age But some of the subordinate officers, especially of the staff, in that and the subsequent wars, have not come off so clear Names have been mentioned, and charges distinctly made In the '*Récit de la Campagne en Italie*,' Bonaparte is reported to have said at Milan, after the war was over, in allusion to an article in a German newspaper, the *Ratisbon Mercury*, which insinuated that he had bribed the Austrian generals 'It is true that I have spent much money, but not to win over the generals *I thought it better for my purpose to try the staff, and I have had no reason to regret it*' One thing certain is that he spent very large sums for secret service, whilst the Austrians, who had not the plunder of Italy at their disposal, could not afford to be so generous, and were generally ill supplied with information" *

A considerable number of the staff officers of the Austrian army were disaffected Italians, semi-revolutionists from the banks of the Rhine, visionaries from other parts of Germany not included in the Imperial dominions, and officers from other neighbouring states,

* A Vieusseux "Napoleon Bonaparte, his Sayings and Doings."

who had no Austrian patriotism, and who never felt—what all men ought to feel on the field of battle—that they were fighting for their own country. Moreover, for a long time the Austrians respected that neutrality which the French, in their new political philosophy, held at nought, and they frequently made a long *détour* in their march rather than traverse without leave any neutral territory, or they, on the same principle, avoided seizing a town or position, although well aware that the French would have no such scruples, and that the same town, fort, or position, occupied by Bonaparte, would have been of excessive detriment to their own campaign. They, indeed, threw a garrison into the fortress of Pizzighittone, in the neutral territory of the Venetian Republic, but not until it was too late, and until long after the French had shown their thorough determination to respect no neutral territory whatsoever if it lay between them and the Austrians, or stood in their way in any other manner.

Yet Sir Archibald Alison, following French authorities, as he almost always does, without ever sifting or weighing them, expends a deal of rhetorical censure on the Austrians for their breach of neutrality in taking possession of Pizzighittone, which the Venetian Senate had left with a few honeycombed guns, and scarcely the shadow of a garrison,—as if purposely to lay the fortress open to Bonaparte.

Perhaps we have not said enough in the way of warning (in which sense the information is now most important) as to the fate which must be expected by an unwarlike or an unprepared people, even when they fraternize with their invaders.

Before opening the campaign against Alvinzi, Bonaparte had directed a Congress to assemble at Modena, and had established a Council of State at Milan for the administration of the Milanese—subject, of course, to the control of the French Commander-in-Chief. The chief business of the Congress was to vote the formation of an Italian Legion, as an auxiliary to the French army. At the same period he burst out into bitter complaints of the robberies and depredations of the commissaries and contractors who were with the army, and some of whom were believed to be encouraged in

their evil course by some of the Directors, or their subordinate ministers. He wrote to Paris—"Since I have returned to Milan, Citizen Directors, I am busy making war against the rascals, many of whom I have had tried and punished; but I must now denounce others to you, at the risk of being slandered by a thousand tongues, who, after saying two months since that I aimed at being Duke of Milan, now say that I want to be King of Italy. You had probably reckoned that our *employés* should pilfer a little, but that at the same time they should do their duty, and keep within the bounds of decency. But they rob in such a gross and impudent manner, that, if I had a month's leisure, I might have them all convicted. I have arrested many, and brought them to trial, but they bribe the judges. Everything here is bought and sold. One commissary, charged with having levied a contribution of 18,000 livres on the town of Salo for his own private account, has only been sentenced to three months' imprisonment. The city of Cremona furnished more than fifty thousand ells of linen for the use of our hospitals: the villains have sold it, they have even sold the mattresses and bolsters, they turn everything into money. It is impossible to produce evidence: they all hold together. . . . Attempts are being made to bribe my secretaries in my own anteroom: a commissary of war is charged with having sold a chest of bark, which the King of Spain had sent for our medical stores. . . . Four millions of English goods have been seized at Leghorn, the Duke of Modena had paid two millions more. Ferrara and Bologna have made large payments, and yet the soldiers are without shoes, and in want of clothes, the caests are without money, and the patients in the hospital are sleeping on the ground." And he goes on naming the different commissaries, contractors, and other *employés*, concluding, with very few exceptions, that "they were all thieves." He recommends the Directory to dismiss them, and replace them by more honest men, or at least more discreet ones—"If I had fifteen honest commissaries, you might make to each of them a present of 100,000 crowns, and yet save fifteen millions. . . . If I had a month's time to attend to these matters, there is hardly one of these fellows but I could cause to be *shot*;

but I must set off to-morrow for the army, which will give great joy to the thieves ”

Although he had certainly obtained a fortune which might place him and his family beyond the hard, and to them well known, grip of want or poverty, Bonaparte himself had taken only a moderate share of the great harvest Bourrienne says that he had at this time in his possession about three millions of livres, or £120,000, no very exorbitant amount, it has been observed, for a victorious general, or rather dictator, who had subdued seven or eight sovereign states, which had paid into the hands of the army receivers nearly one hundred millions of livres in cash, plate, jewels, and other precious effects According to other accounts, the money he carried away with him across the Alps was less than £50,000 He told Bourrienne that the quicksilver-mines of Idria, in Carniola, which he seized in his advance against the Archduke Charles, furnished the greater part of what he possessed He has said himself, that he remitted, at various times, twenty millions of livres to the Directory Much was spent, no doubt, in secret service, much was shared between generals, commissaries, and paymasters, and part of it went to shoe and clothe the soldiers But who can tell what became of the rest? Regular accounts were not kept in those fraternity and equality days, and we have seen Bonaparte's emphatic confession, that he was surrounded by thieves, whose depredations he could not repress. Italy was plundered, thousands of families were ruined, the public credit of its several states was annihilated, and yet hardly one fourth of the capital that was wrung from her can be accounted for—the French national treasury was none the richer for it

Such is generally the result of wholesale plunder and remorseless spoliation! The Peninsula was rich and prosperous when Bonaparte entered it Never again did the French find such a harvest in it. We need not ask where was the liberty and independence which had been promised That question has been sufficiently answered already Yet even when Bonaparte was taking his departure, and when all this evil had been inflicted on that beautiful country, there were still liberalized Italian nobles who fed themselves on the hope that he would unite all Italy under one government, and make him-

self the President or the King of it—in general, they did not care which. A well-known Milanese lady of rank, to whom the conqueror paid rather more attention than was agreeable to his wife Josephine, said, in a half-jesting manner, "General, I dreamed last night that you were King of all Italy." "Perhaps," whispered Bonaparte, "I have sometimes had such idle visions myself. My blood is all Italian. But, before being King of all Italy, I must be King and master of all France. . . . Bah! what are we talking about? We are in a Republic! I am a republican; we are all republicans!" "Yes, General, for the moment." "*Pour toujours* (For ever)," said he, and then he laughed, pinched the fair lady's cheek, and hummed part of an Italian opera air.





At Home in Paris

BOOK II

IT was on the 17th of November, 1797, that Bonaparte quitted Milan for Rastadt, where it had been agreed at Campo Formio to hold a Congress, in order to settle various questions relating to Germany. The Directory had appointed him to act as plenipotentiary at this Congress. Of course, he left his victorious army behind him in Italy, to keep what had been got, and to prevent a counter-revolution, which inevitably would have followed the departure of his troops. As he passed through Switzerland he found an opportunity of insulting Berne and the other aristocratic cantons, thus indicating that they, as a reward for their neutrality, were soon to be democratized and plundered. The conferences at Rastadt, which promised to be very, slow and dilatory, did not suit his temper.

Except where he could dictate to princes and powers, he detested all congresses. He therefore merely signed a military convention for the delivery of Mayence on the Rhine by the Emperor against the counter-delivery by the French of Venice and Palmanova to the Austrians, which completed the conditions of the Treaty of Campo Formio, and then he set off for Paris, where he alighted on the 5th of December at his house, Rue Chante Reine (Sing-Queen Street), which name the Paris municipality, in compliment to him, changed into that of Rue de la Victoire (Victory Street), here, for some time, he lived very privately. He wished to pacify certain jealousies and to avoid observation; but it is evident that he had those who extolled his high qualities and who observed for him in every corner of the capital. His agreeable manners (and no man could be more agreeable than he) gained him many new friends or admirers, and the same of his victories won him still more. In the evening he liked to put on an old coat and a worn hat, and to walk about the streets and to enter into the shops, just to hear what people were saying about General Bonaparte. The Directors gave him a splendid public festival, and in their residence, the Luxembourg Palace, where they set up statues of Liberty, Equality, and Peace, he delivered the treaty of Campo Formio, and made a *modest* speech —

“Citizen Directors,—The French people, in struggling to obtain their freedom, had to contend with kings in order to obtain a constitution founded upon rational principles, they were obliged to overcome the prejudices of eighteen centuries, during which period religion, feudality, and royalism have governed Europe in succession. From the date of the peace which you have just concluded begins the era of *representative governments*. You have effected the organization of the great nation, whose vast territory is circumscribed by limits fixed by nature itself. When the happiness of the French people shall be secured on the best organic laws, the rest of Europe will then become free.”

Director Barras, who must have already felt his Luxembourg throne tottering under him, made in return a prolix rhetorical speech, extolling General Bonaparte above all the heroes of antiquity, whether Greek or Roman, and ended by inviting him to go

and hoist the tricoloured flag of France on the Tower of London Bonaparte was appointed to the command of the army styled "of England," and no doubt Barras would have been right glad to see him embarked with that army, to run the chance of crossing the channel under the eyes of the powerful and victorious navy of Great Britain.

On the 10th of February, 1798, he set off on a tour of inspection along the coast of the British Channel he visited Boulogne, Calais, Dunkirk, Ostend, Antwerp, and the Isle of Walcheren, collecting information in every port, but the whole journey lasted only one week. It is quite certain that at this time no serious idea was entertained of an invasion of England On his return to Paris, he said to Bourrienne, "It would be far too great a risk I will not run it. I will not sport thus with the fate of France!" In fact, he was already busied in preparations for the expedition to the East, which he had suggested to Talleyrand in the previous month of August, while he was reposing on his Italian laurels in the palace of Monte Bello Perhaps Barras thought that Egypt might do as well as England in disembarassing him for ever of his former *protégé*, and present rival, and future master It is clear that all the Directors feared, and wished to be rid of, the ambitious and censorious young General. It is said, in several quarters, that notwithstanding his "Oriental twist," Bonaparte would not have gone to Egypt if he could have stepped at once into the Directory, and that he really offered himself as a candidate for the Directorship, at the first periodical renewal of one of the members, but that he was opposed, as being too short of the age of forty, required by the Constitution for that office It is added, that it was after this disappointment, which really appears to have occurred, that he fully made up his mind to go to the East "In a few months," said he, "France will feel that she wants me back The lawyers will become more and more unpopular with time Austria is far more powerful than is thought she will try again the fortune of war, and then the French army will ask *for me*, and at the head of that army I may do something" Bourrienne asked him if he really intended to quit France. "Yes," said he, peevishly "I have tried

Rexbell, one of the Directors handed him a pen, saying, "Sign it, General," but that the more prudent Merlin de Douai snatched away the pen "The pear is not yet ripe!" said the General to his friend and secretary Bourrienne, "but it will ripen!" Barras, wearing a sullen countenance, took him aside, and said, "You had better go to the East. *Il* can no longer suffer delay Set out instantly! Believe me, it is good advice that I give you" "*Partons* (Let us go)," said the General

Some scandalous stories, which had better be buried in oblivion, report the contrary, but it appears that his wife Josephine grieved very sincerely at his departure, and at the great risk he must run in crossing the sea, that stormy, faithless element, on which the English were always and every where triumphant Like most West Indian creoles, she was imaginative and somewhat superstitious. She was a great dreamer of dreams, and a believer in them, and one of her visions was of her husband being a prisoner of war in England.

On the 4th of May, 1798, the very day after receiving Barras' warning at the Luxembourg, Bonaparte set out for Toulon The army collected in that part was, in reality, destined for no less an object than the conquest of Egypt, which country, it was calculated, would not merely supply to France the loss of her West Indian colonies, which England had taken, but also enable her, first to annoy, and afterwards to invade, the British possessions and dependencies in the East Indies It was a wild scheme, and as unjust as it was wild. for, whatever might be the occasional contumacy of the Mameluke Beys, Egypt was a country belonging to the Turks, the ancient allies of the French, who were living in peace with the Republic, and had done nothing to provoke an attack. But a very extravagant estimate was formed of the wealth of Egypt itself: the plunder of the land of the Pharaohs would, it was calculated, amply pay all expenses of the expedition and enrich the army, Frenchmen's heads were filled with high-sounding names of places and dynasties, and with those always intoxicating comparisons with the Greeks and Romans Bonaparte's fame as the conqueror of Italy, or rather of the Austrians in Italy, was an additional inducement, and 30,000 men, chiefly from the Army of Italy, had assemb'ed with

wonderful enthusiasm at Toulon, to sail, whenever the opportunity should offer, for Alexandria and the mouths of the Nile. In imitation of the consuls and conquerors of ancient Rome, he promised his soldiers farms and good estates in the exuberantly fertile regions lying on the banks of the Nile. A few speeches of this sort blinded, for the time, both men and officers to the peril of the expedition, and to the lack of prudence and wisdom with which the whole scheme had been rather improvized than arranged.

"The expedition to Egypt," says a recent French writer of wonderful impartiality, "is regarded as a memorable event. It is much vaunted in France and elsewhere, and yet it led only to three somewhat unpoetical results. First, it sacrificed the French fleet, destroyed by Nelson at the Nile, secondly, it gave Malta into the hands of the English—a conquest that made them masters of the Mediterranean, thirdly, it led directly and surely to the destruction of all the allies of France in India. All things considered, the clear profit resulting from the expedition consists in a well-rounded period on the Pyramids, and the conquest of a host of hieroglyphics" *.

The French fleet consisted of thirteen ships of the line, a number of frigates and smaller vessels, and 400 transports, having on board about 36,000 land forces, a select staff, about 10,000 sailors, and 100 artists and men of letters and science, who figured considerably under the general name of *savans*. The expenses of this great armament were supplied by the treasures seized by the French at Berne, in Switzerland, and by forced contributions levied at Genoa and Rome.

The secret of the expedition was well kept from the enemies of the Republic; a continuance of violent winds drove the English blockading fleet from those waters; and on the night of the 19th of May, Bonaparte, with a vast fleet of men-of-war and transports, put to sea and sailed up the Mediterranean. On the 9th of June the fleet arrived before Malta, the capture of which important island was included in the plan adopted by the Directory. The Knights of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, who had held Malta ever

* Jules Maurel, "Le Duc de Wellington," &c. 1853



Bonaparte receiving the knights of Mal a.

since the days of the Emperor Charles V, had not acknowledged the French Republic, but not a few of those noble knights entertained French notions, or had sold themselves to French interests Hompesch, the Grand Master, a weak old man, was bullied and terrified by these traitors, and, instead of manning the works of La Valetta, which might have defied the whole French fleet and army for months—whereas every moment was precious to them, and full of apprehension, for they knew that the British fleet would soon be after them—he returned a miserable answer to Bonaparte's summons to surrender, and actually capitulated on the 11th, the date fixed by the Republican General ¹

In fairness, it must, however, be mentioned that the Knights of Malta were by this time very poor, and that Bonaparte had contributed, by his conquests in Italy, to make them so Their landed property in France had disappeared in the Revolution. As soon as he obtained Corfu from Venice, the conqueror fixed his eyes upon

Malta In October, 1797, he wrote from Italy to Talleyrand—"Why should we not seize upon Malta? The garrison of La Valletta consists of 400 knights, and one regiment of 500 men, at the most. The native inhabitants, who number 100,000, are tired of the knights, who are become *very poor*, and cannot support themselves. It is with a view to this that I have confiscated the property of the Order in Italy With the island of S Pietro, ceded to us by the King of Sardinia, and with Malta and Corfu, we should be masters of the whole Mediterranean "

Talleyrand, of course, saw no reasons why the French should not and many reasons why they should seize upon Malta, and the island was seized accordingly. This simple philosophy—that those shall take who can—had become the guiding principle of French politics.

After plundering the churches and the *alberghi*, and other establishments of the Order, and thereby collecting no inconsiderable quantity of gold and silver, Bonaparte re-embarked on the 19th for Egypt, leaving General Vaubois and a garrison to take care of Malta.

"Thus," says a French writer, "having taken Malta, after the manner of Philip, he hastened to follow in the footsteps of Alexander, to the conquest of the East, like the Macedonian hero whom he had chosen for his model. But apprehensions as to the British fleet greatly disquieted him; and it was only by a combination of extremely lucky circumstances that he escaped it"*

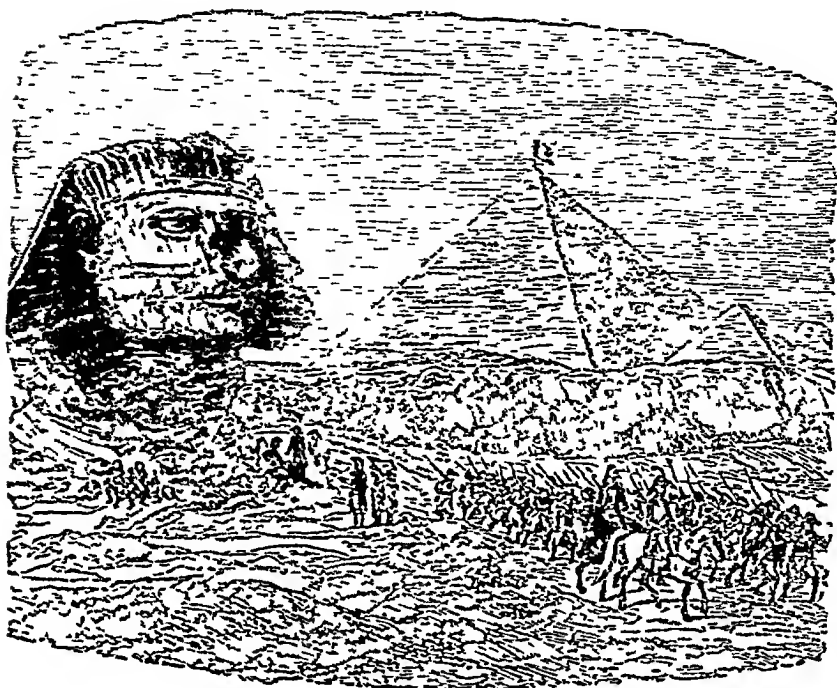
As the French fleet sailed by the island of Candia it passed near the English fleet, but without being seen by it, for a thick haze favoured the invaders, and prevented their utter annihilation, with the destruction or captivity of all the troops, and of Bonaparte himself, by Nelson On the 29th of June the French, in very calm weather, came in sight of Alexandria.

On the 30th the Admiral was told that thirteen English ships of war had been seen in the neighbourhood Bonaparte threw himself into a boat which pulled away for the shore, ordering that the troops should follow him with all possible speed At this moment

a strange sail was signalized. "O Fortune!" cried he, "will you abandon me when so near my object?" It was a friendly sail, and not the leading ship of Nelson's fleet. All this, however, bears a strong resemblance to a game of hazard, where genius or prudence can do nothing—which success may justify in the eyes of the multitude, but which a wise man can never excuse. If Bonaparte had failed and fallen he would have been regarded in history as the rashest general that had ever commanded an army. And how great was his chance of failure and destruction!

On the following day the troops landed within three miles of Alexandria without any opposition, but with such haste and confusion, produced by the dread lest Nelson should be upon them, that a considerable number were drowned. The town of Alexandria was easily taken. From its ancient walls Bonaparte issued a proclamation to the inhabitants of Egypt, telling them that he came as the friend of the Sultan, to deliver them from the oppression of the Mamelukes, and that he and his soldiers had a particular respect for God, the prophet of God, Mahomet, and the Koran. Having assembled the Sherief, the Sheiks, and Imaums, he told them that the French were in fact the best friends of Mussulmans and the Koran, that they had overthrown the Pope of Rome and the Knights of Malta, those old enemies of the faithful, and that the people ought to be told to look upon the French as their allies and brethren. The poor Turks and Arabs of the mosque knew that these Frenchmen had shown their love by already slaying several hundreds of Turks, but they prudently said nothing except "*Mashallah*" and "*Baccalum*," "God is great!" "We shall see!"

In an order of the day he told his soldiers that they were going to strike a mortal blow against England, and, in the first place, to destroy the Mameluke Beys, who exclusively favoured English commerce. "The people," said he, "amongst whom we are going to live are Mahomedans. Do not contradict the dogmas of their faith. Behave to them as you have behaved to the Jews and Italians. Extend to the Koran and the mosques the same toleration which you showed to synagogues and churches—to the religions of Moses and of Jesus Christ!" Not a few of his officers (and General Menou



At the Pyramids

was among them) soon professed that they were converts to the Koran, and as good Mussulmans as any

On the 7th of July he moved from Alexandria to Cairo, marching over burning sands, where the French troops suffered greatly, and murmured not a little 'Is it here,' said they, as they kicked the sand from their feet and tried to clear it from their aching eyes—"is it here that our General means to give us our acres?" On the 21st, on arriving in sight of the great pyramids, they saw objects less peaceful than those stupendous memorials of the dead—they saw the whole Mameluke force, under Murad Bey, drawn up at Embabeh "Soldiers!" said Bonaparte, "from the summit of those pyramids thirty centuries look down upon you!" It would be difficult to give any distinct meaning to the words, but they are said to have produced a magical effect on the army Battle was joined

almost immediately. The Mameluke cavalry, 5,000 in number, was splendid and brave; but their Arab auxiliaries were not so well armed, and their infantry, composed chiefly of Egyptian fellahs, or peasants, armed with matchlocks, was altogether contemptible, and they had no artillery. The "Battle of the Pyramids," as the affair was called by the French, was easily won, such of the Mamelukes as escaped destruction retreated towards Upper Egypt, and, two days after, Bonaparte entered Cairo without resistance. Here he assembled a divan, or council, of the principal Turks and Arab chiefs, to whom he promised the civil administration of the country. He also endeavoured to conciliate the Ulemas and the Imaums, holding frequent conferences with those doctors and professors of the Mahomedan faith, talking oracularly and orientally (by means of interpreters) he repeated their brief *credo*, that there is but one God, and that Mahomet is His prophet, and at least hinted that he and his army might some day undergo the initiatory rite of circumcision, and become converts to Islamism.

While he was thus engaged at Cairo, Nelson disturbed his visions by destroying the fleet which he had left near Alexandria. The British hero had returned up the Mediterranean without any instructions from his Government, and without any certain knowledge of the French expedition. He was unfortunately without frigates to scour that sea, and he was thus, as it were, compelled to grope his way in the dark. The first news he got of Bonaparte's movements was that he had surprised Malta. Instantly he bore away for that island, but, some days before he could reach it, the French were gone, and he could find no one to tell him whither. Making, however, a shrewd guess, he sailed for the mouths of the Nile, and arrived off Alexandria on the 28th of June. But no French fleet was there, and, although it was so near at hand, he could learn nothing of its whereabouts. He then shaped his course to the northward, for the coast of Caramania, and steered from thence along the southern side of Candia. It was here he so nearly touched the objects he was seeking. Baffled in his pursuit, he crossed the whole Mediterranean, and returned to Sicily. He had sailed six hundred leagues with an expedition almost incredible; his flag-ship, the old

Vanguard, was nearly strained to pieces ; but as soon as he could re-victual and take in fresh water, he turned his prow again towards Egypt, still holding to his opinion that the French must have been bound thither, but vowing that, if they were bound to the Antipodes, or if they were anywhere above water, he would find them out, and bring them to action. On the 28th of July he entered the Gulf of Coron, in the Morca ; and here for the first time he had certain intelligence that the French had been seen about four weeks before steering between Candia and the coast of Egypt. Then setting every sail that his ships could possibly carry, he stood over once more for the mouths of the Nile, grieving for the time which had been lost, and wishing it had only been his fate to have tried Bonaparte upon a wind. Never did mortal man more eagerly seek an enemy.

Between the evening of the 1st of August and the morning of the 2nd, with an inferior force, he annihilated the French fleet "Victory," said he, ' is not a name strong enough for such a scene !' He called it a conquest. The intelligence of it threw Bonaparte into utter dismay. Bourrienne ventured to observe that the misfortune would have been much greater if Nelson had fallen in with the fleet before the landing of the army. "It is true," said the secretary, "that we are blockaded, but we have provisions, we have money, let us wait to see what the Directory will do for us." "The Directory !" cried Bonaparte, ' the Directory consists of a set of scoundrels ' They envy and hate me, and will be glad to let me perish here. Besides, you see how dissatisfied the army is not a man wishes to stay in this country "

At his desire, Bourrienne drew up a draft of a despatch for the Directory. The secretary stated the facts plainly. "This will never do," said Bonaparte ; "it is too tame, it is not pointed enough. Besides, you would make it appear that Admiral Brueys was blameless. This will not do. You don't know the men you have to deal with. I will tell you what to write." He threw the blame of the loss of the fleet entirely on the unfortunate Admiral, who, having been killed in the battle, could no longer contradict him. He said he had ordered the Admiral to quit the coast, and make all sail

for Coifu, whereas, it is proved by his own letters that he had weighty reasons for wishing to keep the fleet near at hand, and that he had, in fact, induced Brueys to remain in a position of danger

"The whole truth," says Bourrienne, "never appeared in Bonaparte's despatches, whenever it was in any way against him. He knew how to disguise or to conceal facts whenever he thought it necessary so to do." All this is proved by his own letters and despatches, and afterwards by his imperial bulletins, which ought to be studied and carefully compared by all who wish to form a notion of his real character. In many cases, it is only by such study that we can arrive at the truth

As the French advanced inland, and especially after the destruction of their fleet, they found all against them, Mamelukes, Arabs; and fellahs, no Frenchman was secure of his life if he happened to stray half a mile from a town or the corps to which he belonged: Their severity only brought on a fiercer retaliation. A firman arrived from Constantinople, in which the Sultan denounced the unprovoked invasion, and called the people to arms. All over the country the signal of resistance appears to have been given from the minarets of the mosques to which, five times in the course of the twenty-four hours, the muezzins summoned the faithful to prayer. On the 21st of October an insurrection broke out in Cairo. On the following day the great mosque was forced open by French cannon, and a number of people who had taken refuge in it were massacred. It is said that, in all parts of the city, 5 000 Mussulmans were killed on that day. On the third day the insurrection, which was simply an ill-concerted popular outbreak, was at an end. Not so the vengeance of the invaders. Numerous prisoners were taken to the citadel, twelve were put to death (for some time) each successive night, and by night their bodies were put into sacks and thrown into the Nile.

Six days after the quelling of the insurrection Bonaparte wrote to General Regnier, "Every night we cut off thirty heads as an example." Bourrienne thinks that this is an exaggeration, and that about twelve was the real number. It has been well said that

Bonaparte was not cruel by temperament, but that in his political calculations his nature was stern and unbending

A tribe of Arabs surprised and cut to pieces a party of French soldiers Bonaparte ordered his aide-de-camp, Crosier, to surround the tribe, destroy their huts, kill all the men, and drive the women and children into Cairo The bloody mission was successful. "Several poor Arab women had been delivered on the road, and the infants had perished About five o'clock a troop of asses, laden with sacks, arrived at the Place, or public square of Cairo The sacks were opened, and a number of heads rolled out before the assembled populace This butchery insured, for a considerable time, the safety of the little caravans which were obliged to travel in all directions for the service of the army" *

"All this, horrible as it appears to men of common humanity in Europe, was nothing very uncommon for the Arabs and other Orientals, who had been subject to that sort of discipline under the Turks and other masters for ages Had Bonaparte succeeded in carving out for himself an empire in the East, which seems to have been at the time a favourite vision of his, he might have made for a time a very tolerable kind of an Eastern despot, a Sultan Kebir, and have perhaps spared Europe all the calamities of the fifteen years that followed Bonaparte's temperament, and his notions of government, were more suited for the Oriental than the European condition of society Such a man in the East might have been more useful than mischievous, whilst in Europe, after his attainment of the supreme power, he proved more mischievous than useful" †

Bonaparte now issued one of his characteristic proclamations He told the Egyptians that he was the man of destiny whose appearance was foretold in the Koran, that resistance against him was as impious as it was unavailing, and that he could, if he chose, call every one to account for his most secret thoughts, as nothing was concealed from him

In the month of December he went to Suez, and ordered some military works to be constructed there, as he was afraid that an

* Bourrienne.

† A Vieuxseux.

armament from British India might arrive in the Red Sea, and advance upon Cairo—as our armament did not very long after He crossed over the ford at low water to the Wells of Moses on the Arabian coast, where he received deputations from the monks of Mount Sinai, and from some Arab chiefs of Tor. He returned to Suez the same night; the tide of the Red Sea was coming up rapidly, and the party was thrown into some confusion, but they found their way through the rising water, and no accidents occurred. The French had been laughing at the recitals in the Bible, but they had here practical proof how Pharaoh and his host might have been overwhelmed.

On his return to Cairo he began to make arrangements for the invasion of Syria, where Djezzar, or “the Butcher,” Pasha of Acre, had commenced hostilities by the Sultan’s orders, and had seized the fort of El Arish, on the Egyptian frontiers. Several of these pashas, aiming at independence, had for a long time been very refractory subjects of the Porte. Bonaparte thought that he might win them over. While professing to be at peace with the Sublime Porte, he had written both to Djezzar Pasha and to Ali Pasha, of Janina, urging them to declare their independence and become his allies. Ali Pasha was then fighting on the banks of the Danube against Paswan Oglu, and did not or could not attend to the invitation, and old Djezzar, instead of listening to Bonaparte’s advances, cut off the head of his messenger, in a passion which was usual with that pasha. Bonaparte’s eulogists afterwards reproached the English for having allied themselves with the cruel Djezzar—an alliance which, as well as that of the still more cruel Ali, he himself had actually courted.

On the 25th of January, 1799, Bonaparte wrote to Tippoo Sultan, who had taken up arms against us in India, but as that prince fell at the storming of Seringapatam, no answer was received to this epistle.

On the 11th of February Bonaparte set out for Syria. The expedition, about 12,000 strong, entered the desert, following the coast of the Mediterranean. On the 17th it reached El Arish, which surrendered the next day. On the 25th Gaza also surrendered, and



In the Desert

soon after the army entered the fertile valleys of Syria. On the 14th of March they began the siege of Jaffa, in which there was a considerable garrison. After three days the place was stormed, but the garrison defended itself obstinately in the streets and houses, and an indiscriminate massacre and pillage ensued. Part of the garrison, consisting chiefly of Albanians, retired into a large square building with a courtyard in the middle, being determined to sell their lives dearly. Bonaparte sent two aides-de camp, one of whom was Eugene Beauharnais, his wife's son by her first marriage, to restrain the carnage if possible, and to save the unarmed inhabitants. The Albanians

cried out that they would surrender if their lives were spared, and the aide-de-camp thought it best to stop the fighting by promising them quarter. The prisoners then gave up their arms, and were marched to the camp. According to Bourrienne they amounted in all to 4,000 men, but others give the number at 2,000 or as low as 1,500. Bonaparte was walking with Bourrienne in front of his tent when he saw this multitude approaching, and he said to his secretary in a tone of vexation, "What would they have me do with these men? Have I provisions for them? Have I ships to convey them to France, or even to Egypt?" Then he severely reprimanded the aides-de-camp for taking them prisoners. "I told you to stop the carnage as to women, children, and old men—the peaceful inhabitants, but I did not tell you to respect armed soldiers. Now what am I to do with these miserable wretches?"

A fierce controversy on this painful subject has been waged for more than fifty years, and the matter written and printed upon it would, if collected, fill many volumes, but the following brief passage gives the correctest account of the dark transaction, and the best reasonings upon the whole affair —

"The prisoners were ordered to sit down indiscriminately in front of the tents, and their hands tied behind their backs. An expression of gloomy restrained fury was depicted in their countenances. They were allowed a small quantity of biscuit and bread, which the scanty stores of the army could ill afford. A council of war was held on the same day, to determine what was to be done with these men, but no decision was come to. The daily reports of the generals of division came in. They stated the scantiness of the rations, the murmurs of the soldiers at seeing their bread given to enemies who ought to have perished by the sword according to the laws of war, as Jaffa had been taken by storm. The report of General Bon's division was the most alarming, as it spoke of symptoms of mutiny among the soldiers. The council assembled again on the following day, and was attended by all the generals of division, who discussed at length the various measures which might be adopted concerning the prisoners. Could they be sent to Egypt? It would require a numerous escort, which would weaken the already weak French

army. And how could provisions for their journey through the desert be spared? Should they be embarked? There were no ships—not a single friendly sail was to be descried in the horizon. Should the prisoners be set at liberty? They would either go and reinforce the Pasha of Acre, or throw themselves into the mountains on the right of the line of march, join the Naploosians, and annoy the army in flank and rear. The Turkish soldiers, little accustomed to give quarter, have no idea of parole or word of honour. Could they be marched disarmed in the midst of the French columns? Besides the question of food, the evident danger of marching in such a company through an enemy's country, and on the eve of a battle, made this appear the worst of all resolves. The third day arrived without any solution of the question. Bourrienne states that Bonaparte was to the last wishing to save the men, and looking out for the appearance of some friendly vessel. The murmurs in the camp increased, danger became imminent. On the 10th of March the order was given, according to the unanimous opinion of the council, to shoot the prisoners. There was no separation made of the Egyptian from the other prisoners, as some have stated, for there were no Egyptians among them. It is not true that the men of the garrison of El Arish which had been set free were recognized among the prisoners. This kind of justification has been set up in the memoirs compiled at St. Helena, or from recollections of St. Helena, which have been given out on the authority of Napoleon. The justification would be worse than the real reason for the act, which was not revenge, but the stern policy of war. War has many unavoidable horrors, and it is for this that it cannot be too much repeated that war should not be entered upon on slight grounds, as all the responsibility falls upon the originators of the war. Once engaged in it, the army must protect itself by every means in its power. In this instance, the responsibility of the unjust and disastrous expedition to Egypt, in time of peace with the Porte, is shared equally between Bonaparte who advised it, and the French Executive Directory who approved of it. Leaving apart, however, these general grounds, and reverting to the frightful contingency of Jaffa, it does not appear that a case of absolute necessity is made out, though it

may have appeared to be made out in the hurried and anxious councils of the French generals, inured to scenes of blood. The danger of two or three thousand unarmed men going to join the motley multitudes of the Syrians and Turks who were rising in arms all over the country against the French invaders, would not have been so great as to outweigh in the scale the horrors and reproach of their wholesale execution in cold blood. We find that a few days after, at the engagement of Mount Tabor, the enemy is reckoned in Berthier's account, perhaps exaggerated, at 25,000 cavalry, and multitudes of men on foot, who were utterly dispersed by one division of the French army. Surely the 2,000 unarmed prisoners of Jaffa, supposing they had all joined that rabble, would not have added much to its efficiency."

The prisoners were marched out in parties to the sand-hills outside Jaffa, and there put to death in detached parties by volleys of musketry, or finished by the bayonet

"Many of the unfortunate creatures composing the smaller division," says Bourrienne, "which was fired upon close to the sea-coast at some distance from the other column, succeeded in swimming to some reefs of rocks in the water, out of the reach of musket-shot. The soldiers rested their muskets on the sand, and, to induce the fugitives to return, employed the Egyptian signs of reconciliation in use in the country. They came back, but as they advanced they were shot, and disappeared among the waves. This atrocious scene still makes me shudder when I think of it, as it did on the day I beheld it. . . . All the horrors imagination can conceive, relative to this day of blood, would fall short of the reality! . . . I have related the truth,—the whole truth. I was present at all the discussions, all the conferences, all the deliberations, and although I had not a deliberative voice, I am bound to declare that the situation of the army, the scarcity of food, our small numerical strength, in the midst of a country where every individual was an enemy, would have induced me to vote in the affirmative for the proposition which was carried into effect, if I had had a vote to give. It was necessary to be on the spot in order to understand the horrible necessity of the deed." Whatever be the excuse for it the massacre

of Jaffa is an historical fact, which no one attempts now to deny. Miot, in his "Memoirs of the Egyptian Campaign," gives some harrowing particulars of the massacre.

If any further commentary were necessary, we might find them in Bonaparte's Egyptian letters and orders of the day. Before coming on to Jaffa, he wrote to General Dugua, "Shoot all the Mograbeens, all the people of Mecca who came from Upper Egypt, and who have borne arms against us. Shoot Abdallah and Achmet, shoot all who have behaved ill towards us, or who have incited the people to insurrection." After his retreat from Acre, he wrote—"All those charged with having spoken against the French shall be shot" And again, a little later—"You will shoot Hassan, Yussef, Ibrahim, Salch, Mahomet, Bekir, Mustapha, all Mamelukes You will cut off the head of Abdallah Agha, formerly Governor of Jaffa," &c. Against these men, who were fighting for their own soil and their own property, he could have entertained no personal resentment. It was only upon political calculation that he doomed them to death in this wholesale manner. As he himself one day said, in politics men ought to be considered only as so many ciphers! And it cannot be denied that this system of terror succeeded with these Oriental peoples, that it reduced them for a time to submission, and procured him money and provisions

On the 14th of March he broke up from Jaffa, leaving his hospitals there. A few of his sick were already infected with the plague On the 18th the French appeared before Acre, and began opening the trenches He had told them that it was a miserable *bicoque*, which must be taken in a few days Djezzar Pasha, a cruel but very energetic and resolute old man, had determined on defending himself to the last, and he was supported by the gallant English commodore, Sir Sidney Smith, with two ships of the line Colonel Philippeaux, an emigrant Royalist and an able officer of engineers, who had at one time been Bonaparte's schoolfellow at the Military School of Brienne, was on board with Sir Sidney Smith, and he and the commodore between them conducted the defence with rare skill. Bonaparte was expecting his heavy artillery from Egypt by sea, but part of it was captured by the English, and the pieces were mounted

within the walls of Acre Bonaparte began to batter those walls with twelve-pounders He was so impatient, that his trenches were never made deep enough to cover his men, and hence he lost great numbers "The siege," says Berthier, "was conducted as a field operation the easy capture of Jaffa had inspired the French with overweening confidence, the heavy ordnance had not yet arrived, and yet, on the breach being made on a tower at an angle of the walls, the assault was ordered, and it failed miserably, costing the lives of two adjutant-generals, and of a number of brave men" This was on the 28th of March The besieged made frequent sorties, being accompanied by English sailors and marines. On the 4th of April the Englishmen explored a mine designed to blow up the tower, but which was forthwith countermined During the month of April several attempts were made to storm the tower, but each time the French were driven back with loss Under the eye of Sir Sidney Smith and his officers, the Turks and Arabs behaved heroically

Bonaparte now resolved upon effecting another breach in the curtain Meanwhile a large Turkish force assembled at Damascus, crossed the river Jordan, and advanced to Nazareth to relieve Acre They were joined by the mountaineers of Samaria, who had seriously annoyed the French on their advance But these irregulars, without any European guidance, could not stand, in the open country, against the disciplined troops of France On the 8th of April, General Kleber, with a small division, encountered the numerous cavalry of the Turks in the plain at the foot of Mount Tabor, he formed square, and maintained his ground till the afternoon, when Bonaparte himself advanced to his rescue, and sent Murat with the cavalry to fall upon the rear of the enemy The Turks were completely routed, with the loss of several thousand men and all their baggage The hero of the day was Murat, who had some hand-to-hand conflicts with the Eastern cavaliers, and had reason to congratulate himself on being a good swordsman and a good rider, and on being well mounted.

The safe arrival of some eighteen-pounders from Jaffa now enabled Bonaparte to carry on his operations against Acre with greater

vigour But, during his absence, the English and Turks had established advanced posts and intrenchments outside of the town; and even out of these the French could never drive them, although they made repeated efforts so to do General Lannes, a rough soldier, who always made a free use of his tongue, and who had uttered many sarcasms on the conduct of the siege, said, "Your *bicoque* is the devil! We are further from taking Acre than when we first set down before it. A pretty *buogue* you have brought us to!" *

On the 7th of May, a Turkish fleet, with reinforcements from the island of Rhodes, hove in sight, and Bonaparte determined on making a last desperate effort to storm the place before the reinforcements could be landed On the night of the 7th of May an assault was made upon the town, in which Colonel Boyer was killed; but the French effected a lodgment in it. The next day Lannes, with his usual gallantry, led the assault up the breach in the curtain, and entered it, but found himself stopped by an intrenchment which had been made within, and which stopped all ingress into the town, the French were exposed to a murderous fire from the surrounding buildings, Lannes was severely wounded, General Rambaud was killed, and the storming party, after losing many men, were obliged to relinquish the attempt, and rush from the breached curtain. On the next day (the 10th of May) two more assaults were made, one early in the morning, in which General Bon was mortally wounded, and another in the afternoon, in which two colonels were killed, and one of Bonaparte's aides-de-camp was badly wounded This was the eighth unsuccessful assault. By this time the trenches and the ditch were filled with dead bodies, the stench in that hot season was dreadful, and disease was spreading fast in the French camp General Caffarelli was wounded in the trenches and died soon after Bonaparte's obstinacy at last gave way, and he made preparations for a hasty retreat He had received information that a Turkish fleet was about to land troops in Egypt, where the Mamelukes continued to harass the French forces which had been left behind In the night of the 21st of May, after sixty-four days of siege, the army broke up its camp before Acre

* The French apply the word *bicoque* to any weak, contemptible fortress.

The sick, of whom there was a great number, many with the plague, were removed first, and all the horses that could be spared were pressed for the purpose, the heavy artillery was spiked and thrown into the sea, Bonaparte and all his officers marched on foot. He issued an order of the day to the soldiers, recapitulating the successes obtained during a three months' campaign in the midst of Syria against a host of enemies; the guns they had taken, the prisoners, the standards, the towns of Gaza, Jaffa, Caiffa, &c. "A few days yet, and you might have taken the Pasha of Acre amidst the ruins of his fort, but the taking of a small fortress is not worth the delay. The season for landing in Egypt recalls you thither to defend that fine conquest of France." In his heart, however, he bitterly felt the disappointment, as, in after life, he often acknowledged. When in the island of St Helena, he said that the fate of the East lay within the narrow walls of Acre — "Once possessed of Acre, the army would have gone to Damascus and the Euphrates; the Christians of Syria, the Druses, the Armenians, would have joined us. The provinces of the Ottoman empire which speak Arabic were ready for a change, and were only waiting for a man. . . . With 100,000 men on the banks of the Euphrates, I might have changed the face of the world. I should have founded an empire in the East, and the destinies of France would have run in a different course!" *

To us all this appears a vision, but it was a vision in which he believed. Had he taken Acre, which but for Sir Sidney Smith he certainly would have done, he might have marched upon and entered Damascus, where he would have found a rich booty, but it is very uncertain whether he would have been able to keep even that city and its fertile country with the small disciplined force at his command. It appears to us a positive certainty that he never could have reached the Euphrates, and that his army would have perished, piecemeal, if he had attempted it. The Christians were not disposed to join him, and, except the Druses of Mount Lebanon, these people were very unwarlike, as well as totally undisciplined.

He could not ally the cross with the crescent He had publicly declared himself a semi-Mussulman.

He was particularly irritated against Sir Sidney Smith for the part he had taken in the defence of Acre, and more especially for some proclamations addressed to the Christians of Syria in the name of the Sultan, in which the French and their leader were spoken of as people who had abjured the religion of Christ Some very angry correspondence passed between the French head-quarters and our brave commodore. This would scarcely merit any allusion, were it not that the eulogists of Bonaparte continue, even at this day, to repeat the aspersions cast, in moments of disappointment and violent passion, upon a generous-hearted and truly humane British officer. Sir Sidney Smith had his eccentricities and failings, but that he was as merciful and generous as he was brave, can be attested by proofs mountains high Without entering upon them, we will say that the calumnies against him were unfounded and utterly false.

The check at Acre, the destruction of his fleet by Nelson, and the recollections of his former encounters with the English in Corsica and at Toulon, no doubt added to that deep-rooted hostility to our power which so much influenced Bonaparte's political conduct He complained that wherever he went he was sure of finding the English in his way. And this was true. Sometimes he said, "Yet how easy would it be for me and England to understand each other!" But to come to such understanding, England must have yielded in everything to his imperious will He was afterwards accustomed to say, "I want peace, and England will not let me have it!" But England could not obtain this peace without succumbing to him, and joining in his projects against the independence of all the nations of Europe, her own allies included. This is the real secret of the long duration of the war, and no cavilling, no sophistry, no transposition of dates and misrepresentation of facts, can give a different reading to the history of that war, or impose for one moment upon any man of sense who has really studied the history.

On his march back to Jaffa, Bonaparte gave orders to his rear-guard to set fire to the hamlets, the barns, and the harvests—to

leave nothing for the enemy who were following his retreating army. The soldiers in the rear obeyed the orders with alacrity. "The whole country in the rear is on fire!" is the laconic expression of General Berthier in one of his reports. The flames stopped only at the desert, where there was nothing for them to feed upon. "Truly," says a French writer, "this was a war of death, destruction, devastation! There never was a more horrible war!" On the other side, the Turks of Djezzar Pasha, the Arabs, and the mountaineers of Nabloos, or Samaria, who hovered on the flanks of the French line of march, were sure to kill and mutilate every unlucky straggler they met. There was a sad decay of discipline among the men who had suffered so much at Acre, and who were still suffering cruelly in a burning, hungry country. Parties of them frequently broke away from the main body, cursing the little Corsican who had brought them away from Europe, and promised them lands in Egypt. One day, when almost alone, Bonaparte fell in with a great number of these mutinous stragglers, who reproached him to his face, and threatened him with personal violence. His presence of mind, and a smart antithesis, saved him. "Comrades," said he, "you are too few to frighten me, and too many to assassinate me!" The men let him pass, and he soon rejoined his staff and a body of troops who were in better humour. As they proceeded, matters grew worse. The sick, who had no means of conveyance, unable to keep up with the columns, dropped on the burning sand, and there lay waiting for their doom, which was commonly sealed by a sharp yataghan. All the French narratives, written by men who were engaged in it, agree in representing this Syrian campaign as having exhibited an accumulation of horrors seldom equalled in the history of war. We have ourselves been personally acquainted with several French veterans, who, more than twenty years after the events, could not speak of this campaign without shuddering.

The army halted at Jaffa, in order to clear out the hospitals and the magazines. Bonaparte exerted himself to the utmost to remove the sick. There remained a small number of plague patients, who were too far gone to be removed. The General did not like to leave them behind at the mercy of the Turks and Arabs, who had known

little mercy at the hands of the French. He, or some one else (the question ought to be treated doubtfully), asked Desgenettes, the head physician of the army, whether it would not be an act of humanity to give finishing doses of opium to those plague patients. Desgenettes gruffly replied that his business was to cure and not to kill. It is affirmed that no order was given to administer the opium, and that none was administered. Las Cases, whose zeal always carried him too far, and whose broad affirmations and denials always injure the cause he would defend, asserts that there was no opium in the medicine-chests of the army. We may safely say not only that this is in the highest degree improbable, but that it must be untrue. Ever since their landing in Egypt, the French troops had been very liable to attacks of dysentery. In these cases opium was invariably administered. Opium was again administered to those undergoing amputation or other painful operations, and the surgeons would not have left their chests unprovided. The drug, too, was cheap, and in very common use all over Egypt and Syria, as in other parts of the Turkish empire. But to return to the sad narrative, it is said that a rear-guard was left at Jaffa, and before that guard left the place all the plague patients were dead, except a very few who ultimately became prisoners of the English. Some say that these survivors were six or seven, others that they were only one or two. Some one, however, had heard of the question put to Desgenettes, and the horrible report spread that the General had poisoned his own sick.¹

The tale was believed at the time, and has been believed by many ever since. Bourrienne believed it, Bertrand believed it, Miot, and other Frenchmen belonging to the Army of Egypt, believed it. Bourrienne maintains that strong doses of opium were actually administered, perhaps without Bonaparte's positive order. We know that there were always about him men ready to act upon his slightest hint, and to anticipate momentary wishes of which he himself afterwards repented. He himself afterwards said that if his own son had been in the same plight, he would have thought it his duty to poison him. Weighing the evidence on both sides, we doubt whether the opium was administered at all. Had the case been

made out, it would have been a proof of the General's irreligion, but certainly not of his cruelty. This has been well and briefly put by several candid writers, who had no disposition to exaggerate faults or to mistake the truth

"Bonaparte's suggestion to the physician, supposing him to have made it, originated in a mere impulse of humanity, uncontrolled by higher moral and religious principles. The charge, however, was loudly proclaimed throughout Europe, especially by Sir Robert Wilson, who believed it true, and thus greatly annoyed Bonaparte at the time and afterwards, and as it was coupled with the true charge of the previous massacre of the Turkish prisoners, Bonaparte's agents boldly denied both, and abused Sir Robert Wilson for having 'slandered,' as they called it, the French army and its General. But when at St Helena, Bonaparte, whilst simply denying the poisoning, acknowledged the shooting of the prisoners, which is, perhaps, the more horrible of the two deeds, but which at the time had been almost thrown into the shade by the strange report of a general poisoning his own sick, whom, if he really did not know how to dispose of, he might have left behind at the mercy of the Turks, without incurring any great obloquy for this, a common occurrence in a retreat"*

After blowing up the fortifications of Jaffa, the army continued its march to Gaza. Again the columns had orders to burn the villages and the standing crops, and the flames spread far and wide over the plains to the foot of the mountains. At Gaza the fort was blown up, but the town was spared. The French then re-entered the desert, provisioned their garrison at El Arish with part of the cattle plundered in Syria, and marched on to Katieh, where Bonaparte left another garrison. On their way through the desert they surprised and burned the camp of a small Arab tribe, the only inhabitants of that wilderness. They said that these Arabs had been "commit-

* A. Vieusseux "Napoleon Bonaparte His Sayings and his Deeds." Several French writers of quite recent date have, however, persisted in maintaining that the plague patients, to the number of fifty or sixty, were poisoned, and that after the refusal of Desgenettes, the opium was administered by Royer, an apothecary in the army, who never left Egypt but died in that country



Entry into Cairo

ting depredations," but what had they (the French) been doing? The camels and other cattle were carried off, and fire was set to the scanty crops the Arabs had reared in a few patches of cultivatable soil. This was Bonaparte's farewell to the East. According to Berthier's account, this Syrian campaign cost the army 500 in killed, 1,800 in wounded, and 700 more who died of the plague. Here the loss is underrated according to the common practice. Others state that the killed alone amounted to 1,200, and that the siege of Acre, by itself, cost between 2,000 and 3,000 men.

On the 14th of June Bonaparte re-entered Cairo with much solemnity at the head of his troops. On the same day he addressed one of his Oriental proclamations to the inhabitants. He prided himself on this species of composition.

"He is returned to Kahira the well-guarded, the chief of the French army, General Bonaparte, who loves the religion of Mahomet, he is returned well and sound, thanking God for the favour which He lavishes upon him. He has entered Kahira on the 10th Moharrum, by the gate of victory, this day is a glorious day, there never was the like. All the inhabitants came out to meet him, they have seen and acknowledged that it is the same General Bonaparte in his own person, and have become convinced that the stories told of him during his absence were false. He has defeated Djezzar and his motley bands, who gave out that they were going to invade and conquer Egypt. He took El Arish, Gaza, and Jaffa, he granted protection to the inhabitants of Gaza, but the misled inhabitants of Jaffa would not submit, they resisted for three days, and he in his wrath doomed them all to pillage and death, he destroyed their ramparts, and all that were within. There were at Jaffa 5,000 soldiers of Djezzar, he put them all to death. He then went to Nabloos, and burned five towns in the mountains . . . He has destroyed Acre and the Seraï of Djezzar, has left not stone upon stone . . . He is now returned to Egypt for two reasons one, that he had promised to return in four months, and promises must be kept, the other was to punish the seditious Mamelukes and Moghrebins who had stirred up revolt, but they are already annihilated."

His despatches to the Directory were scarcely more truthful than this piece of bombast. From the camp of Acre he had told those Five Kings of the Luxembourg that he was master of the principal points of the ramparts, but that the enemy had constructed a second line of defence supported by the palace of the Pasha. "We should be obliged," continued he, "in order to take possession of the place, to fight our way from house to house, and to lose more men than we can spare. The season is too far advanced, and my presence is required in Egypt. I am placing a new battery in order to batter down the seraï (palace) of Djezzar, and the principal building of the town. I shall throw into it a thousand shells, which, in so contracted a space, must occasion great havoc. After having reduced Acre to a heap of stones, I will recross the desert of Egypt, and wait there

for any armament, whether Turkish or European, which may attempt a landing ”

And, again, when he was in full retreat from those well defended walls, he told the Directors that he had entered Acre, but that while the soldiers were fighting in the streets, he had learned that the plague was making fearful ravages within the town, and that therefore he had ordered a retreat, “for the plague is an enemy more destructive than all the armies in the world ”* In writing these despatches, and in enumerating the fabulous number of flags, standards, and pieces of artillery taken from the enemy, his secretary felt the pen slipping from his hand in his astonishment Bonaparte smiled at Bourrienne’s simplicity “Bah !” said he, “you do not understand this kind of business ! These bulletins will excite admiration, and inspire historians and poets ”

During his prolonged absence from Cairo, a rival had started up A fanatic, or impostor, had given himself out as an inspired personage—as an avenging angel—whose coming had been foretold in the Koran. The Moghrebins and other Arabs had rallied round this man, and had cut off a good many of the French, but before Bonaparte’s return from Syria, General Lanusse had quenched this insurrection in blood

For about a month the General had rest in Cairo Now, as in more busy and perilous times, he collected around him the French artists and *savants*, who were formed into an Academy, or Institution (*Institut d’Egypte*), and who were sent in all directions to explore the country, the vestiges of antiquity, the quality and production of the soil, and the local phenomena of nature The greater part of these *savants* were conceited and superficial—very miserable under the privations of the camp, and at being obliged to live far away from Paris and its pleasures. They were a constant subject of abuse or ridicule to the military. But among them were men of indisputable and great merit, as Denon, Andreossi, Monge, and Berthollet As far, however, as Egypt and its antiquities are concerned, it may be doubted whether England was not as well served

* The plague had broken out in his own army at Jaffa before ever he reached Acre.

shortly after by one single Englishman—the much-respected and now venerable Mr William Hamilton*—as France was by all the members of this *Institut*. The French *savants* published a journal, and had their meetings, at which the General-in-Chief presided, and Monge and Berthollet suggested the means of improving Egypt,—introducing powder mills, the art of making muskets, bayonets, canons, &c, and other more pacific manufactures. They had begun with too much violence and too little regard to the rights of property, but if the French could have maintained themselves on the banks of the Nile, there is no doubt that they would have greatly improved the country. But this was not to be. Bonaparte continued ever afterwards to show great favour to all these artists and men of science, and they repaid him with gratitude and an entire devotion to his will, and to the maintenance of his reputation.

At night Bonaparte liked to have his secretary read to him, to compose his mind after the business of the day. “If I read poetry,” says Bourrienne, “he would very soon fall fast asleep, but if I read anything historical about Oliver Cromwell, then there was little chance of sleep for me that night.”

About the middle of July, a large Turkish fleet, as Bonaparte had expected, appeared before Alexandria, and landed a force on the peninsula of Aboukir. The number of this army of the Sultan is variously stated from 7,000 even up to 18,000. From inquiries made at Constantinople, we are inclined to believe that it really fell below 10,000. The Turks easily took the fort of Aboukir, at the extremity of the peninsula, and they then set about making redoubts across the isthmus, to fortify their camp. They were full of heart, but undisciplined, and unfortunately they had with them none of their excellent *light* cavalry,—the only cavalry the Turks ever had, and apparently the only species of cavalry that will ever be of great use to any other people.

Bonaparte hastened from Cairo to Alexandria, assembling all the forces he could collect, about 10,000 men, and immediately gave orders to attack the Turks, whose object was evidently to gain time,

* Author of “*Egyptiaca*,” &c.

and to wait in their position for the co-operation of the Mamelukes from Upper Egypt, or of the Sultan's forces in Syria, in order to attack Alexandria. Bonaparte, however, was not the man to allow them time for that. He reconnoitred the Turkish position, which was rather strong, extending from sea to sea, supported by a redoubt on its right, and by gunboats on the left. Whilst looking at it, he said to Murat, "The forthcoming battle will decide the fate of the world," meaning, probably, his own future projects concerning France and Europe. Murat, who did not penetrate his hidden meaning, replied, "It will decide, at all events, the fate of the army, but one thing I know, our men are determined to do their duty. The Turks have no cavalry, and if ever infantry were charged by cavalry, theirs shall be to-morrow by mine." Next morning, the 25th of July, the attack took place. A column of French infantry dislodged the enemy from the redoubt, whilst Murat broke through their line and cut off their retreat.

But the Turks had a second and stronger line in the narrower part of the isthmus, strengthened in the centre by a long redoubt studded with cannon. The French marched against both extremities of the Turkish line, the Turks stood the attack manfully, and fell back slowly, and the French, on reaching the redoubt, were obliged to halt and fall back out of the reach of the batteries. Murat, who had charged the Turkish left, found himself exposed to a cross-fire from the gunboats and the redoubt. There was a moment's hesitation in the French ranks, but the Turks, in their eagerness for cutting off the heads of the slain in hope of the reward allotted in such cases by old custom, broke from their ranks, and rushed out of their intrenchments, and gave Murat an opportunity to turn the redoubt and fall upon their rear. This created a panic in the main body of the Turks. Bonaparte, who was watching attentively, seized the proper moment, brought forward his reserve, and stormed the redoubt. It was now no longer a fight, but a slaughter: the Turks, pressed on all sides by the French, rushed towards the sea, and thousands threw themselves into the shallow water, where they were shot at leisurely by the French. Their fleet was anchored too far off to afford them any assistance. The sea was covered with turbans.

Murat charged the Turkish commander, Mustapha Pasha, in the village of Aboukir, wounded him, and took him prisoner. Bonaparte received the Pasha with civility, and praised him for his bravery. He said to him, "It has been your *fate* to lose the day, but I will take care to inform the Sultan how well you have contested it." "Spare yourself that trouble," replied the proud Turk, "my master knows me better than thou dost!" In truth, the Pasha and the Turks fought remarkably well on this occasion. The fort of Aboukir, garrisoned by 1,200 men, defended itself for several days, at last the men, unacquainted with the forms of capitulation, came out in a mass, threw down their arms, and cried "amman," or quarter, which was granted.

The results of this victory were most important. Egypt was secured to the French for the present, and Bonaparte could boast of a victory which retrieved the reverses he had sustained in Syria. And he took care to make the most of it in his despatches, which he sent before him on his return to France.

The conqueror returned to Cairo early in August, taking with him Mustapha Pasha, his son, and his lieutenant, to grace his triumphal entrance. Before setting out for the battle, he had said in a proclamation that he was going to kill all the Turks who would not lay down their arms, and to bring the rest of them prisoners to Cairo. He had kept his word. Was he not the man of destiny? Even the Sheiks and Mollahs began to doubt. In the same proclamation he had told the people of Cairo, that, with the Turkish fleet, there had come some Russians, "men who detest those who believe in only one God, because, according to their error, the Russians believe in three gods, and therefore every Mussulman on board a vessel where the cross was elevated was worse than an infidel, for he must every day hear the name of the true and only God blasphemed." This adroit appeal to the anti-Trinitarian furor of the men of Cairo might have produced more effect if they had not previously discovered that the French had no religion at all, and that truth was not to be looked for in their proclamations. The documents remain as remarkable proofs and specimens of Bonaparte's *ruses de guerre*. According to Montholon and some others of his biographers (in whom, however,

we do not put implicit faith), it would have required very little to induce him to ascend the minaret and repeat the set words of the muezzin—"There is no God but one, and Mahomet is His prophet."

At this time, if no earlier, Bonaparte made up his mind to leave his army and return to France. He had been informed, by private communications from his friends at Paris, as well as by the newspapers which Sir Sidney Smith had sent him by a flag of truce, of the terrible reverses of the French armies in Europe, of the loss of Italy, of the general discontent in France at these reverses, and the incapacity and corruption of the Directors, of the dissensions of the Directors among themselves, of the renewed boldness of the Vendéans and other Royalists, and of all which really seemed to threaten the Republic with dissolution. Bonaparte told Bourrienne that the files of German papers he received from the English commodore decided his resolve, but there does not now remain a doubt that he had received more confidential and authentic information from home. His brothers, Joseph and Lucien, were both members of the Council of the Five Hundred, Lucien, moreover, was a friend of Sièyes, one of the Directors who was plotting against the rest, and kept house at Paris, of which his sister Marianne or Elise did the honours, and in which many of the literary and political characters of the day were accustomed to assemble. Joseph, also, had many friends and political connections, who agreed with him that the tide of invasion would soon be rolled back upon France unless Napoleon speedily returned. The mother of the Bonaparte family—a clever, stirring woman, never at a loss in cases of emergency or difficulty where her family was concerned—had friends in Corsica and in half of the seaports of Italy, and among them masters of vessels, who would risk a great deal for a good pecuniary reward. There were coral fishers, who annually crossed the Mediterranean in fast open boats, and the master of one of these could have been induced, for no very high sum, to run along the African coast from Tunis or Tripoli to Egypt and the port of Alexandria. One letter which Lucien despatched was intercepted by an English cruiser, but no doubt other letters were more fortunate. As late as the year 1825, persons were named as then living in Italy, who had laid the foundations of com-

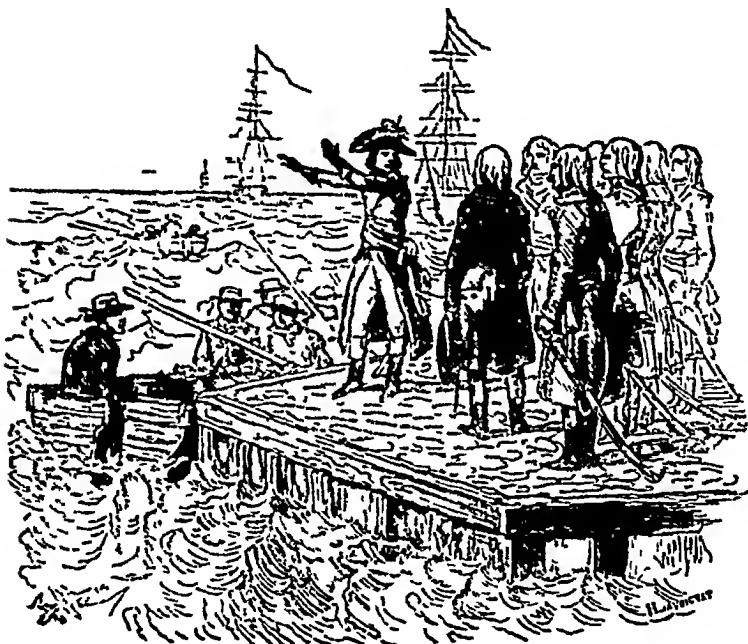
petent fortunes by conveying to Egypt the correspondence of Bonaparte's family and friends. But, according to Miot,* the letter which decided the return of Napoleon, written by his brother Joseph, was carried across from Leghorn by a Greek, named Vwrvaki, the master of a trading vessel, who received a reward of one thousand *louis d'or*.

Assuredly the moment had arrived for his playing Cromwell, and something more, provided only he could reach France in safety. The detention of a year, or even of six months, in England as a prisoner of war would have spoiled his chance and ruined everything. To use a favourite expression of his own, the destiny of the world would have been different.

Two small frigates which lay in the harbour were secretly got ready for sea. Leaving Cairo about the middle of August under the pretext of making a tour of inspection through Lower Egypt, Bonaparte reached the town of Alexandria on the 22nd, and there met Berthier, Lannes, Murat, Marmont, some of the *savants*, and a few other persons who had been privately warned to get ready. General Kleber was waiting for him, by appointment, at Rosetta, and left in entire ignorance as to his intention. On the very next day, the 6th Fructidor in republican style, or in our vulgar calendar the 23rd of August, the whole coast being clear of English ships, the two frigates, under the command of Admiral Gantheaume, stole out of the harbour, and sailed to the westward, hugging the coast of Tripoli and Tunis. Great was the astonishment of Kleber and the army when they learned that Bonaparte and his favourite lieutenants had absconded. Although he had appointed Kleber to succeed him in the chief command of the army, that rough soldier of fortune was evidently both displeased and angry. In a letter to the Directors, written a month afterwards, he said—"The Commander-in-Chief Bonaparte left this for France on the morning of the 6th Fructidor, without telling any one of his intention. He had appointed to meet me at Rosetta on the 7th, but I only found despatches from him there." Most fortunately for Bonaparte, this letter was intercepted and carried to England, and a copy of it

* "Memoirs of the Syrian and Egyptian Campaigns"

did not reach Paris until after he had effected that revolution which he quitted Egypt to make Had Kleber's original reached its destination previously to the 19th Brumaire, it might have proved a formidable weapon in the hands of Bonaparte's opponents.



Bonaparte departs for France

Kleber found the Army of Egypt reduced to 20,000 men According to Bonaparte's own showing, it was just 30,000 strong when it first landed under him, and after Nelson's great victory, it had been joined by 3,600 men saved out of the fleet of Admiral Brueys We believe that 2,000 or 3,000 men had actually joined Thus, in less than fourteen months, some 15,000 of the French must have perished by the sword, by sickness, and the fearful plague From the first moment Kleber, though a brave and good soldier, evidently doubted whether he could maintain himself in Egypt with the army that was

now left In the letter which Bonaparte so adroitly sent to him at Rosetta, he was told that the news of the loss of Italy had determined this clandestine return to Europe, and he was desired to send Generals Junot and Dessaix after the Commander-in-Chief as soon as possible Bonaparte flattered his successor with hopes of aid from France, but if he should receive neither assistance nor orders from the Government during the next nine months, or if the plague should make ravages in the army, he told Kleber that he would be justified in making peace with the Sultan, even at the cost of giving up Egypt Kleber, however, was warned to put off the final evacuation of the country *till the conclusion of a general peace* Bonaparte said in the same letter,—“You appreciate as much as I do the importance of the possession of Egypt, and how unfortunate it would be for France to let this fine country fall into the hands of another European power in the approaching dismemberment of the Turkish Empire . . . You know my views concerning the internal policy of Egypt whatever you do, the Christian part of the population will continue our friends; but we must prevent them becoming insolent towards the Turks, whose religious fanaticism we must soothe and lull asleep We ought, for this purpose, to cultivate the friendship of the great Sheikhs of Cairo, who influence the opinion of the rest of Egypt . . . Endeavour to seize five or six hundred hostages from among the Mamelukes and Arabs, and send them to France by the first opportunity They will be detained one or two years in France, and will become acquainted with our manners. I will try to send you a company of theatrical players, which I consider an important accessory to the army, and for beginning to effect a change in the habits of the country I quit Egypt with great regret the interests and the glory of our country alone can induce me to it, but I shall still be with you in mind and heart, the army which I entrust to you are all my children, as I have had full evidence of their attachment to me” When the order of the day was made known, the “children” murmured loudly at being deserted by their putative father

Fearful insurrections soon broke out, the people were joined by

the Mamelukes and by other troops ; and in the course of a few months Kleber perished miserably at Cairo. Down to the day of his death he complained that the cunning Corsican had played a scurvy trick in leaving him behind in Egypt.

Many intercepted letters brought to England proved that the army was almost mutinous at the departure of Bonaparte. Kleber, at first, seems to have thought for a certainty that he would be captured by some of our many ships of war in the Mediterranean, but the extraordinary fortune of the man stood by him. His apprehensions and those of his companions were, however, very lively, and they appear all to have suffered the miseries of sea sickness during the greater part of that smooth summer voyage. Murat, who suffered most, was continually saying, "It must be confessed that the sea is not our element!" When free from these sufferings, and from the dread of being carried prisoners of war into Plymouth or Portsmouth—a feeling which took possession of them every time a strange sail hove in sight—they talked with the *savants* about arts and antiquities, and upon all manner of philosophies. The *savants*, who were avowed and confident atheists, were for referring the creation of the universe to chance. "No," said Bonaparte, "all these wondrous systems—all these worlds upon worlds—can never have proceeded from chance. There must have been a great first cause!"

It was a calm, beautiful night—one of those nights in the Mediterranean when the planet Venus casts a strong, definite shadow, and when every star in the firmament shines out as round as a globe—and Bonaparte, as he spoke, was gazing on the sky and those luminaries. He was a Deist. His gospel was Rousseau's profession of faith, that of the *savants*, d'Holbach's system of nature. The Italian temperament was strong within him, as he said himself, he was never quite devoid of devotional feeling or religious sentiments.

From the African coast below Tunis, Admiral Gantheaume veered to the northward, and passed to the west of Sardinia and Corsica. On the 30th of September the two frigates reached Napoleon's birthplace, Ajaccio, where they remained two or three days. Bonaparte was visited by friends and by relatives without end. "It

rained cousins!"* Having sailed again from Ajaccio, the two frigates arrived, on the 8th of October, in sight of the French coast, when Gantheaume suddenly spied out an English squadron. He was about to tack and to run back for Corsica, but Bonaparte said, "No! that would lead us to London, and I want to go to Paris. Keep your course." It is even reported that there was a talk of his taking to the long boat, to secure himself from the calamity of an imprisonment in England. It appears, however, that the course was somewhat altered, and that Bonaparte was not landed at the port which he had selected for that purpose. But here, again, he was lucky; for the people of Frejus, where he was put on shore on the 9th of October, were his enthusiastic admirers, and very indifferent to the sanitary regulations and strict laws which imposed a long quarantine on all persons coming from Egypt, or from any other part of the plague-stricken Levant. To an imprisonment in a lazaretto he had looked forward with great disgust. Besides, a detention of even fourteen days (an abridged quarantine) might have been fatal to his projects in Paris. This dread was dissipated the moment he reached the port of Frejus. The deck of his frigate was crowded with people all shouting, "Better the plague among us than the Austrians!" And, at the moment, there really was a chance that the victorious Austrians, advancing through the territories of Nice, would cross the south-eastern frontier of France. His presence alone was considered as a pledge not only of safety, but also of further victory. His progress from Frejus to Paris resembled a triumphal march. The people were mad about Egypt and the Pyramids. Those bulletins, which had so perplexed Bourrienne, had produced the desired effect. They had been put into popular songs, and every line in them had been taken as indisputably true. The bulletin of his last victory at Aboukir, which he now caused to be distributed in print all over the country, added to the general enthusiasm. This was again increased by the unpopularity and downright hatred or contempt into which the Directorial Government had fallen. "We want a man," cried the people, "we want a brave soldier to drive

* Napoleon's own expression.

out those lawyers and thieves the Directors, and to set us all to rights! Vive la France! Vive le General Bonaparte! Vive le vainqueur des Pyramides et d'Aboukir!" His pear was ripe, for everything in France was ripe for a change. On the 16th of October he reached his own now elegant house in the Rue de la Victoire.

Bonaparte had been in Paris two days privately consulting with chiefs of parties and officers of the army, before he condescended to wait upon the Directors. When he went to the Luxembourg he told them that, having been apprised that the French arms had met with great reverses, and that the allies were threatening France, he was come unbidden to defend her. The Directors, divided among themselves, affected to believe him, and took no notice of his having abandoned the army of Egypt without leave, or of his having broken the quarantine laws—a breach punishable even with death. Sièyes, one of the Directors, who was plotting with him, had just dismissed Bernadotte from his office of War Minister, under the pretence of giving him the command of an army. Though connected with it by marriage, Bernadotte never entertained much friendship for the Bonaparte family. On first learning Napoleon's landing at Frejus, he advised the Directors to put him under arrest and bring him to trial for desertion. "We are not strong enough for *that*," said Barras.

Roger Ducos, another of the Directors, for whom Bonaparte afterwards made a good provision, joined Sièyes. Other leading men, seeing that a military revolution was inevitable, yielded to circumstances. Murat, Lannes, Sebastiani, with other generals and a host of colonels of regiments, were ready to do whatever Napoleon might suggest. Even Moreau and Lefebvre were talked over for the nonce. "A great military nation like France is not to be led into ruin by a few incapable and corrupt lawyers" Bernadotte alone could not be gained, and he was exceedingly popular with part of the troops then at Paris, who had served under him. In fact, he was at that moment the man whom Bonaparte most feared. "We want no new convulsion," said Bernadotte, "the condition of France is far from desperate. Massena has just defeated the Russians in Switzerland. Brune has driven the Duke of York and the English from Holland. We have had revolutions enough, I cannot see that we want

another" Joseph Bonaparte and his wife, who was sister to the wife of Bernadotte, were employed to watch him, and, if possible, to soothe and win him. Early one morning Joseph led him to the busy mansion in the Rue de la Victoire, where he found Bonaparte with a crowd of generals and field officers, and all the appearance of a royal military levée. The bait of a separate command was held out to him. "Go and put on your uniform and meet me at the Tuileries," said Bonaparte. Bernadotte firmly declined the invitation. "Ah! I see, you think that in the army a party will be made against me. You reckon upon Moreau, Beurnonville, and a few other generals, but you are mistaken, you will see them all follow me—ay, even Moreau himself. Bernadotte, you don't know men as I do, they always promise much more than they perform. Don't trust them! Trust me." "I will not join a rebellion," said Bernadotte, firmly, "I will not overthrow a Constitution which it has cost so many lives to establish." "If so," said Bonaparte, "you will stay here until I have received the decree of the Council of Ancients, for I am nobody till then." "General," the other cried out, "I am a man whom you may slay, but not detain against his will." "Give me then your word that you will not act against me." "As a citizen I promise it to you." "How as a citizen! what do you mean?" "I mean that as a citizen, and of my own accord, I will not, either in the barracks or in the streets, address the soldiers or the National Guard, nor the people. But should the Directory send for me, or should the legislative body give me the command of its guard, I will march against those who shall attempt to overthrow illegally the existing order of things." "Oh! as for that," said Bonaparte, "I am quite secure on that score, I have taken my precautions, and you will not receive any command. For the rest, believe me that I only want to save the Republic. I ask nothing for myself, I will retire to Malmaison amidst a circle of friends, and if you will be one of them, you shall be welcome." "A friend! that may be, but I think that you would be the most imperious of masters," said Bernadotte, taking his leave, and, as he passed through the crowd of officers in the outer apartments, he perceived Moreau.

Augereau, who had fought by Bonaparte's side at Arcole, who,

at his bidding, had surrounded the Tuileries with troops and artillery, and had purged out two former Directors, and all the refractory members of the legislature, on the 18th Fructidor, 1797, had been one of the first to wait upon him on his return to Egypt, and was now ready to do whatever Bonaparte might suggest. Augereau, however, had still a good deal of the Jacobin leaven, and very little personal affection for Napoleon: he could not help showing his humour during the progress of the drama, and it is believed that he would not have mourned if the real catastrophe had been the ruin and death of Bonaparte. Talleyrand, whose return from exile had been facilitated by Madame de Stael, gave to the councils the benefit of his craft and ability. Sièyes had conceived a mortal hatred to his brother Director Barras, and was now duping himself into the absurd belief that Bonaparte would remain in allegiance to him and to another perfect republican constitution which he had already in his portfolio. Even Barras, the early patron of the young Corsican officer, after listening in two or three private conferences to the persuasive tongue of Talleyrand, and to splendid offers of honours and riches, agreed to give up the last shred of his pretended republicanism, and to remove, as far as he was concerned, all opposition by sending in his resignation at the critical moment. Roger Ducos, the third Director, was won already. The two Directors who remained to support the present Constitution and resist a military dictatorship, were Gohier and Moulins—a couple of blockheads, who had obtained their high places through their own incapacity, which would allow their three associates to do with them what they pleased. Cambacérès, Minister of Justice, and the atrocious but very able Fouché, now Minister of Police, went with the strongest party, and powerfully seconded the views of Bonaparte and Sièyes. The majority of the Council of Ancients were easily persuaded of the necessity of a new Constitution, but a great majority of the Council of Five Hundred vowed that they would die for the Constitution they had got. Lucien Bonaparte, however, had just succeeded in obtaining the presidency of the Council of Five Hundred, and was thus in a position to render important services to his brother.

Bourrienne, who saw from a near point of view most of the scenes he describes, says —“ The short political crisis which preceded the 18th Brumaire was not marked by anything more dignified or noble than were the incidents of our previous revolutionary movements. All these plots were accompanied by so much trickery, that, for the honour of human nature, it would be desirable to cover them with a veil ”

The decree which Napoleon wanted from the Council of Ancients, or Elders, was soon obtained, in a packed house, and at so early an hour in the morning that few of the Parisians were out of their beds. It simply imported that the two councils constituting the legislative body should be removed from Paris to St. Cloud, that General Bonaparte should carry the decree into effect, and take all measures requisite for the *security of the national representatives*, that the general commanding the military divisions of Paris, the National Guards, and the troops of the line, should all be placed under his orders, and that all citizens should lend Citizen General Bonaparte their support

Cornet, President of the Council of Ancients, who had been won over, and who subsequently became one of Bonaparte's senators, went to the Rue de la Victoire and read the decree of Napoleon, who was there in the midst of officers and troops. The drums beat, the General rode to the Tuileries, where the Ancients expected him to take an oath. Being introduced into their hall, he told them that they represented the wisdom of the nation, that they, by their well-timed decree of that morning, had saved the Republic. “ It would be in vain,” continued he, “ to look out for precedents to guide us in moments like these. Nothing in history resembles the end of the 18th century, and nothing in the end of the 18th century resembles the present moment¹. We wish for a Republic founded on true liberty, and we shall have it. I swear in my name, and in the names of my brethren in arms ” This was all the oath he took. Quitting the Hall of Ancients, he remounted his horse, and reviewed the troops in the square in front of the palace. M. Bottol, a friend of the fallen Directors, came up to say a few words in their favour. Speaking from the midst of his brilliant staff, Bonaparte exclaimed,

in a loud and angry tone, "What have you done with this France which I left to you prosperous and glorious? I left her at peace, and I find her at war I left her victorious, and I find her sinking under reverses I left you the millions of Italy, and I find only dilapidation, poverty, misery! What have you done with the hundred thousand Frenchmen, my companions in arms and in glory? . . . They are no more This state of things must not last; in three years it would lead us to despotism. But we want the Republic—a Republic founded upon equality, morality, civil liberty, and political tolerance We, who have supported the Republic by our toils and our courage in the field, are not to be treated as some factious men would treat us, as if we were the enemies of the Republic We will not allow any one to assume to be more patriotic than the army—than the brave men who have been wounded and maimed in the service of their country!" These last sentences announced that henceforth the army was to be the arbitress of France But the fact had long been apparent, and there were abundant precedents to show that a revolution managed like that of France must inevitably end in a military despotism

In the meantime the silly, vapouring men in the Council of the Five Hundred were shouting "The Republic for ever! Long live the Constitution of the Year Three!" and were taking oaths to die at their posts Of course, not one of them kept his vow when the General let loose his grenadiers upon them

In the evening of this day Sièyes, who was not a fighting man but a renegade priest, and who was much afraid that blood might be drawn on the morrow, recommended Bonaparte to arrest all the most dangerous members of the Assembly. This was declined, but the Corsican, Saliceti, who was playing an active part in the drama, and who was a member of the Five Hundred, privately communicated to his brother members the danger in which they had been, and from which Bonaparte had saved them The manœuvre succeeded: a good many members, influenced by gratitude or fear, went over to the stronger side, and others either kept away from St Cloud, or remained silent when there.

On the following day, at one o'clock p m, the 19th Brumaire, or

10th of November, 1799, the two councils were assembled in separate halls of the Palace of St Cloud, and the sitting of the Ancients was opened. The republican minority made some warm remonstrances on the hasty and irregular measures on the preceding day, and then proposed to replace, according to the forms of the Constitution, Barras and the other Directors, whose resignations were presented. This was the moment of crisis. Bonaparte, in full uniform and with his sword by his side, entered the hall with hasty steps, and was followed by General Berthier, and his own private secretary, Bourrienne. He was evidently confused and somewhat nervous. He made a poor display of his oratory: all the speeches which have been ascribed to him on this occasion differ from each other, "and well they may," says Bourrienne, "for he made no speech, but delivered a series of rambling, unconnected sentences, with confused replies to the questions put to him by the president." He talked of treading on volcanoes, of secret agitations, of plots, of being called a new Cæsar and a Cromwell, although he was acting in obedience to the decree of the Council of Ancients. He frequently repeated the words liberty and equality. "But the Constitution?" asked one of the members, "do you forget the Constitution?" The question ought never to have been put, for it was quite true that the Constitution of the Year Three had been torn into shreds long before this. Bonaparte's pale countenance reddened—"The Constitution!" cried he, "who talks of Constitution? The Constitution! *You* have killed it! *You* violated it on the 18th Fructidor, in Floréal, in Prairial. Hypocrites, intriguers!" . Shame! *We* will establish liberty and the Republic. I will abdicate the extraordinary powers with which I am invested so soon as the dangers which threaten the Republic shall have passed away." "What are these dangers?" asked the President, "explain yourself, General." Bonaparte then charged Barras and Moulins with having proposed to him a counter-revolution. This most improbable charge excited a great tumult. Some cried out for a general committee, others said, "No committee, let all France know the particulars of the conspiracy." Bonaparte became more and more embarrassed, and instead of giving an explanation of his first charge, he made fresh

charges against the Council of Five Hundred, who, he said, wished to return to the Reign of Terror, the Revolutionary Committees, and the guillotine. The murmurs now grew louder and more threatening, and Bonaparte became more incoherent in his talk. He addressed himself at one time to the Deputies, who gazed at him with astonishment, and the next moment he appealed to the soldiers in the courtyard, who could not hear him. He said he was going to the Council of Five Hundred. "If any orator," added he, "paid by foreigners, should attempt to put me out of the pale of the law, let him beware! I shall appeal to my brave companions, I shall trust to their courage and to my fortune." The President told him to collect himself—to reveal the particulars of the plot in which he said that he had been urged to join. Bonaparte stammered out the same vague, unconnected denunciations as before, repeating, "I have nothing more to say," though in reality he had said nothing. The President observed that there was nothing—absolutely nothing—before the House upon which the House could deliberate. The assembly became weary and impatient. Bourrienne pulled Bonaparte gently by the skirt of his coat, whispering to him, "Let us go, General, you don't know what you are saying." Berthier also motioned him to withdraw, and then, after stammering out a few more unmeaning words, Bonaparte turned round, exclaiming, "Let those who love me, follow me." The usher quietly drew aside the tapestry curtains which concealed the door, the sentinels made no opposition, and Bonaparte, on reaching the courtyard, seemed to breathe more freely. His countenance, however, was much ruffled. "You have made a pretty business of it," said Augereau. "Things were worse at Arcole," said the General. "Had the President," observes Bourrienne, "on seeing the General move towards the door, cried out, 'Grenadiers, let no one pass,' it is hard to say what might have been the result." Bonaparte sprang to the saddle, waved his hand, and was enthusiastically saluted by the military.

The Council of the Five Hundred was assembled in another wing of the palace. They began by swearing fidelity to the existing Constitution by acclamation, and they next drew up a message to the Directory asking for explanations, when Lucien Bonaparte, who

had been appointed President shortly before, partly as a compliment to his brother, and partly because he maintained the reputation of a staunch republican; read the letter of resignation which Barras had addressed to the councils, and in which the ex-Director told them that "the glory which accompanied the return of the illustrious warrior to whom he had had the honour of opening the path of glory, and the striking marks of confidence given him by the legislative body, had convinced him (Barras) that to whatever post he might hereafter be called, all danger to liberty would be averted, and the interests of the army be insured." Questions arose as to the validity of the resignation, and a member asked what had become of the other Directors. Here Bonaparte suddenly entered the hall, attended by a company of grenadiers, who stationed themselves near the door. He was saluted by loud and indignant vociferations, "No sabres here! No armed men! No dictator! No soldiers in the sanctuary of the laws! Down with the tyrant! Outlaw the new Cromwell!" Some, in more order, told the General to withdraw. He attempted to speak, but he could utter only disjointed words, and his voice was drowned in the general tumult.

All accounts agree that he made a much worse figure here than he had done in the Council of Ancients. Several passionate members crowded round him and jostled him, but it is not true that daggers were raised against him. Partly pushed, and partly of his own accord, he made for the door, followed by a crowd, when the grenadiers coming forward, placed him in their centre and escorted him out. There was a sort of struggle between the soldiers and some of the members, and one of the grenadiers, Thomé by name, had a piece of his coat torn off. This was the greatest extent of the violence alleged to have been perpetrated.

His brother Lucien, as President of the Council, now endeavoured to restore order in the assembly, but calmness was not to be restored, and he was interrupted at each sentence. "Bonaparte has sullied his glory! Bonaparte is a disgrace to the Republic! He is worse than Cromwell!" &c. At least, nearly all the members rose, shouting, "Outlaw him! Put to the vote the outlawry of General Bonaparte!" In the earlier days of the Republic such a vote, carried at



Scene in the Council Chamber

the moment and by acclamation, had sent many a man of mark to the scaffold, but the times were changed Lucien, who played his difficult part well, exclaimed, "How! would you have me outlaw my own brother?" and as the assembly persisted in having the question put from the chair, Lucien left it, renounced the presidency, and threw off his robes At this instant Bonaparte sent into the hall a company of grenadiers, who, surrounding the President, led him out into the spacious court. A man could do nothing in these revolutionary crises unless he were on horseback Lucien mounted a horse, reined up by the side of his brother, and addressed

the troops "Citizen soldiers, the President of the Council of Five Hundred declares to you that the majority of the Council is at present intimidated by a few of its members, who are armed with daggers, and who threaten their colleagues with death. These brigands, who are no doubt in the pay of England, have rebelled against the Council of Ancients, and are talking of outlawing the General who is charged with the execution of the decrees of that Council. These madmen by so doing have outlawed themselves. In the name of the people I require you to rescue the majority of the Council of Five Hundred. General, and you, soldiers and citizens, you will acknowledge as legislators of France only those members who will rally round me, their President. As for those who may attempt to remain in that hall, let them be expelled by force. They are not the representatives of the people, but the representatives of the dagger. Long live the Republic!" Some of the soldiers, it was thought, seemed still to hesitate. Lucien then drew a sword, and, rising in his stirrups, exclaimed, "I swear that I will stab my own brother to the heart, if he ever attempt anything against the liberty of France!" [most of the Bonaparte family had studied under Talma, the great French tragedian, whose Brutus was considered perfect.] This dramatic stroke had immense success, the soldiers shouted, "Long live Bonaparte!" and at a signal given by the General himself, Murat, at the head of a body of grenadiers, marched into the hall, and ordered the soldiers to clear it in the name of the President. As some of the members demurred, the grenadiers hurried them out with their bayonets, many jumped out of the windows, which were low, and dispersed in the gardens, leaving behind them in the hall scarfs and other parts of their habiliments, and thus ended for ever the famed Council of Five Hundred.

It was now night, and the Council of Ancients assembled in another wing of the St. Cloud Palace, quietly waiting events. Lucien collected a few of the members of the Five Hundred, who, being in the secret and in the plot, had remained about the palace when their colleagues fled from it. It is said that they were no more than thirty, but, assuming the name of their late Council, they voted a decree, importing that the Directory "existed no longer, and that

the individuals hereafter named (about sixty in number) were no longer members of the national representation, on account of their excesses and illegal acts, especially in the sitting of that morning. Another decree, passed with equal rapidity, instituted what was called a Provisional Executive Commission, consisting of three persons who should be styled Consuls, and nominated Sièyes, Roger Ducos, and General Bonaparte, as such. The Council of Ancients, from which the stormy minority of the morning had taken their departure, submissively and quietly passed a resolution to the same effect, and, at about an hour after midnight, Bonaparte and his two colleagues appeared before them and took the oath "to the sovereignty of the people, to the Republic one and indivisible, to liberty and equality, and to the representative system." The two Councils appointed a commission of fifty members, taken from both Councils, which was to discuss Sièyes new Constitution, and they then adjourned themselves indefinitely. About three o'clock in the morning the General left St Cloud to return to Paris, where Josephine had been suffering agonies of doubt and anxiety. As he entered his own drawing-room in the Rue de la Victoire, he rubbed his hands and congratulated himself on the business being over. "No doubt," said he, "I talked a good deal of nonsense. I must have said many absurd things up there at St Cloud. I like to speak to soldiers, not to lawyers, those fellows put me out. I have not been used to public assemblies, perhaps I shall be, in time. *Nous verrons*—we shall see. Remember, Bourrienne, we sleep at the Palace of the Luxembourg to-night."





The Three Consuls

BOOK III

“MY reign began from the day that I was made Consul” Bonaparte used the expression many years afterwards, when he was reviewing his own political history, but the fact was understood at the time by all clear sighted people. From the night of the 10th or morning of the 11th of November, 1799, he really reigned, and was a sovereign in everything but the mere name.

Avoiding the unpopular name of King, Sièyes would have put him upon a modest sort of throne under the title of Grand Elector, but the priest and constitution-maker, in increasing his splendour would have decreased his power. According to this scheme, the real executive power of the state was to be committed to two separate Consuls, one for war and one for peace, nominally the inferiors of the Elector, but in influence necessarily quite above him. “How,” said Bonaparte, “would they bribe me into a life of inaction with

their millions of livres a year? Would they shut me up like a pig to fatten (*comme un cochon à l'engraisse*)? And your two acting Consuls—one leading churchmen, lawyers, and civilians—the other leading diplomatists and commanding soldiers—on what footing would be their intercourse? How could they ever get on together? The war Consul demanding money and recruits, the peace Consul refusing the supplies? And who would be your Grand Elector, that might at any time be degraded by a vote of even one of your legislative bodies? Bah!"

The scheme, like many others which proceeded from the same source, was whistled down the wind, as in every respect it merited to be. The nation, too, after so many complicated political schemes (every one of which was to have rendered them the most free, the greatest, and the happiest people upon earth), was quite sick of scheming, and wanted something simple, direct, strong, and likely to last. Taking the people at large, the French no longer cared for that nominal sovereignty of the people for which they had fought during ten years, and for which a million or two of lives had been sacrificed. But they were eager for military glory, and who so likely to lead them to it as Bonaparte? Except the men—and we ought to add *women*—who lost by the changes, there really appears to have been none who regretted the downfall of the Directors. Barras, who had retired to his splendid country seat of Gros Bois the morning on which Bonaparte rode to St Cloud, was utterly discredited and quite sure to give no more trouble. He could only silently regret that he had been the first man in France to put the young Corsican officer of artillery on the high road of promotion and greatness.

At the first sittings of the three Consuls, Roger Ducos said, "The General takes the chair of course." Bonaparte seated himself in the President's chair as though it had been a throne, and the throne of an absolute monarchy to which he had succeeded in due course of inheritance. Sièyes was quite chafed, for he found he had placed a master over his head. The daring, irreverent soldier, who had no thought of confining himself to the military department, as the civilians who had worked with him calculated he would do, treated

the logician's last masterpiece with no more respect than he would have treated an order of the day, or a despatch badly written out by a blundering aide-de-camp, and he clipped, cut, and hacked Sièyes' new Constitution, until it was no longer recognizable. Sièyes had strengthened the executive, though not half enough for Bonaparte, but both the original of the scheme, and the modification of it, deprived the French people of every direct election of their representatives, and set up a tripartite legislature which could only become slavish and contemptible. As finally promulgated on the 24th of December, this "Constitution of the Year Eight," as it is called, established three Consuls—or a Chief Consul, with two inferior ones who were to have only a deliberative voice, the first or Chief Consul having the power of appointing to all public offices, and of proposing all public measures, such as peace or war, while he also commanded the forces, and superintended both the internal and foreign departments of the state. There were—1 A Senate called Conservative, composed of only eighty members, appointed for life, and enjoying high salaries, 2 A Legislative Body, of three hundred members, one-fifth of whom were to be renewed annually, 3 A Tribunal, of one hundred members, of whom also one-fifth were to be renewed every year. The Consuls chose the Senate, and the Senate chose, out of lists of candidates presented by the electoral colleges, both the Legislative Body and the Tribunal. The Consuls, or rather the First Consul, had the initiative, or the sole right of proposing acts of legislation, the Senate was to sit privately with closed doors, the Legislative Body was to vote, but not debate or speak, all the speaking being reserved for the Tribunal. The process was this—the First Consul sent in his project of law to the Tribunal, who debated it, but without voting upon it, for the voting was reserved for the Legislative Body, who were not allowed to speak, when the Tribunal had debated the project, they left the business to the Legislative Body, who silently voted by ballot, and then returned the act to the quarter where it had originated, or to the Consul, who made it law by putting his signature to it, and promulgating it. Bonaparte never pretended that this was a perfect Constitution, or even a Constitution intended to last. He afterwards said, and with

a great deal of truth, that the Girondins and the Jacobins, who had preceded him, had not left in France materials wherewith to form a Constitution "It was, at best, a temporary measure for a transitory state There was then in France a total absence of aristocracy. It is difficult to establish a strong Republic without an aristocracy. I saw that France could exist only as a monarchy. To frame a Constitution in a country without an aristocracy is like attempting to guide a balloon "

Left perfectly free to choose his own two satellites, Bonaparte would have retained Sièyes, but the ex-abbè preferred taking the place of Senator, with the yearly salary of 25,000 francs, and the royal domain of Ciosne, in the park of Versailles Cambacérès and Lebrun, who had both been brought up to the law, were appointed Second and Third Consuls Roger Ducos was also put into the Senate. The First Consul very soon removed from the Luxembourg to the palace of the Tuileries, where he lived with royal state He now wrote to the King of England, as one sovereign writes to another, expressing a wish for peace, but without stating any conditions George III, who could scarcely do otherwise, gave the epistle to his Secretary for Foreign Affairs to answer it Lord Grenville addressed his reply, not to the First Consul, but to Talleyrand, now the French Minister for Foreign Affairs. Talleyrand replied, Lord Grenville rejoined, and there the matter ended Our opposition orators attached great importance to the overture, which was the hollowest of all that had been made, for the First Consul was preparing, at the moment, to recover Italy, and was determined to keep Switzerland, Savoy, Nice, Belgium, Holland, and all the German territories on the left bank of the Rhine Bonaparte tells us himself that the answer from London filled him with secret satisfaction, as war was necessary to maintain union and energy in the state, which was ill organized, as also to maintain his own influence over the imagination of the French people But, notwithstanding this secret satisfaction, he, in public, pretended to be greatly grieved, and in a proclamation to the French he complained of the obstinate hostility of the English, and called upon the French to furnish men and money in order to acquire peace by force of arms

His first scene of war was, of course, to be Italy, which had been lost during his absence in Egypt, and in infinitely less time than that which he had spent in winning it. The Austrian General Melas, having recovered Nice and all that coast, was pressing upon the old frontier of France, other strong Austrian corps were at Mantua, on the Adda, and in the Tyrol, on the threshold of Lombardy, and the French General Massena was closely besieged in Genoa by another Austrian army and by a British fleet under Admiral Lord Keith

Giving the command of the Army of the Rhine to Moreau, the First Consul assumed the direction of the Army of Italy. Having made a demonstration of assembling an army at Dijon, in Burgundy, where he never collected more than a few thousand men, mostly raw recruits or old invalids, Bonaparte secretly directed a number of regiments from the interior of France to assemble in Switzerland, in the town of Lausanne and along the Lake of Geneva. The Austrians, lulled into security, continued their operations against Genoa and on the side of Nice, recovering the greater part of that maritime country, and still menacing the old French frontier beyond it. On the 13th of May the First Consul himself appeared at Lausanne, and prepared to march with about 36,000 men and 40 pieces of cannon up the Great St Bernard, which had till then been considered impracticable for the passage of an army with artillery. His left wing, 15,000 strong, under Moncey, was ordered to cross the Alps by the pass of St Gothard, while on his right, 5,000 men, under Turreau, were to cross at Mont Cenis, and 5,000 more, under Chabran, were to pass by the way of the Little St Bernard. The passage of the Great St Bernard was attended with the greatest difficulty, lying for the best part of the way among rocks and precipices and deep snows. The cannons were dismounted, put into the hollowed trunks of trees, and dragged by the soldiers, the carriages were taken to pieces and carried on mules, or, slung upon poles, were borne on men's shoulders. The powder and shot were packed into boxes of fir-wood, which were carefully lashed on the backs of mules. Every mule, nearly every sturdy peasant in those Alps, was hired or pressed into the service, so that as the artillery was not

heavy, the baggage, as usual, very light, and the command of labour immense, both the fatigue and the difficulty must be considerably exaggerated in most of the French accounts of this enterprise

On the 16th of May, Bonaparte's vanguard, under Lannes, descended from the great Great St Bernard into the beautiful Piedmontese valley of Aosta, being closely followed by the other divisions. On the 17th, Lannes drove in a detachment of Austrians, who were as much astonished at the appearance of the French in that quarter as if the enemy had descended from the clouds. Between Aosta and Ivrea the fort of Bard commanded the direct road, the deep and narrow pass which leads into the Piedmontese plains, and which at that point is not above fifty yards wide, with rocks on either hand, and the rapid river Dora running in the midst. The French van in their haste came suddenly upon it, and, after making a useless attempt to carry the fort, they fell into a panic. But Bonaparte came up and ordered that Fort Bard should be turned, and this was done by climbing the heights of Albaredo. The guns, however, had been remounted, and it was found impossible to pass them and the stores and baggage by this new path. Without a few guns with his main corps Bonaparte would not descend into the Italian plain. He ordered 1,500 labourers to make this path by Albaredo practicable for his very light four-pounders, and this being done, the cavalry, infantry, and light field-pieces proceeded. Meanwhile, the artillerymen made a bold attempt to pass one of their heavy pieces under the very guns of Fort Bard, but the Austrians, warned by the noise, threw fire-balls, which lighted up the road and enabled them to pour upon it a shower of projectiles which caused the attempt to fail. A very ingenious expedient was then tried: the road was covered with straw and manure, tow was fastened about the pieces so as to prevent the slightest sound, this contrivance completely succeeded, and in the darkness of night all that heavy artillery, with many ammunition-waggons, was carried through the defile. But if the Austrians had been sufficiently on the alert this could never have been done. When all that powder was crowded in the ravine beneath them, they might, by one discharge, have blown it into the air, with all the troops in charge of

it, and this, in one moment, would have necessitated the hasty retreat of Bonaparte, and have destroyed, beyond all hope of repair, his strategical plan. He then pushed forward, driving several Austrian divisions before him, for the Ticino, on the banks of which river he was to be joined by Moncey, Chabran, and Turreau, who had passed the barrier of the Alps by easier roads. On the 2nd of June Bonaparte entered Milan without any opposition, and was there joined by some of his divisions.

There are at least two passages of the Alps (to say nothing of Hannibal's) which are far more remarkable than that of Napoleon. Marshal Suwarroff crossed the St Gothard, though opposed at every step by numerous and active enemies accustomed to mountain warfare; the French General Macdonald effected the passage of the Splügen in the very depth of winter. Bonaparte was not opposed like Suwarroff, for he never saw an enemy except in the small garrison of Fort Bard, and, instead of having to contend, like Macdonald, with the difficulties and horrors of winter, he crossed the St Bernard in beautiful spring weather. Yet we constantly hear of his exploit, and hardly ever of the more surprising and far more difficult exploits of Suwarroff and Macdonald. But, long before any of these achievements, our own Colonel Fullarton had carried an army with artillery and stores across a mountainous region, in India, which was quite as difficult as any portion of the Alps.* But who, on the continent of Europe, knows anything of Fullarton or of his mountain march?

On the 5th of June, after his soldiers had eaten their shoes and the leather of their knapsacks, Massena gave up Genoa to the Austrian General Ott and Admiral Lord Keith. More than a week before this event, Melas, the commander-in-chief of the Austrian army, advised of the descent of the First Consul into Italy by so unexpected a route, retraced his steps through the Nissard country, and the territories of the Genoese Republic, being followed by Suchet, who had been contending, almost hopelessly, on the frontier line of

* See the advance upon Palagafcherry, in "An Account of the Military Operations in the Southern Parts of the Indian Peninsula, during the Campaigns of 1782, 1783, and 1784," by William Fullarton, of Fullarton, M.P.



Napoleon descending the Alps.

France. With considerable rapidity the old Austrian concentrated his scattered forces at Alessandria, a well-fortified town in the open plain of Piedmont

Again, Bonaparte had the spies on his side, and obtained great

advantages by their means. An old stager, who had served him in his former Italian campaigns, now waited upon him at Milan. "What! you here again!" said the General; "not shot nor hanged yet?" "General," replied the spy, "when this war began I did a little business for the Austrians, as you were then far away. I stick to my trade, but, to tell you the truth, I am getting tired of it. I only want money enough to retire from business. General Melas has sent me to your lines, and I can render you some service." The service he rendered *was* so important that he received for it nearly £1,000 of our money.

We must pass over the minor operations and combats to come to the decisive affair. Marching to meet Melas, Bonaparte crossed the Po at Piacenza, drove back Melas's advanced guard, and took up a position in the plain of Marengo, on the right bank of the insignificant river Bormida, and close in front of Alessandria. On the very next day, the 14th of June, Melas came out of Alessandria, crossed the Bormida in three columns, and attacked the French. When Bonaparte called in his detachments, the forces of the contending armies were pretty equal, the Austrians having a superiority in cavalry. That the First Consul was surprised is an assertion almost as ridiculous as that of the Duke of Wellington being surprised at Waterloo. He fully anticipated the attack, but he did not call in the columns in his rear quite soon enough. The fighting began a little after seven o'clock, and was particularly hot until noon. The centre column of the Austrians marched straight upon Marengo, drove the French before them, and carried that village. The first line of the French was completely broken and thrown into confusion, their second line, under Lannes, maintained itself by taking an oblique position. The Austrian left advanced to Ceriolo, whilst the French were in full retreat upon S. Giuliano. The alarm had spread from their front to their rear, and the French soldiers were crying, "All is lost!" "Let him escape who can!" This was near upon the hour of noon, when the First Consul, surrounded by a very numerous staff, rode up and did all that could be done to revive the spirits of his troops. They rallied at S. Giuliano, in the rear of the artillery and infantry squares which Lannes had

obliqued, but it was no easy matter to keep them there until the reserve could have time to come up and form in order of battle. This reserve was under the command of General Desaix, who had come over from Egypt and joined Bonaparte only a day or two before the battle. It was now about four in the afternoon, and the Austrians appeared to be completely triumphant. Bonaparte, meeting Desaix in the middle of the plain, said, "Here is pretty work! What do you think of all this?" "I think," said Desaix, "that the battle is lost, but that we are yet in time to gain another!" If we are not," said the Consul, "we have nothing for it but a retreat across the Alps into Switzerland, and that will be ruin!"

Unfortunately for the Austrians, the aged Melas, who had been on horseback so many hours, and who had had two chargers killed under him, was nearly exhausted by fatigue, and seeing the French in full retreat, and expecting no rally that day on their part, rode back to Alessandria to rest himself, and left the command to General Zach, with orders not to advance with the line beyond S Giuliano, but to send the whole Austrian cavalry in pursuit. General Zach, contrary to his instructions, marched on with the centre column, consisting of 5,000 Hungarian grenadiers, against Desaix. At the same time Zach, deceived by an Italian spy, who told him that a strong body of French was coming round by the Genoa road, sent off his cavalry in that direction, leaving his splendid column of Hungarian infantry, unsupported, in the midst of the plain. Another calamity occurred. Zach being short-sighted, and very badly served by his staff, mistook a mass of French cavalry for his own, and was made prisoner in a charge. The Hungarian column, however, was still moving steadily on, when the younger Kellermann, at the head of a few squadrons of French heavy cavalry, issuing from a vineyard, charged the column in flank, penetrated between its interval, and cut that formidable body into two, whilst Desaix's advancing division came up to charge the head of the column, which then gave way, but not until it delivered a crushing fire, a fire that nearly drove the French horse and foot off the ground. General Desaix was shot, and he fell dead without uttering a word. The famous sentence or dying speech attributed to him, was composed

after the event. It is universally stated that it was General Kellermann's brilliant charge, with a comparatively weak body of cavalry, that turned French defeat into victory, and decided the fate of the sternly contested field of Marengo. Leaving to this cavalry charge all the honour which is its due, we very much doubt whether it would have settled the day but for a combination of adverse unforeseen circumstances on the part of the Austrians. Even after the charge, had the Austrian right and left closed upon Desaix's division they might have obtained the victory, but there was no commander-in-chief in the field to give orders, old Melas was dismounting in the town of Alessandria, seven of his generals were killed or wounded, and Zach and his staff were prisoners. It was therefore not surprising that the Austrian right and left wings, seeing the centre routed and in full retreat, should effect a corresponding movement, and this they did, in perfect order, withdrawing across the Bormida, and leaving an advanced post on the right bank, or on the French side of that little river. The loss in killed and wounded was nearly equal in the two armies, on either side about 7,000. The French took about 3,000 prisoners. The Austrians, in the early part of the day, took some 2,000 prisoners.

But, in the evening after the battle, old Melas was reinforced by corps of 8,000 or 9,000 men, and he had other reinforcements within call. Moreover, the position of the Austrians was strong, supported by numerous fortresses, and the campaign was by no means decided. In fact, there was still a good chance of driving the French to the passes of the Alps, where they must have lost horses, artillery, baggage, and everything that goes to constitute an army. But here another of those accidents of fortune, which had already favoured Bonaparte in the former war against Wurmser and Alvinzi, came to his assistance. We have his own confession, that he was often served by Austrian staff officers. One of these he had now taken prisoner, and in him he found a man to his purpose. This officer of the staff, who no doubt merited promotion to the gallows, was sent into Alessandria to negotiate a military convention, to exaggerate the difficulties of the Austrian army, and to tell Melas the French General knew that Alessandria was badly furnished with



Battle of Marengo

provisions, and that he (Melas) must meet with the same fate as Wurmser if he should attempt to hold out there. The Austrians were alarmed for their communications, and afraid of losing their enormous train and baggage if they attempted a flank movement in presence of so quick-sighted an enemy as Bonaparte. The staff officer had commenced his sinister predictions before the brave old leader had had time to recover from his fatigue.

Neither during the battle nor in his preceding campaigns in Italy

had old Melas shown any want of judgment or of firmness, but after his defeat, and when he came to negotiate, it seemed as if his eighty-four years had indeed reduced him to a second childhood. Perhaps, however, the Austrian and Italian diplomatists who now gathered around him may be more answerable than he for the pusillanimous, imbecile (or it may be treacherous) throwing up of a game which was not yet lost—of a great game, where the stake was little less than the whole of Italy. Even after his serious reverse Melas might have collected in the field from 40,000 to 50,000 men, General Ott had thrown a great force into Genoa, and most of the fortresses were well garrisoned. Yet, by the armistice, concluded on the 16th June, the Austrians gave up Piedmont and the Genoese territory, with all their fortresses, including Alessandria, which might have stood a long siege, and the superb Genoa, which had only been taken from the French eleven days before this disgraceful armistice, after a very long siege and at an enormous expense. The French were to keep all Lombardy as far as the river Oglio. In return for all these immense sacrifices old Melas' was allowed to withdraw his troops to the line of Mantua and the Mincio. We have been assured, both by French officers and by Italian gentlemen, who were either in Bonaparte's camp or living near the scene of the battle, that when the conditions of the armistice were first made known all were astonished, and many could not believe them.

On his return to Milan from Marengo, the First Consul was received in triumph, like a consul and conqueror of ancient Rome. The Milanese, who are rather distinguished by their honest simplicity, called him the unique man, the extraordinary hero, the incomparable model of greatness, the liberator of Italy, and exulted at his coming to restore liberty to his beloved Cisalpine people. Bonaparte in return gave back compliment for compliment, spoke a great deal about letters, sciences, and arts, about peace and its blessings, and even about religion. He ordered the University of Pavia to be re-opened, and a liberal increase of salary to be paid to its professors, he appointed a number of new men—for the most part of indisputable merit—to fill chairs in that ancient seat of learning. In Milan he created a *consulta*, or council with legislative power,

and a committee of government with the executive power, but over all these Milanese or Lombards he put a Frenchman, who, nominally Minister Extraordinary from the French Republic, became Prime Minister and President, or dictator of this provincial government. In all these matters Bonaparte proceeded according to his own absolute will, and on his own single authority, not deigning to inform his brother Consuls, or the Senate, or the Tribunes, or the legislative body at Paris, either of what he was doing or of what he intended to do in future. The Italian democrats and ultra-republicans, with whom alone he had sought friendship and alliance at the time of his first invasion of Italy, were now spurned, reprobated, and driven from the light of his presence as dangerous fanatics, or selfish, rapacious, thoroughly immoral demagogues. The fools did not dare to ask where was the perfect liberty and equality which he had promised them in 1797 —among themselves they called him an aristocrat, and even a tyrant, but in public they only spoke of him as of a demigod. The men he called around him were all of those classes which had passed for the aristocratic, they were men of family, name, and property, or men of learning and science, there being among them even bishops.

In spite of his triumph, and his boundless power at Milan, the First Consul was rendered very uneasy by news received from Paris. A commercial traveller, who had quitted the plain of Marengo at the moment when Bonaparte's troops were flying, posted to Paris with extraordinary speed, and announced that the First Consul's army had been annihilated. This was on the 20th. The republican party instantly set themselves in motion, they held conferences, they proposed another revolution, they talked of naming Moreau, Bernadotte, and Carnot, Consuls, of making the Senate proclaim the deposition of Bonaparte, that "little Corsican" as they called him, who had through his rash ambition again placed the Republic in jeopardy. They made no doubt that Augereau who commanded in Holland, Bernadotte who was with the army in the Vendée, Moreau with the Army of the Rhine, Jourdan, and others, would support the movement. It is stated in the life of Charles XIV of Sweden, that Bonaparte, when going to set off for Italy,

told Bernadotte, whom he had just appointed to the command of the Army of the West "I am going to run again the chances of battle. If I should fall, you will be at the head of 40,000 men, within reach of Paris . . . the fate of the Republic will be in *your* hands. The Republicans of Paris, however, had not much time allowed them for consultation. The next day, 21st, the First Consul's despatch arrived, announcing the victory. The conspirators slunk back again into the shade. Bonaparte, however, had been made acquainted with their machinations by the police. There is a curious letter from Lucien to Joseph, written after the news of the battle of Marengo, by which it appears that the Royalists had been also intriguing at the same time as the republicans.

Bonaparte was almost as angry against General Kellermann as against the republicans of Paris. He could not bear to hear the victory of Marengo attributed to that cavalry officer. In the evening after the battle he said to his secretary, "That little Kellermann made a lucky charge—he struck in at the critical moment, we owe him a good deal. On what trivial events do affairs depend!" To Kellermann he said, in a cold freezing manner, "You made a good charge." "I am glad you are pleased," said the young cavalry leader. "that charge has placed the crown on your head." Kellermann repeated the expression in a letter which was opened at the post-office and conveyed to the First Consul, who felt that the obligation was too great to be forgiven. Kellermann was not promoted like the other generals of Marengo, and he never afterwards enjoyed much of his chief's favour. The fact was indisputable—the French were beaten when the cavalry charge was made, but Bonaparte never liked to have it so stated.

After a few days spent at Milan, he set off on his return to France, leaving to Massena the command of the Army of Italy. In passing through Turin, he appointed a Provisional Government for Piedmont. Everything was to be provisional in Italy until the next peace. He was greeted at Lyons with acclamations, and he laid the first stone of a fine new square, Place de Bellacour. While traversing the sunny hills of Burgundy he said to his secretary, "Well, a few more campaigns like this, and my name will go down

The Emperor Paul of Russia, whose army, under the intrepid and rapid Suwarroff, had performed what may almost be called miracles of war in Switzerland and Italy during Bonaparte's absence in Egypt, and who had entered most heartily into the European coalition against France, now veered about with the suddenness of insanity, and, because England would not put him in immediate possession of the island of Malta, and remodel her maritime code, he dismissed our minister, Lord Whitworth, and began to organize what was called the Northern Maritime League. Russians, Danes, Swedes, and Prussians were to arm, in order to maintain that England should not search neutral vessels, although loaded with munitions of war or carrying property belonging to her enemies, &c ! In fact, Paul, who was mad, put himself in a state of war against Great Britain, and the Kings of Sweden and Denmark joined him.

This gave great joy to the First Consul, but he was beset by troubles at home. Both Royalists and republicans were conspiring against him. A pamphlet, which appeared about September, 1800, entitled "Parallel between Cromwell, Monk, and Bonaparte," and which was intended to sound public opinion upon the subject of an hereditary consulship, added to the exasperation of the republicans. Lucien Bonaparte, who was then Minister for the Home Department, sent copies of the pamphlets to the prefects in the provinces. Some of these officials, who had figured in the Jacobin Convention, were startled, and they inquired what was meant by the pamphlet of Fouché, Minister of Police, who was connected with them by former sympathies, having himself been a Jacobin of the deepest dye, and one of the most bloodthirsty members of the Convention. Fouché hastened to the First Consul and remonstrated with him on the bad effect which such a publication, coming from a ministerial office, might produce upon the public mind. Bonaparte affected astonishment, said it must have been some blunder of his brother and told Fouché that he, as Police Minister, ought to have had the author instantly arrested and sent to the Temple. As soon as Bonaparte left the room, Fouché said to Bourrienne, with a sardonic smile, "An easy task for me to send the author to the Temple." As soon as I saw the pamphlet I ran to Lucien and represented to him

the impropriety of it ; and then Lucien showed me the manuscript of the work, with corrections and additions in the First Consul's own hand !'

Lucien was sent off as ambassador to Spain, with instructions to force or bully Portugal into a renunciation of her alliance with England. Carnot sent in his resignation as Minister of War, because he knew that he was suspected of countenancing the republican party.

Plots continued, but the police had its emissaries amongst the conspirators. Juvenot, a former aide-de-camp of Henriot, Robespierre's general, was found lurking about Bonaparte's country residence, La Malmaison and was arrested by Fouché. One Chevalier was constructing an infernal machine, but it exploded before he had finished it, and he and some of his accomplices were seized. It is reported that other conspirators proposed to shoot the First Consul in the streets. Two indifferent artists, Ceracchi, a sculptor from Rome, and Topineau-Lebrun, a French painter, having their heads full of the classic legends of Greece and Rome, conceived, that as a new Cæsar had arisen, a new Brutus was wanted to complete the historical parallel, taking for granted that the aristocratic Brutus, the assassin of Cæsar, was a democrat. These modern French republicans, who read ancient history without understanding it, were constantly committing similar mistakes. Ceracchi and Lebrun were joined by Guiseppe Arena, a Corsican and a retired officer, brother of Bartolommeo Arena, a member of the Council of Five Hundred, who had spoken vehemently against Bonaparte in the days of Brumaire at St. Cloud ; by Damerville, formerly secretary to the notorious Barrère in the sanguinary Committee of Public Safety ; by Dinn, a turbulent emigrant from Rome, and by several others, among whom was Harel, a reduced officer in very needy circumstances, who was determined to make money by the plot. Their intention was to stab the First Consul at the opera-house, and then shout, "So perish all Cæsars and Cromwells! Long live the Republic!" It really appears that they had not made up their minds as to time or as to anything else, and that the majority of them were men rather to *talk* than to *do*. Harel, the starting officer, went with

their wild plans, not to Fouché, but to the First Consul himself, who desired Bourrienne to supply him with money. Being thus comfortably provided for, and wearing the mask, Harel went on fomenting the plot, buying daggers and pistols, and engaging to find four resolute fellows to assist in doing the work, and meanwhile he reported at the Tuileries all the movements of the conspirators. It was publicly announced that the First Consul would attend the performance of a new opera on the 11th of October, and it was agreed that Ceracchi, Diana, and Harel, with his four resolute men, should repair to the opera-house and there kill Bonaparte. On the previous day Harel received his instructions from the police, as Fouché was now in the secret, and the police gave Harel four men to act the part of conspirators. On the evening of the 11th, the Consuls, under a strong escort, went to the opera, where everything was nicely arranged by Fouché.

"He put on a great coat over his green uniform," says Bourrienne, "and was accompanied by his aide-de-camp Duroc and myself. He seated himself in the front of his box. When we had been in the theatre about half an hour, the First Consul told me to go and see what was going on in the lobby. I went out and heard a great uproar, and I understood that several persons, whose names I did not hear, had been arrested. I informed the First Consul of it, and we immediately returned to the Tuileries." The fact was, that the sculptor Ceracchi had been arrested, and a dagger, it is said, had been found upon him, his countryman, Diana, had been also seized, but with no weapon on his person. This was the extent of their actual attempt. They were taken to prison, and examined, and in consequence of their depositions and those of Harel the informer, Arena, Damerville, Topineau-Lebrun, and others, were also arrested in their houses. They were not tried for several months after*.

Meantime another and a more dangerous conspiracy was got up

* A. Viusseux. There is an account of their plot by one of their friends, Angeloni, a native of the Roman State, who died in London at a very advanced age in 1842, in his reminiscences entitled "*Esortazioni Patrie*," London, 1832. We knew this old Angeloni, who lived very many years in England, where he gained his livelihood as a teacher of

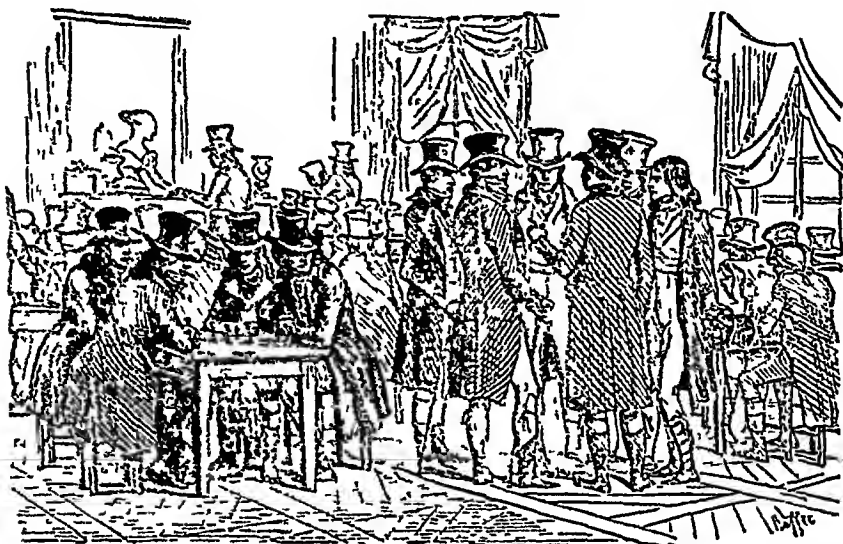
by the Royalists Bonaparte's fears were all directed towards the Jacobins, because he knew that they were men of action, and that they had no principle to stand in their way. He feared the Royalists less because they were gentlemen and had scruples of honour, but here he made a mistake in confounding the courtier Royalists, the Bourbon nobles, with the popular Royalists of La Vendée, the hardy partisans of Brittany, the friends of Charette and Georges Cadoudal, and other chiefs risen from the ranks of the people, as men of that sort must rise in all civil wars, when the mass of the population is appealed to and put in motion. These men, who have been properly called the democrats of Royalism, were attached to their old institutions, their Church, and the customs of their ancestors, just the same as the peasantry of South Italy, of Spain, of Portugal, and of the Tyrol; and this is what Bonaparte did not or would not understand. He thought that he could move them all like pawns on a chessboard, that they must consider their own good and his own will as identical. Fouché, who knew his own friends the Jacobins pretty well, was not at all in the secret of the Royalists, and he was obliged, in order to watch them, to trust to agents not always to be depended upon. Unlike the Jacobins, the Royalists had money at their disposal. It was known to the police that there was a Bourbon committee at Paris, which secretly corresponded with the Count d'Artois (afterwards Charles X) in England, who acted independently of his brother (Louis XVIII), who was then in Russia. This committee had been organized some time before the fall of the Directory. Its object was to bring about a restoration of the royal family by any practicable means; its hope for some time was that Bonaparte, instead of aspiring to sovereign power, would make good terms with the legitimate King Louis, whose good qualities he had very often admitted. But now the Royalists had lost all hopes of Bonaparte's acting the part of Monk. It has never been proved that this committee at Paris or its French principals resident in England

Italian. He was a fair specimen of the class to which he belonged, being neither worse nor better than the common run of Italian political refugees of the so called Liberal school. He never had but one political idea in his life, and that was a wrong one. Yet age did not decrease his fervour. In his eightieth year he would have begun again.

directed any plan for assassinating the First Consul. The Count d'Artois was above all suspicion in this respect, but there were in Paris fanatical Royalists, Vendéans, or Chouans, who were not very scrupulous as to means, who abhorred Bonaparte as the offspring and type of the Revolution, and who were in direct correspondence with Georges Cadoudal, then in England. The death of Bonaparte appeared to the excited imaginations of these men the certain prelude to a restoration. What it would have immediately led to was a frightful anarchy, unless Bernadotte had proved himself sufficiently skilful to take the place of Bonaparte. It may safely be said that neither Moreau nor any other French general would have been equal to the crisis. Two countrymen of Georges Cadoudal, namely St Régent, a naval officer, and Picault de Limoelan who had served with the Royalists in the war of La Vendée, followed by a number of other Chouans, had found their way to Paris. There, among the many thousands who had been ruined and rendered desperate by the Revolution, were a few—but very few—who joined in the plot.

St Régent had become acquainted with the experiment of Chevalier and his infernal machine, and he constructed another machine upon an improved plan, consisting of a barrel filled with powder, balls, grape-shot, and grenades, which was to explode by means of a long match at a given signal. On the evening of the 24th December, 1800, the barrel, placed in a one-horse cart, was drawn to the corner of the Rue Nicaise on the way from the Tuileries to the Rue Richelieu. The First Consul was going that evening to the opera. Just as his carriage had cleared the fatal machine the explosion took place. A number of persons were killed and wounded, and the neighbouring houses and shops, in that densely inhabited district, were extensively injured. Bonaparte's carriage was slightly damaged. He ordered the coachman to drive on, entered his box apparently calm, but his eye turned anxiously round, he left soon after and returned to the Tuileries, where the great hall on the ground-floor was filled with functionaries waiting for his appearance.

As soon as Bonaparte entered he exclaimed, with great bitter-



A Conspirators' Rendezvous

ness, ' This is the work of the Jacobins they have attempted my life . . . There are neither robles, priests, nor Chouans in this business. . . . I know what I am about, and they must not think of deceiving me. They are the cutthroats of September, the assassins of Versailles, the brigands of the 31st of May, the conspirators of Prairial, who have been and are in permanent revolt against every succeeding government It is scarce three months since my life was attempted by Ceracchi, Arena, Topineau-Lebrun, and the rest Since these men cannot be restrained, they must be crushed ; France must be purged of these ruffians " The next day the Council of State was assembled, and proposed to create special or extraordinary courts to try the guilty. Bonaparte said that the proceedings of a special court were too slow for such atrocious guilt, that the public vengeance ought to be as prompt as lightning " We must shoot fifteen or twenty men, and transport about two hundred more, and avail ourselves of this opportunity to clear the country of them The head-quarters once dispersed, the followers, the journeymen of the suburbs, will return to their work, and ten thousand in-

dividuals who belong to the party will forsake it altogether. . . . At the crisis of the conspiracy of Catiline, Cicero had the conspirators put to death, and said that by doing so he had saved his country I should be unworthy of the great mission which I have assumed, if I were not to show severity under such circumstances. France and Europe would despise a government which, when a whole district of Paris is blown up, should merely proceed by an ordinary criminal trial for such a crime I am so convinced of the necessity of making an example, that I am ready to summon before me the villains, interrogate them, and sign their condemnation I am not speaking for myself. I have braved many other dangers, and my good fortune has saved me, but this is a question of social order, of public morality, and of national reputation" In the end, however, a military commission was preferred for passing judgment on the accused Chevalier and his accomplices in the first infernal machine were so tried, and were executed But as some faint murmurs were heard, Ceracchi, Topineau-Lebrun, Arena, Damerville, and Diana were sent not before a military commission, but before the ordinary criminal court Diana was acquitted, the other four were condemned and guillotined

Bonaparte was accustomed in his latter days to talk a good deal about this infernal machine Having laboured hard all that day, he was overpowered with sleep after dinner, and Josephine had some difficulty in rousing him and persuading him to go to the opera. "I fell fast asleep again," said he, "after I was in my carriage, and at the moment when the explosion took place I was dreaming of the danger I had run some years before in crossing the Tagliamento during a flood at midnight by the light of torches" The noise and the shock woke him, and he exclaimed to Lannes and Bessières, who were with him in the coach, "We are blown up!" He had escaped most narrowly He added that the coachman, having drunk more wine than usual, drove more rapidly than was his custom According to some accounts the explosion killed twenty persons and wounded fifty-three, among whom was St Régent himself.

Assisted by Fouché, Bonaparte drew up a list of proscription, containing the names of *one hundred and thirty-three* individuals

who were to be transported beyond the seas *without any trial at all*. Most of them had figured in the violent epochs of the Revolution, several of them were noted as leaders of the frightful massacres in Paris or elsewhere, and it may be safely said that all these had merited punishment more severe than transportation, but there were also included in the list of proscription those members of the Council of Five Hundred who had been most earnest in their opposition to Bonaparte's *coup d'état* on the 19th Brumaire. The individuals thus proscribed were seized and shipped off for the unhealthy climate of French Guiana*. A declaration of the Senate, somewhat pedantically called a *Senatus Consultum* (as such things continued to be styled), under the date of January, 1801, sanctioned this arbitrary measure of the executive, on the plea "that it was required for the preservation of the Constitution."

At last, on the 31st of January, 1801, Fouché having obtained sufficient evidence of the guilt of St Régent and the other Chouan Royalists, made his report to Bonaparte, and then could no longer deny that he had been mistaken in accusing the Jacobins of constructing the second infernal machine which had so nearly destroyed him. St Régent and his accomplices, being discovered by some of Fouché's innumerable police agents, were publicly tried and executed. They all met their fate like brave, determined men, impressed with the belief that they had been in the way of their duty as Royalists and friends to the Roman Church.

The First Consul, however, continued to be far more implacable against the Jacobins than against the Royalists. He hated the word *liberty* far more than the word *king*, even when the name Louis was prefixed to it. He was sometimes merciful to the Royalist plotter, but to the republican never. To say that Bonaparte utterly despised

* It is somewhat strange that in Mr Lockhart's "Life of Bonaparte," and in various other popular English works, it should continue to be stated that this arbitrary decree was never put into execution. It was carried into execution, as we have stated in our text, as is asserted in innumerable French works, and as may be proved by a heap of official documents. That all the proscribed were not sent across the seas is true. Some were kept on the French coast, close prisoners at Rochelle. Not one of them was ever brought before a tribunal, either military or civil.

the relics of that odious party (the Jacobins) is a capital historical error men do not hate what they despise, and he hated if he did not fear the Jacobins to the very last day of his political existence Utterly to discredit the party, he gave out that they were all in the pay of Mr Pitt, the Prime Minister of England At the same time, however, he loudly proclaimed that the Royalists were in the same pay, and that the English, the Chouans, and the other partisans of Louis XVIII, were equally engaged in these foul conspiracies to murder him! Our newspaper press retaliated, and falsehoods and scandals against the First Consul, his family, and even their private lives, which never ought to have seen the light, were published to the world, and imposed on it for a time It must, at the same time, be confessed that the first provocation was great, and that it came from Bonaparte Nobody in England now believes the fables and exaggerations which were of home manufacture Would that we could say that there are none in France who credit the monstrous lie that George III, Mr Pitt, and his entire Cabinet, leagued themselves with assassins.

Conferences between the diplomatists of France and Austria were held at Luneville Soon growing impatient, the First Consul ordered Moreau to resume hostilities in Germany, and sent Macdonald to cross the Splügen into Italy, and there make a diversion in favour of Brune, who was to attack the Austrians on the Mincio This most difficult passage of the Splügen is that to which we have alluded. Moreau made a short and brilliant campaign he had the worst in an affair at Haag, but on the 3rd of December he completely defeated the Archduke John in the bloody battle of Hohenlinden He then crossed the Inn, and was marching upon Vienna, when the Archduke Charles superseded his brother, and proposed an armistice, which was concluded on the 25th of December This armistice led to the Peace of Luneville, which was signed on the 9th of February, 1801 The Treaty of Luneville restored peace to the Continent, and was the subject of enthusiastic rejoicing at Paris. But the military fame which Moreau had fairly won disquieted the First Consul he had never liked the man, and now he was jealous of him "Why so much talk about Moreau?" said he, "he only

acted upon my orders The strategy was mine, not his! *I* drew out the plan of campaign for him, for all of them." And this was true.

England was thus once more left alone in the war. Her energy did not desert her She was determined to treat only on favourable grounds, and to this end she struck at the Maritime League of the North, and threw a gallant little army into Egypt In March, 1801, a large fleet sailed into the Baltic under Admiral Sir Hyde Parker, with Nelson as his second in command On the 2nd of April Nelson disposed of the Danish fleet, and induced the Crown Prince of Denmark to renounce the League. Our fleet then appeared before Carlscroua, when the King of Sweden also gave in Sir Hyde Parker then appeared off Revel, where the Russian fleet lay, and there he received the news of the death of the insane Emperor Paul, who had been strangled by some of his own officers and nobles At the beginning of June, Paul's successor, the Emperor Alexander, removed the embargo from our shipping, and liberated a number of British subjects, and the 17th of that month friendly relations were re-established between England and Russia Bonaparte's disappointment and irritation were excessive He had hoped to join the Danish fleet, which Nelson had destroyed, to the French fleet, in order to attempt the invasion of England, and he had counted upon the unfortunate Paul as a devoted blind ally. His official paper, the *Moniteur*, did not hesitate to affirm that Paul had been murdered at the instigation of his own son Alexander, and of England! It set up and long maintained a terrible outcry against England for having attacked a neutral state—as if Bonaparte had ever respected a neutrality that stood in his way But, in sober truth, Denmark was not neutral, but occupied a menacing position, and if Nelson had not destroyed her fleet, it would inevitably have been united to the navy of France—with or without the consent of the Danish government—would have been brought into the British Channel, and have been directed against our coasts The First Consul was still haunted with visions of the East, and into one of the wildest of these the unhappy Paul had warmly entered A combined French and Russian army were to march by land to the banks

of the Indus! Bonaparte had even prepared a proclamation, in which the Mohammedan people of India were told that they were to be relieved "from the oppressions and despotism of the English" by the kind sympathy of Russia and France."

During this dream the English army, which landed in Egypt under the command of Sir Ralph Abercrombie, was marching from victory to victory. The brave and competent Kleber, to whom Bonaparte had left the French army, was stabbed by a vindictive Arab, and was succeeded in the command by the very incompetent Menou. An Anglo-Indian army had come from Bombay to the Isthmus of Suez, and the splendid Mameluke cavalry had reappeared on the field. On the 27th of June, 1801, General Belliard capitulated at Cairo, on condition that his troops, with their arms, should be conveyed to France. About 13,000 of them reached their native country, being all that was left of the Army of Egypt. The French garrison which Bonaparte had put in Malta was also obliged to capitulate, and the English remained masters of that very important island.

In February, 1802, M. Doublet, who had been French commissary at Malta, called upon Bourrienne at the Tuileries, and complained bitterly that a letter, which he had written from Malta to the First Consul, in February, 1800, had been altered in the *Moniteur*. In that letter, Doublet, after congratulating the First Consul on his new dignity, acquainted him of the alarming state of the garrison of Malta. "Hasten," said he, "to save Malta with men and provisions, no time is to be lost." The *Moniteur* printed the reverse. "Your name inspires the brave defenders of Malta with fresh courage, we have men and provisions." Doublet said that this placed him in a very disagreeable situation, for he had been accused of having "concealed the real situation of the island, in which he was discharging at the time a public function." Bourrienne stated the complaint to Bonaparte, who shrugged up his shoulders, and, laughing, said, "Take no notice of him, he is a fool." And Bourrienne adds, "I very seldom saw letters or reports published as they were received and when the path of candour and good faith is once departed from, any pretext can be put forward to justify bad conduct. What sort

of a history would a man write, if he consulted only the pages of the *Moniteur*?"

In consequence of the Peace of Luneville, the French armies of Germany, Italy, and Switzerland returned home, and 150,000 men were now to be distributed among the garrisons of France. It was a question what to do with these men, accustomed to live in free quarters at the expense of foreigners. Bonaparte sent the greater part of them to encamp on the coast of the channel from Abbeville to Antwerp. It was a demonstration against his remaining enemy, England, and it was at the same time a pretence for keeping them in exercise and in the practice of field manoeuvres. This was the origin of the Camp of Boulogne, intended, as it was stated, for the invasion of England, a threat which at that epoch was meant to influence the British Government in favour of peace, of which Bonaparte stood in need to consolidate his newly assumed power. He collected in the harbour of Boulogne, St Valery, Calais, Etaples, &c, a very numerous flotilla, which Nelson attacked repeatedly, but with no very great effect, as the vessels were moored with strong invisible iron chains, protected by tremendous land batteries, and supported by a numerous army.

At the commencement of the Consulate the exiled or fugitive members of the Constituent Assembly were invited to return to France. It was for their own sake, and to please the moderate Royalists, that the First Consul recalled them, but it was to please the Jacobins that their return was subjected to restrictions and exceptions. At first the invitation to return to France extended only to such of the members of the first legislature as had voted in favour of the abolition of nobility, titles, &c. About the same time the general lists of emigrants were closed, and committees were appointed to investigate their claims to the privilege of returning and obtaining repossession of their property.

In April, 1801, a general amnesty was granted to all emigrants who chose to return to France, and take the oath of fidelity to the present Government. About five hundred individuals were, however, excepted, including those who belonged to the households of the Bourbon princes, those who had been at the head of armed

bodies of Royalists, or who had held rank in foreign armies employed against their country, and all those who were held to be convicted of treason. The property of the returned emigrants which had not been sold, or which had not been appropriated by the State for public purposes, was to be restored to them. But no laws were fixed to determine and regulate this restriction; and the First Consul restored or withheld, gave to one member of the emigrant family or to another, just in proportion as he found the parties disposed to enter his service and identify their interests with his. He was, besides, by no means anxious to put an end to their state of uncertainty or dependence. He rarely gave at once all that was in his power to give, or all that the amnesty promised. To some of the returned emigrants he would restore nothing, to some few, who at once devoted themselves to his cause or to their own interests, he gave more than they or their progenitors had ever possessed, sometimes he restored the family property, or such a fragment of it as he chose, not to the father, but to the son, and if the younger son promised to serve his purpose better than the elder, he gave it to the younger, and sometimes, acting upon the republican law, which established an equal division of property, and which law he was embodying in his own grand code, he divided the fragments of an estate among all the children of a family. As a general rule, he doled out the property piecemeal, giving now a house, now another, now a farm or a wood, as the returned repentant emigrant rendered him services or conciliated his good-will.

"The First Consul had, in fact, reserved to himself the faculty of disposing, under whatever pretexts might suit him, of the fortune and fate of all and everybody. This unheard-of state of dependence excuses in many respects the meanness of the nation. Can any one expect a universal heroism? And did it not require heroism to expose oneself to ruin, to beggary, and a fresh banishment, which might be brought about at any time by the application of some revolutionary decree? A unique concurrence of circumstances placed under the control of one man all the laws of the Reign of Terror, and all the vast military force which had been

created by the republican enthusiasm. What an inheritance was this for an able despot !” *

Bonaparte calculated that, by fostering the Catholic religion and entering into terms with the head of the Church of Rome, he should detach the Pope from the coalition of sovereigns, and the priests of France from the Royalists. “It is indispensable,” said he, “to have a religion for the people; and equally so that that religion should be directed by the Government. At present fifty bishops, in the pay of England, direct the French clergy, we must destroy that influence; we must declare the Catholic the established religion of France, as it is the faith of the majority of the French people. We must reorganize the constitution of the Church. The First Consul will appoint the fifty bishops; the Pope will induct them; the bishops will appoint the parish priests, and the people will pay their salaries. They must all take the oath of fidelity, the refractory must be transported. The Pope, in grateful return, will confirm our sales of the Church property, he will consecrate the revolution, the people will sing, ‘God save the Gallican Church!’ For this, some will call me a Papist. I am no such thing . . . I am no believer in particular creeds, but as to the idea of a God, look to the heavens and say who made that !” †

These were words uttered in council. In private he said, “I am convinced that a good part of France would become Protestant, especially if I were to favour that disposition. But I am also certain that a still greater portion of those who have any religion at all would remain Catholic, and would oppose with the greatest zeal and fervour the schism of their fellow citizens. I dread these religious quarrels, which have been so terrible in France—I dread the family dissensions and the public distractions which a change to Protestantism would inevitably occasion. In reviving a religion which has always been dominant in the country, and in giving the liberty of exercising their worship to the minority, I shall satisfy every one. Without establishing a Church separate from that of Rome, I will be the head of the Church in France. . . . In every country

* Madame de Staël, “*Considérations*.”

† Thibaudeau

religion is useful to the government, and those who govern ought to avail themselves of it in order to maintain their influence over mankind I was a Mohammedan in Egypt, I am a Catholic in France With relation to the *police* of a state religion, it ought to be entirely in the hands of the sovereign Many persons urge me to found a separate Gallican Church, but before I can resolve on such a measure the old Pope must push matters to extremities, but I believe he will never do that" His secretary reminded him that Cardinal Gonsalvi had said, "The Pope will do all the First Consul desires" "This is the best course he can take," rejoined Bonaparte, "he must not suppose that he has to do with an idiot What do you think is the point his negotiations put most forward? The immortal salvation of *my* soul! But with *me* immortality only means the recollection one leaves in the memory of man! That idea prompts me to great actions! It would be better for a man never to have lived, than to leave behind him no traces of his existence!"* He, however, continued through life to declare that he was no materialist, that he believed at least in the existence of a God, or some first great cause, and wishing at this moment to appear to believe more than he did, he was exceedingly wroth with Lalande, who, while he was negotiating his concordat with the Pope, wished to insert his name in a biographical dictionary of illustrious atheists†

During these negotiations he endeavoured to elicit the sentiments of several of the Councillors of State on the subject of religion and a national Church Thibaudeau reports a remarkable conversation which he had with one of the councillors, most probably Thibaudeau himself

"On the 2nd Prairial, the Councillor of State N—— dined at Malmaison After dinner the First Consul took him alone into the grounds, and led the conversation to the subject of religion He spoke at length against the various systems of the philosophers, on deism, on natural religion, &c 'All that,' said he, 'is nothing but ideology' He repeatedly called Garat the leader of the ideologists 'Hear me,' said he 'I was walking about this solitary spot last

* Bourrienne.

† Bourrienne

Sunday evening, everything was silent, when the sound of the bell of the village church of Ruel suddenly struck my ear. I felt deeply affected, such is the power of early impressions and of education. I then said to myself, how great an influence these things must have upon simple and credulous men! Let your philosophers, your ideologists, answer that! There must be a religion for the people, but this religion must be in the hands of the Government. At present fifty bishops, emigrants, and in the pay of England, lead the clergy of France. We must destroy their influence, and for this the authority of the Pope is required. They must vacate their sees, or the Pope will supersede them. We will declare that as the Catholic religion is that of the majority of Frenchmen, the exercise and worship of it must be legally organized. The First Consul appoints fifty new bishops, and the Pope gives them the canonical institution. The bishops appoint the parish incumbents, and the State pays them. They must all take an oath of fidelity to the Government, those who refuse shall be transported. The Pope sanctions the sale of the Church property, and thus he consecrates the Republic. They will sing in the churches *Salvum fac Rempublicam*. People will say that I am a Papist. I was a Mohammedan in Egypt, and I shall be a Catholic here, for the good of the people. I do not believe in religion But the idea of a God.' And then raising his hands towards the heavens, he exclaimed, 'Who, then, has made all this?' N—— now spoke in reply, after having listened in perfect silence. 'To discuss the necessity of religion,' said he, 'would be foreign to the present question. I will even grant the utility of a public worship. A worship must have priests, but priests can exist without forming an embodied clergy, without a hierarchy animated by one spirit, and ever aiming at one end and the same object. A hierarchy is a power, and a colossal power. Were the hierarchy to have for its head the chief of the State, it would not be half so formidable, but as long as it acknowledges a foreign prince for its head it is a rival power. There never was an opportunity so favourable as the present for effecting a great religious change. You have the constitutional priests, the apostolical vicars of the Pope, and the emigrant bishops of England, and

many shades in each of the three sections. Citizens and priests are all disunited, and the great body of the nation looks on all this with perfect indifference' 'You are mistaken,' said the First Consul 'The French peasant loves his parish priest provided he has not to pay him The clergy exists, and will exist so long as there is a religious feeling The feeling is inherent in the people There have been republics, democracies, but never a State without religion, without worship, without priests Is it not better to organize the public worship, and place the priests under proper discipline, than to leave everything to go on at random? The priests now preach against the Republic ought we to transport them to Guiana? No, let us bind them by proper regulations, let us win them to the Republican Government' 'You will never win them over,' replied N—— 'The Revolution has deprived them of their honours and wealth; you will never make them forget that! The priests will always be in a state of war against our new institutions Scattered as they are now, they will be less dangerous than when organized and reunited' 'Shall I,' cried the First Consul, 'shall I do the very reverse of what Henri IV did?''* 'For my part,' said N——, 'I should prefer Protestantism You have only to say a word, and Popery is overthrown, and France becomes Protestant' 'Yes, one half of it, but the other half remains Catholic, and we shall have quarrels and contentions without end Why provoke resistance on the part of the clergy and the people? Enlightened persons will not rise against Catholicism, because they are indifferent I therefore avoid much opposition at home, whilst abroad I may, by means of the Pope . . . ' but here he checked himself 'Yes,' said N——, 'but at the cost of other sacrifices which will render you dependent on him You have to deal with a skilful antagonist, who is always stronger against those who keep on terms with him than against those who have broken with him altogether Now everything looks smooth and fair, but when you think that you have done with the Pope, you will find yourself mistaken' 'My dear friend,'

* The reader will remember that Henri IV, bred a Protestant, renounced his faith for State purposes, or in order to secure the throne and tranquilize France

said Bonaparte, 'there is neither sincerity nor belief amongst men. . . . There is nothing more to be taken away from the clergy It is now a mere political question. . . . Things are gone too far, and the course I have taken appears to me the safest.'"

After a long correspondence, and the interchange of many messages and compliments, Pius VII. sent Gonsalvi, the Cardinal Secretary of State, and Archbishop Spina, to Paris, Bonaparte not deeming it delicate to leave the negotiations in the hands of that stray son of the Church, Talleyrand, his present Minister for Foreign Affairs and negotiator general, deputed his own brother Joseph to treat with the Cardinal, giving him the theological assistance of the Abbé Bernier. As a great many of the constitutional clergy, or of those priests who had swallowed the *serment civique*, and had sworn to be true to whatsoever constitution had been made, had taken wives unto themselves, Joseph Bonaparte proposed to do away with the celibacy of the clergy, but here Gonsalvi, who had come to grant almost everything which might be demanded (it being felt that compliance with the will of the Consul offered the only chance of saving the States of the Church in Italy from being annexed to the Cisalpine Republic, and of restoring something like a religion and a decent worship in France), quoted the councils and unalterable canons of the Romish Church, and declared his inability, and the inability of the Pontiff himself, to entertain for a single moment such a proposition. All that could be done, consistently with the ancient discipline and ancient dogmas of the Church, was to secularize and absolve from their vows such priests as had married, and thus the Cardinal engaged to do

At last, in September, 1801, the concordat was concluded, the Pope making several concessions which had never been granted by any of his predecessors. He sanctioned the sale of Church property, and thus brought new purchasers into that market, for the devout or believing part of the French had hitherto abstained from buying the confiscated lands and property of the Church, as from an impious sacrilegious transaction. He suppressed many bishoprics, which had certainly been too numerous in the old times, he

superseded all bishops who refused the oath of fidelity to the Government, and he agreed that the First Consul should appoint the bishops, subject only to the approbation of the Vatican, which was to bestow upon them the canonical institution. The bishops, in concert and agreement with the Government, were to make a new distribution of the parishes of their respective dioceses, and the incumbents appointed by the bishops were to be approved by the civil authorities. The bishops, of course, as well as all canons, curés, parish priests, and clergymen whatsoever, were to take the oath of fidelity to the present Government, but, not satisfied by the general and comprehensive oath, Joseph, or his brother, the Consul, introduced a clause binding them all *to swear to reveal any plots which they might hear of against the State*. This clause was inconsistent with the canonical vow which binds a Catholic priest to conceal whatever he may hear in the confessional, but Gonsalvi was obliged to admit it. The total abolition of convents was also confirmed, and various clauses were introduced as if to excuse or justify the violence of the revolutionary suppression and the seizure of all the property of the wealthy monastic orders. By pursuing this course themselves, with respect to the great order of Jesuits, many years before the French Revolution, the Popes and the absolute sovereigns of Catholic Europe had established a precedent; while the reforming emperor, Joseph, who, at a period subsequent to the suppression of the Jesuits, had laid his bold hands on the property of other orders, had added precedent to precedent. As for compensation or provision for the dispossessed monks, it was left by the concordat much as it was before, the State paying or not paying, as circumstances might be, some pensions of the slenderest kind. Upon these and other conditions, it was proclaimed on the part of the French Government that the Roman Catholic religion was that of the majority of Frenchmen, that its worship should be free, public, and protected by the authorities, but under such regulations as the civil power should think proper to prescribe, that the active clergy, instead of having tithes, domains, &c, should be paid and provided for by the State, and that the cathedrals and parish churches should be restored to them.

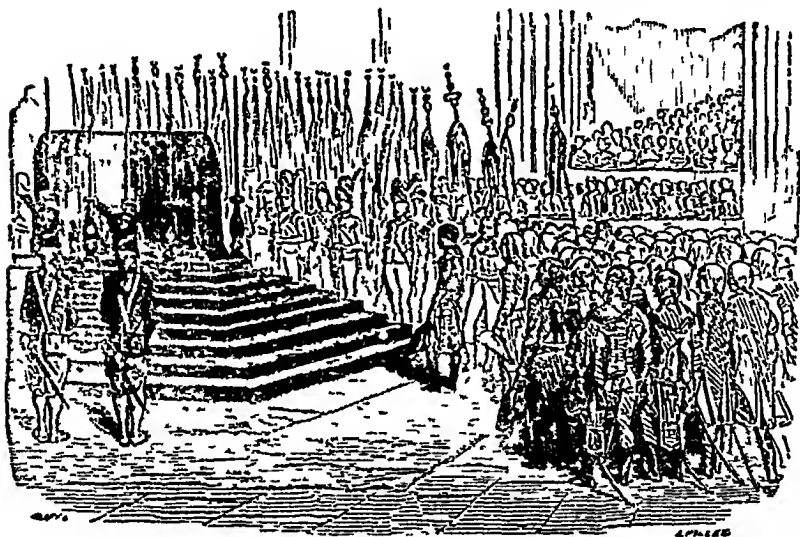
On Easter Sunday, 1802, the concordat was published at Paris, together with a decree of the Consular Government, containing regulations upon matters of clerical discipline, which were artfully worded so as to make them appear part of the text of the original concordat. Nothing was done by Bonaparte without a trick in it, there was a trickiness or some double meaning even in the best of his doings. The Pope afterwards remonstrated, but the First Consul turned a deaf ear to ear to him. The concordat must have this rider, or there must be no concordat at all: the will of Napoleon must be absolute in regulating the discipline of the ministers of religion, or there should be no religion in France. Regulations concerning the discipline of the Protestant congregations in France were issued at the same time, and, that all might be dependent on the Government, the Protestant ministers, like the Catholic priests, were to be paid by the State. In no cases were these salaries very high. There was no disposition to revive the splendour and the aristocracy of the old Church, there was to be a rigid equality in each grade of the hierarchy, in rank and in pay. Ten archbishops were to have a salary of 15,000 francs, or about £600 a year each, fifty bishops were to have 10,000 francs, or about £400 a year each, the parish priests in the larger parishes were to be paid about £60 a year each, and in the smaller parishes about £48. The number of curés and parish priests of all kinds was fixed at 8,000.

To give proper solemnity to the promulgation of the concordat, the First Consul resolved that it should be made in the cathedral church, and that his Court and principal officers, with or against their wills, should attend him thither in high state. Here, too, another trick was necessary, for the consular Court was in general extremely irreligious, "nor could it be expected to be otherwise, being composed of those who had assisted in the annihilation of all religious worship in France, and of men who, having passed their lives in camps, had oftener entered a church in Italy to purloin a painting than to hear the Mass"*. Some of the military chiefs too had been bred in the Protestant faith, some of them, as Moreau, retained in

* Bourrienne

full force their republican predilections, and saw clearly that this setting up of the altar was only the prelude to the setting up of a throne perhaps not one man in ten among them either believed with Bonaparte in the existence of a Supreme Being, or had agreed with Robespierre in believing the immortality of the soul But to Mass they must all go, for such was the absolute will of the First Consul, and therefore Berthier, the Minister at War, invited them to a breakfast, and to attend the levée of the First Consul, who took them unawares with him to Notre Dame. Rapp, Bonaparte's favourite and confidential aide-de-camp, who had been brought up as a Protestant, knew what was meant by Berthier's invitation, and positively refused to attend the ceremony, although requested by the First Consul himself. "Provided," said Rapp, "you do not make these priests your aides-de-camp or your cooks, you may do with them what you like" But on the road from the Tuileries to the cathedral, Lannes and Augereau wanted to alight from the carriage as soon as they discovered that they were being driven to Mass, and it required an express order from their General-in-Chief to prevent their doing so It is even said that Lannes at one moment did get out of the coach, and that Augereau kept swearing in no low whisper during the whole of the chanted Mass It seems to be admitted on all sides, that, with the exception of some, who, without having any religious convictions, possessed that good sense which induces men to respect the belief of others, and who conducted themselves with some regard to decency, the behaviour of all these military chiefs, and of all the other aggrandized children of the Revolution, was to the last degree profane and indecorous The First Consul rode in the state carriage of the Bourbon kings, with the same coachmen, and with running footmen by the coach doors The day chosen for the ceremony was the 15th of August, the festival of the Assumption—one of the most solemn of Catholicism, and destined to be, after a few more tricks and turns, the anniversary of St Napoleon, for there was in the calendar a St Charlemagne, and Bonaparte determined not to be left behind that great founder of an empire He had selected the Archbishop of Aix to officiate and inaugurate the concordat, because that prelate had preached the

coronation sermon in the cathedral of Rheims on the day when Louis XVI was crowned Both *Mass* and *Te Deum* were sung, and the clergy, to the accompaniment of one hundred and one discharges of artillery, struck up "God save the Republic and the Consuls !" assuredly a proper termination to so stupendous a farce



High Mass at Notre Dame

On the next day Bonaparte asked one of the republican generals what he thought of the ceremony "Oh, it was all very fine," replied the general, "there was nothing wanting except the million of men who have perished in the pulling down of that which you are setting up again!" The brow of the First Consul was clouded by this bitter remark.*

The *savans* and the philosophers whom he had rallied round his person, and some of whom, during the sojourn in the land of Egypt and the tedious voyage from that country, had laboured, with all

* Bourrienne attributes the sharp repartee to Augereau Thibaudau and others, with more probability, put it in the mouth of that staunch Jacobin republican, General Delmas, who was a friend of Moreau, and exiled from Paris shortly after

the zeal of propagandists, to convert him to a sheer atheism like their own, appear to have given him considerable trouble at this time, and to have frequently made him blush at the degrading idea of being taken for one who believed in the exploded absurdities of Christianity. But while on the one side he told his new bishops and curés that he hoped this concordat would revive religious sentiments in France, and that, in his opinion, the Catholic religion, the only one founded upon ancient traditions, was the most likely to endure in the world, he said to that great luminary of the philosophers and unbelievers, Cabanis, "Do you know what this concordat really is? It is the vaccination of religion in fifty years there will be no more religion in France than small-pox!"†

He resisted the endeavours which were made to persuade him to perform in public the duties imposed by the Catholic religion. To those who urged that his high example was required he said angrily, "I have done enough already. I have been once to Notre Dame. Ask me no more. You will never obtain your object you shall never make a hypocrite of me!"

He was, however, a hypocrite vicariously, and that, too, by doing criminal violence to the consciences of others, for, on certain occasions, he obliged his generals, his ministers, and his courtiers, to attend publicly to the offices of the Catholic Church, and to affect to be good Catholics for him.

At last he consented to hear Mass indoors, after the fashion of the kings, and St Cloud was the place where this ancient usage was first re-established. But (still another trick) he directed the ceremony to commence sooner than the time announced in order that those who would only have scoffed at it might not arrive until it was over. When he determined to hear Mass *publicly* on Sundays in the Tuileries, a small portable altar was prepared in a room into

† Madame de Staël, "Considérations." Vaccination had just been introduced in France, or at least widely spread there, by M. Liancourt de Rouchefoucauld, one of the noble and best members of the Constituent Assembly, who had recently been recalled from his long exile by the decree of the Consular Government, which has been noticed in the text. Bonaparte was enchanted with this great discovery in medicine, saying that it would save more lives per annum than the bloodiest of wars would cost him.

which his cabinet of business opened "This room," says Bourrienne, "had been Anne of Austria's oratory. The small altar restored it for the time to its original destination, but during all the rest of the week this oratory was used as a bath-room. On Sunday the door of communication was thrown wide open, and we heard Mass sitting in our cabinet of business. The number of persons there never exceeded *three* or *four*, and the First Consul seldom failed to transact some business during the service, which never lasted longer than twelve minutes. Next day all the papers had the news that the First Consul had heard Mass in his apartment."

Fouché, a renegade priest, a distinguished member of "La Congrégation de l'Oratoire" when the Revolution began, but who had declared himself an atheist, and had sought to overthrow Robespierre by means of atheism, was now, as Minister of Police, charged with the duty of settling the new clergy in their sees and livings. He addressed a circular letter to the prefects of departments, commanding them to exercise a sharp surveillance over the priests, and to draw a proper distinction between such as had been allowed to return from their emigration or deportation, and such as had had no need of pardon, namely, "the men, born of the Revolution, who have always been faithful to it, who have united their fate to that of the Republic, and who do not cease preaching to-day their love and respect to the Government, both by their discourses and by their example"* This invidious distinction was intended to exclude altogether the priests who had resisted the revolutionary torrent and refused the *serment civique*—the only part of the clergy who, down to the time of the concordat, could lay any claim to orthodoxy. But without Fouché's and his master's restrictions, many of these priests were determined not to return to France, preferring to gain their livelihoods in foreign countries by teaching their language, or to be supported by the charity of their co-religionists, to the recognizing of a concordat extorted from the Pope, and to taking the oaths to a Government which they held to be

* Letter to the Prefects, in Capefigue, "L'Europe pendant le Consulat et l'Empire de Napoléon."

illegal, irreligious, impious The most conscientious, the most high-minded of the clergy, either remained in exile, or, returning, declined joining the new establishment Of seventeen bishops and archbishops who were residing in England, only four submitted to the will of the First Consul Of the prelates residing in France, eight resigned into the hands of the Pope's legate the sees they held previously to the Revolution, rather than acknowledge the concordat and take the oaths to the present Government.

Several pamphlets made their appearance even in Paris, complaining of the wrongs done to the Church, of the violence offered to the conscience of true believers, and of the degrading compromise made between materialism and Catholicism, and in the seminary of St Sulpice an opposition to some of the clauses of the concordat was got up by the Abbés Emmery and Fournier To stop all discussion, Bonaparte set Fouché and his police in motion the pamphlets were seized and burned, several measures were taken to prevent the printing of such things in future, the Abbé Fournier was seized and thrown into a madhouse, within a month after the promulgation of the concordat, 150 ecclesiastics were arrested in the single diocese of Paris, and under the least pretext of resistance, bishops, abbés, curés, vicars were thrown into the Temple, the dungeons of Vincennes, or some other of the *fifty-seven* new prisons in Paris

On the other hand, nothing could well exceed the base flattery and extravagant eulogiums of the leaders of that part of the clergy which submitted Not merely in State addresses, but in sermons delivered from the pulpit, and in pastoral letters, charges, and catechisms, distributed all over France, they called the Corsican General the Envoy of God, the Instrument of His Decrees, the Representative of Providence upon Earth, they spontaneously sang *Te Deums* for the bloodiest of his victories over the independence of nations, they proclaimed that words could not express the extent of the services he was rendering to *Almighty God* and to *themselves*. These were not things proper to revive religious sentiments among a scoffing incredulous people

By this time the public both in France and in England were getting tired of war. On this side of the Channel few statesmen

believed that Bonaparte would or could remain quiet for any length of time ; but, however short it might be, it was resolved to try the experiment of a peace. Nothing can be more unfair or unreasonable than to impute to Mr Pitt the origin or continuance of the war. That great statesman had started as a peace minister, and as such he would have continued if France had allowed, against a dishonourable peace, or a peace which would turn out (like this of Amiens) to be but an uneasy truce, he had many and reasonable objections ; but Mr Pitt was no longer in office—he had resigned.

In August, 1801, negotiations were opened between M Otto, a French diplomatist, resident in England as commissary for the French prisoners of war, and Lord Hawkesbury, Minister for Foreign Affairs under the Addington Administration, which had succeeded that of Mr Pitt. England agreed to restore the French, Spanish, and Dutch colonies, with the exception of Ceylon and Trinidad, and to make other sacrifices, as if she too were a conquered or defeated party. Hostilities were ordered to cease on the 1st of October, 1801, but the definitive treaty was not signed until nearly six months after this period.

Meanwhile, Lucien Bonaparte had been negotiating at Madrid a treaty with Spain, or rather with Godoy, the all-powerful Court favourite, and the cause of infinite mischief to his country. Spain agreed to restore to France her old American possessions of Louisiana, with New Orleans, &c, and France as an equivalent engaged to assist Spain in conquering Portugal, and to give Tuscany, under the classical name of the Kingdom of Etruria, to the son of the Duke of Parma, a prince of the Spanish branch of Bourbons, who had recently married a daughter of the King of Spain, and whose father the Duke of Parma now renounced for his heirs the sovereignty of Parma and Piacenza, which were to be left at the disposal of France. Forthwith the Court of Madrid declared war against Portugal without a shadow of justice or of reason, except that Portugal, using its rights as a neutral independent State, continued in its old friendly relations with England. Godoy, who had been promised by a secret article of the treaty an independent principality in Portugal, opened the campaign, and took Olivença and some other border

towns, whilst a corps of French troops crossed the Spanish frontiers to support Godoy in case of need. Such was the iniquitous key which first brought Bonaparte's columns into the Peninsula, and exposed to the eyes of his agents the wretched state of the Court of Madrid. Bitterly did Spain pay for this iniquity! The Court soon grew weary of the Portuguese war, which it had not the means of supporting, and in June, 1801, a convention was concluded at Badajoz for the immediate cessation of hostilities, Portugal engaging to shut its ports to the English. This was previous to the long negotiations with England. The First Consul appeared to be in great wrath when he heard of the Badajoz treaty, and forthwith he declared that a French army should prepare to march through Spain against Portugal. The Courts of Lisbon and Madrid became equally alarmed. Lucien was urged to mediate with his brother, and under his auspices the affair was hushed, and by a secret article, 20,000,000 of francs were placed by the Prince Regent of Portugal to be at the disposal of the First Consul. Lucien, according to French historians, received for himself a present of some millions of francs, chiefly in diamonds and other precious stones, and Talleyrand and others were not forgotten. The Spanish pear was not yet ripe, and a war for the conquest of Portugal alone was not considered worth the trouble and expense, now that she had closed her ports to her old ally. "From the time of the Directory," says Capefigue, "Portugal was looked upon as a golden fief of French diplomacy. The First Consul was appeased, he stood in need of many resources to organize his new power. To some he gave office, to others rank, but money he gave to all, and when he wanted to enrich any particular person, he gave him the embassy of Madrid or of Lisbon, countries which had not yet been drained by French invasion, and where an envoy was sure to make a fortune, as he had to do with weak people who had in their hands the wealth of Mexico and of the Brazils." In the definitive treaty with Portugal, published in September, 1801, a part of Portuguese Guiana was ceded to France.

A convention was concluded between France and the United States of America, which had been plundered by the Directory of about 10,000,000 of dollars. This money the Consular Government

now undertook to repay The First Consul also concluded a treaty with the Emperor Alexander of Russia, and another with the Sultan of Turkey

As soon as the preliminaries of London were signed (the 1st of October, 1801), Bonaparte collected a great fleet from Brest, Rochefort, and Toulon, and to this he joined both Dutch and Spanish ships of war. An army of 20,000 men was embarked in this fleet and in the attendant transports for the West Indies. The expedition to St Domingo not only formed an essential part of Bonaparte's colonial system, but also afforded him the opportunity of finding employment in a time of peace for a portion of his immense army, and of relegating many of his discontented officers and soldiers far from France. Papers are said still to exist which show that this expedition was for the First Consul a measure of military police; that the drafting of the forces to be employed was most cunningly arranged, that the choice fell upon the demi-brigades of which he was least sure, and upon the most ardent of the republicans; that the men devoted to Moreau, and the other sturdy republican generals who would not bend the knee at the Tuileries, were all thrust into this fatal expedition*. But to keep in control those discontented, turbulent masses, the command-in-chief was given to General Leclerc, who had become Bonaparte's brother-in-law by marrying his favourite sister Pauline, and to officers and men the most tempting extravagant promises were given of estates and riches in the vast and productive island to which they were going.

The negroes and mulattoes of St Domingo, who had themselves abolished their slavery by energetic, sanguinary, and terrible means, were now settled down under an imitative temporary Republic, of which Toussaint l'Ouverture, a black slave of distinguished courage and ability, was the real head. Toussaint had fought like a Spartacus—only with better success—for the liberation of his race, but notwithstanding his bravery and talent, he had little instruction, and was, like all the negro race, essentially an imitator, who could only follow and copy the ideas and systems of the whites. At first

* Capetigue

he made a Constitution for the negroes of St Domingo, like that which the Directory had made for France, but when the revolution of Brumaire established the Consulship, put the power of the State in the hands of Bonaparte, and altered the Constitution, Toussaint changed his Constitution also, proclaiming himself First Consul of Hayti, the Bonaparte of St. Domingo ! These close imitations irritated the First Consul of France, hurt his very susceptible pride, and made him the more eager for the overthrow of the negro Republic "This comedy of government," said he, "must cease ! We must not permit military honours to be worn by apes and monkeys !" As for the abolition of negro slavery, Bonaparte considered it as one of the most glaring absurdities which had ever been entertained by the ideologists and revolutionists of France he had had a near view of slavery in Egypt and Syria, and the sight had not rendered it odious to him, he doubted whether white men could cultivate the plantations in the West Indies, he knew that the negroes could, but he thought that they would work only under compulsion, and therefore he considered negro slavery as an indispensable necessity, without which such colonies would be useless. To Truguet, a warm abolitionist, he said, in open council, "M. Truguet, if you had come over to Egypt to preach the liberty of the blacks and Arabs, we would have hanged you on the mast of your ship ! Your friends of the blacks delivered all the whites in St Domingo up to the ferocity of the negroes ! I am for the whites, because I am a white man ! This is reason enough. How could Frenchmen dream of granting liberty to Africans, to men who had no civilization, who did not even know what was a colony and what a mother country ? At present nothing but self-conceit and hypocrisy can make people cling to those visionary principles of the Jacobin Convention !"

General Leclerc and his doomed demi-brigades found, almost as soon as they landed in St Domingo, that every negro on the island was hostile to them, and that they were sent to engage in one of the most difficult and destructive of warfares, in a country where the climate and everything else were against them Their first successes only deceived them, led them into a false and dangerous

confidence, and rendered their subsequent failures more terrible to themselves and more disappointing to those who had sent them thither. Fort Dauphin was easily captured, Cape François was evacuated by the negro Henri Christophe, who had once been a skilful cook at a tavern, and who was now a general of the blacks, and second only to Toussaint l'Ouverture, but, before quitting the town, Christophe burned the greater part of it, and he succeeded in drawing off 3,000 armed negroes, with whom he joined the black First Consul. With nearly equal ease the French got possession of Port-au-Prince and the chief seaports, and of the principal military posts near the coast. This done, they advanced into the interior of the island to encounter the black First Consul and the yellow fever. Various loose actions were fought, in which the victory did not invariably declare itself for the whites, and in which the black generals are said to have displayed both skill and courage. But the white First Consul had instructed his brother-in-law to employ craft where force failed, to sow jealousies and dissensions among the negroes, to dupe the black First Consul by treaties and promises of amnesty, honours, and the viceroyalty of the island, and to adopt all means, foul or fair, to get possession of his person. Though by no means devoid of cunning or unaccustomed to practise treachery himself, the negro chief fell into the snare, submitted to Leclerc, and was presently loaded with chains and sent a prisoner to France. But the successful treachery did not lead to the result which Bonaparte confidently expected from it. With an unanimity, with a fury doubled by the dark deed, the negroes flew to arms under Henri Christophe and other leaders, fell upon the French when weakened by the endemic fever, scattered them, drove them back towards the coast, and tortured, mutilated, butchered them in heaps wherever they obtained the mastery over them. Between the blacks and the whites nearly all the plantations and the dwellings of men were wasted by fire and the sword, and devastations were committed from which the island has never recovered, nor is likely to recover under negro government. The French retaliated wherever they were able, and the most atrocious of wars was prolonged through many months.

Although these events did not all occur between the signing of the preliminaries and the signing of the peace with England, we had better not disconnect the St Domingo story. In the autumn of 1802, when the yellow fever and the blacks of St. Domingo had reduced the fine French Army to a few hundreds of sickly, wounded, despairing men, and when Leclerc himself was dying of the endemic, Christophe, with the black chiefs Clervaux and Dessalines, invested the town of Cape François. Leclerc died on the 2nd of November, and was succeeded in the chief command by General Rochambeau, son of the old marshal of that name who had served in America with Lafayette, and who had commanded the first great revolutionary army in 1790. The arrival of fresh reinforcements from France—in all about 15,000 men—enabled Rochambeau to drive Christophe and his blacks from Cape François, which they were threatening with a regular siege. He then attempted to recover the ground which Leclerc had lost, and to penetrate into the south of the island, but the troops, fresh from Europe, caught the terrible diseases of the climate, and after some marches, which multiplied the calamity, and some disastrous encounters with Christophe, he was compelled to retreat to Cape François with a force so diminished, sick, and disheartened, as to render any long defence of that place an impracticability. As by this time the war with England had been recommenced, Bonaparte could not venture to send out any more ships and troops. Preferring a capitulation with the negroes to a surrender to the English, Rochambeau treated with the black chief Dessalines, agreed to deliver up the town to him, and evacuated Cape François on the 1st of December, 1803. He and his garrison were followed to their ships by a great number of white families, who had returned to the island in the hope of recovering their plantations and slaves, but who now dreaded the ferocity of the free and triumphant negroes. The whole fleet or convoy, with troops, civilians, and planters, was captured by our squadrons, and Rochambeau was brought a prisoner of war to England.

A more fatal expedition is not to be found in the whole history of this long war. Between February, 1802, and December, 1803, from 40,000 to 50,000 men perished in the island of St. Domingo, but,

assuredly, one of the objects of Bonaparte was obtained : the troublesome, obdurate republicans could trouble him no longer—the dead, and only the dead, never come back—as Citizen Barrère had said in the high republican days. The treatment which Toussaint l'Ouverture met with in France was at least as atrocious as any part of this horrible history. He was brought to Paris in the beginning of August, 1802, and was sent in the first instance to the Temple, which, as a State prison, was far more crowded than ever the Bastille had been. He wrote a letter calculated to work upon the magnanimity of the man who had the command of his destiny, but in this case Bonaparte was not disposed to be either magnanimous or merciful. He ordered the negro chief to be conveyed to the castle of Joux, situated in the most desolate, the loftiest, the coldest part of the Jura Mountains, and to be there immured in a dungeon *au secret*. And so perfect was the secrecy observed, and so accustomed, already, were Bonapart's agents to do his will mysteriously and silently, that for a long time no research could discover, to the eager curiosity of all Europe, the place where Toussaint was confined. His imprisonment was rigorous in the extreme; he had a litter of straw for his bed, he was scarcely allowed food enough to support life, his cell was damp, and for more than half the year the Jura Mountains are swept by the *bise*, or cutting wind which blows from the eternally snow-clad Mount Blanc and the other neighbouring Alps. Neither the precise time nor the manner of his death is known; but the most credible account is, that one morning, in the winter of 1805, Toussaint l'Ouverture was found lying dead and cold on his straw. Reports, however, were spread, and for a long time believed by many, that he had been strangled or poisoned. About the same time that he was first brought to France, Bonaparte published an edict banishing all of the negro race from his European dominions. In the time of the Directory, to prove his desire of remaining in friendship with France, and to give his children the advantage of a European education, Toussaint had sent two of his sons to Paris. His wife, and some other members of his family, were, after his own seizure, brought over in another ship, and consigned to another State prison. After his death his family were

confined at Brienne-en-Agen, where one of his sons died. The unhappy survivors were not set at liberty until the restoration of the Bourbons in 1814. His widow died in 1816 in the arms of her sons. His virtues, his genius, and political foresight, seem all to have been romantically exaggerated, but, after every deduction, Toussaint l'Ouverture will appear to have been by far the most extraordinary man known to have been born of the unmixed negro race.

Bonaparte afterwards acknowledged that the expedition to St. Domingo was an enormous blunder. "So," observes a candid critic of his deeds, "was the expedition to Egypt and Syria, so was the invasion of Spain, and last, though not least, the expedition to Russia, and it may be questioned, without presumption, whether a man who committed so many and such gross political blunders within the narrow compass of fifteen years, be fairly entitled in history to the name of a great statesman"*

The conqueror had promised himself other advantages from the peace of Amiens, besides the recovery of St. Domingo and the other colonies which France had lost in the war. Some of these advantages he effectually secured, though not without breaches of the solemn treaties into which he had entered. By an article of the Treaty of Luneville, Austria and France had guaranteed the independence of the Dutch, Swiss, Cisalpine, and Genoese Republics, and had engaged that their respective populations should be left free to adopt such forms of government as they themselves might judge proper. But Bonaparte, though making this agreement, had never any intention of abiding by it. He was determined to model these four Republics after his own fashion, and to make them the pale and trembling satellites of France. He held in utter contempt (in too many respects well merited) the political wisdom of the Genoese and the other Italians, and the last thing he intended was that they should be left to make constitutions and try other political experiments. He set his heel on the democratic party which had fraternized with the French and rendered them such important services in his own campaigns. His generals, governors, and ambassadors,

who had been left beyond the Alps or sent thither since the peace, lived in the Italian capitals in a princely style, caressed and courted by the nobility, amidst festivals, banquets, and aristocratic splendour. The only notice taken of the poor revolutionary democrats was to hunt them from place to place.

Murat issued an edict at Florence, ordering all the Italian political refugees from other parts of Italy to quit Tuscany and return to their own countries. The same edict was issued at Turin, in the name of the Cisalpine Republic. Now, most of these emigrants were Neapolitans or Romans, who, only three years before, had been encouraged by the French to revolt against their sovereigns, who had been obliged to run away to save their lives when the French were driven out of Italy in 1799, and who had lost their property or means of support. To drive them back into the power of the sovereigns to whom they had proved rebels and traitors, was to expose them to the chances of death or imprisonment, starvation or want. They met with the fate they deserved, and which will be kept in store for all revolutionists who put their trust in foreign invaders. Notwithstanding the independence assured to them by the Treaty of Luneville, the two rickety Italian Republics found that they were entirely and arbitrarily ruled by the French, that French commissioners taxed them as they chose, shearing the people to the very quick, and that disorder and discontent were growing on every side. The puppets whom he had set up as Italian legislators and administrators sent to Paris such addresses, reclamations, and petitions as he himself had suggested or dictated through his French agents in Italy, a little mock Congress was held at Lyon, and there Bonaparte was requested to assume the administrative government of the Cisalpine Republic, for a period sufficient to establish order and unanimity in all its parts, and secure stability and future safety. The First Consul, therefore, assumed the title, and far more than the legitimate powers, of President of the Cisalpine Republic. Although this was done between the signing of the preliminaries and exchanging the ratifications of peace, our negotiators had not allowed it to stand in the way of the pacific experiment. It had, however, been understood at Amiens, and an express promise and pledge to that

effect had been given to the Emperor Alexander of Russia, who took an active interest in the fate of the House of Savoy, that Piedmont should never be united to the so-called Republic in Italy, nor incorporated with France, but be left, with some slight clipping, to the unfortunate King of Sardinia, who had nobly done his part in the war against the French. It was equally understood that France should remain content with what she had, nor attempt any new incorporations or annexations of territory, either beyond the Alps or elsewhere. Yet, because the young Emperor Alexander refused to take up a wild scheme for the conquest of British India, to be made jointly by France and Russia, which had been entertained for a moment by his insane father, the late Emperor Paul, and because he declined concurring in other views hostile either to Great Britain or Austria, Bonaparte, after sundry encroachments on the side of the Rhine, very soon proceeded to annex and incorporate the whole of Piedmont with France. Vittorio Amadeo, the original member of the coalition of sovereigns, had died broken-hearted in 1796, his successor, Carlo Emanuele, had been compelled by the French, and the democratic portion of his own subjects, to sign an act of abdication, and retire with all his family to the rude island of Sardinia in 1798. As soon as the sea (commanded by the English) was placed between this sovereign and his oppressors, he put forth a simple and touching yet spirited protest. Shortly after this he voluntarily resigned the crown to his younger brother, Vittorio Emanuele, who was now ruling, not unwisely or unpatriotically, in Sardinia all that was left of the dominions of his House, one of the most ancient of the dynasties of Europe. Nearly at the same time the French Consul took possession of the island of Elba, which belonged to Tuscany, and seized upon the Duchy of Parma, which was to have been incorporated with France.

In Holland another revolution was effected, under French arms, in imitation of the 18th Brumaire, and the new Constitution made the First Consul, to all intents and purposes, arbiter of the country and master of its resources. England was essentially interested in keeping Holland independent, but when our Cabinet demanded explanations as to the meaning of these organic changes, Bonaparte

replied through his minister, M. Talleyrand, that Holland had a right to organize herself as best suited her own interests, that the Batavian Republic was perfectly free, that the late occurrences in that country only denoted a progress towards the reconstruction of society, agreeably to the views of order and justice entertained by the First Consul.

The French troops had never been entirely withdrawn from Switzerland, and only a few months after the settling of the Treaty of Amiens a fresh army was marched into the Cantons. The Constitution which had been there set up by the French Directory, and the dissensions and feuds which French intrigue had promoted, had thrown the whole of that tranquil and once happy country into a most stormy and unhappy condition. The peasants were set against the burghers, the burghers against the peasants; all old connexions were uprooted, and even family ties were dissolved, the nearest relatives often meeting in deadly hostility. At the same time the established Provisional Government refused to sanction the dismemberment of the Canton of the Vallais, which Bonaparte wanted for his projected military road over the Simplon,—a project that was to do away with the Alps, and unite Italy with France. Ney was dispatched to Switzerland with a fresh army, and the Swiss Deputies were compelled to submit to the terms imposed upon them, and witness, for the time, the total extinction of their national independence. The Vallais was incorporated with France, as well as the city of Geneva and the bishopric of Basle.

“All Europe,” said the First Consul, “expects France to settle the affairs of Switzerland, for it is now acknowledged by Europe that Switzerland, as well as Italy and Holland, is entirely at the disposal of France.” But neither by England nor by Austria was the acknowledgment of the fact of his prepotency accompanied by any recognition of its right, and this last pretension, openly advanced to the Swiss Deputies themselves, and loudly proclaimed to the world, was in itself quite sufficient to rend the Treaty of Amiens. But the ambition of Bonaparte was not limited to control or absolute dominion over Italy, Switzerland, and Holland. It already cherished plans of aggrandizement on the side of Germany and in the Spanish

peninsula At the same time a fierce and systematized hostility was displayed against the commerce of Great Britain, which, instead of being allowed through the return of peace to flow in its old channels, was as much impeded and hampered in France, and in the countries where the French held sway, as it had been during any



Voting for the Life Consulship

period of the war The fortunate warrior, however, enjoyed for a season all the honours due to a pacificator, and the peace of Amiens brought him still nearer to a throne. In May, 1802, the President of the Tribune recommended that some splendid mark of the national gratitude should be bestowed on the First Consul. On the reading of this message in the Senate, one of the Senators proposed to extend the period of the consulship to ten more years after the expiration of the first ten years. Another Senator suggested that it would be much better to make him Consul for life. The first of the two motions was put to the vote and carried. But this was not enough to satisfy Bonaparte; he thanked the Senators, but said he should not accept the prolongation of the period of his consulship unless it were sanctioned by the votes of the people.

A Council of State was then summoned, Bonaparte did not attend it, but the adroit Roederer gave the deliberations the turn desired by the Consul. After a preamble, in which he stated that a mere prolongation of the consulship did not afford sufficient stability or security to the Government and country, Roederer submitted this question, "that the First Consul be confirmed for life, with the right of appointing his successor" The motion was warmly supported, especially by Portalis, who described Bonaparte as "a man on whom the destinies of the world depended, and before whom the earth stood in silent awe" The consulship for life was presently adopted by the Council, but as there was considerable opposition to the right of appointing the successor, that question was dropped for the moment as premature The French people were invited to inscribe their votes in register-books which were opened all over the country, and it was soon reported that more than three millions voted for the consulship for life. A *Senatus Consultum* of the 4th of August, 1802, finished this part of the business "Now," said Bonaparte, "I am on a level with the other sovereigns, for, after all, they are themselves kings for life only. They and their ministers will respect me more when they see that my authority is no longer precarious" Forthwith several essential changes were made in the Constitution, and the power of the Government was more and more centralized. The authority of the Senate was greatly enlarged, and the Tribune was reduced to one-half of its preceding number. The power of the Senate was in reality that of the Consul it was authorized to annul sentences of the Courts of Justice and to dissolve the legislative body and the Tribune, whenever it might see occasion.

The compilation of a new code of laws for France was an important undertaking of Bonaparte's consulship In the year 1800, soon after his accession to political power, he appointed a commission composed of some distinguished civilians, under the presidency of the Second Consul, Cambacérès (who had received a legal education) to frame a civil code, which should be comprehensive and clear, and suited to the changes which had taken place in France. In the eighteenth century this country had possessed a number of very eminent jurists, and the school was not quite extinct when the

Revolution began Tronchet, Bigot de Prémeneau, Portalis, and Malleville, members of the present committee, had studied in it, and might be called distinguished French lawyers. They supplied the knowledge in which the First Consul was deficient, and it appears that if they were at times aided by his great natural sagacity, they were as often impeded by his wilfulness and obstinacy in error. They framed the project of a code, which was printed early in 1801. Copies were sent to the higher Law Courts of France, which were required to make their observations upon it. These observations and suggestions being likewise printed, the whole was laid before the section of legislation in the Council of State, composed of Boulay, Roederer, Thibaudeau, Portalis, and three other civilians of name and note. Bonaparte and Cambacérès attended most of the sittings of the section in which the various heads of the projected code were discussed. Occasionally Bonaparte took a very active part in the debate, not indeed on technicalities which he did not understand, but on general principles, concerning which he went on discoursing in his usual off hand way, sometimes expressing sensible and acute remarks, and at other times wandering away from the subject for the sake of illustrating it. *He took an especial part in the discussion concerning the law of divorce.* After passing the Council of State, the various titles of the civil code were laid before the Tribunate, where some of the clauses met with a warm opposition. At length the whole code passed both the Tribunate and the Legislative body, and was promulgated in 1804 by the name of "Code Civil des Français." After the Consul became Emperor it was called "Code Napoleon." The general object and arrangement of the code resemble those of the Institutions of Justinian, defining the civil rights of citizens, with their legal relations to each other, and it rather minutely prescribes laws concerning persons and laws concerning property. Many volumes have been written with regard to the merits or defects of this civil code, and many hundreds have been published to explain that which (it was too confidently assumed) would need no explanation, but be quite clear to the meanest capacities. In fact, the French law library seems threatening to become as voluminous and perplexing as our own. A "Code de Procédure Civile," defining

the forms of civil process and the practice of the courts, was framed likewise by a commission, and became law in 1807 Bonaparte took little or no part in its discussion The "Code d'Instruction Criminelle," or of proceedings in criminal cases, was promulgated in 1808 While it was under discussion Bonaparte showed himself very unfavourable to the institution of trial by jury Two years after this came the "Code Pénal," or laws defining crimes and punishments, in which many of the provisions are certainly harsh and savour of despotism. A commercial code, perhaps the best of these French codes, completed the number. These are sometimes called the "Five Codes," as having been all published in Bonaparte's time He likewise produced a military code, in the construction of which he was more at home

The Consul bestowed no small degree of attention to the subject of education, and revised various branches of public instruction He was anxious to promote the positive sciences, but he gave little encouragement to classical, or indeed to any other kind of literature He was a utilitarian before that now defunct sect had adopted the name He was continually sneering at speculative, moral philosophy, calling its professors vain, fantastical idea-mongers—*des Idéologues* The scientific men of France were at all times very subservient to his will, and among the foremost of his flatterers the literary men were very far from being so unanimous or so submissive, and he could tolerate only those who celebrated his greatness or wrote as he wished

As each of the old monarchies of Europe had its order or orders of knighthood, and as, in France, all such distinctions had been abolished by the Revolution, the Consul determined to create one of his own This was the noted Order of the Legion of Honour Some of the more republican Councillors of State objected to the institution as being an organized body—a new aristocracy One of them begged to remark that there was no such institution among the Romans. Bonaparte is still evoked by liberals, who will never properly study his life and deeds, as the child and unvarying champion of democracy Let us listen to the words he now delivered—"It is very strange," said he, "that in speaking against civil distinctions

you should quote the history of the very people (the Romans) amongst whom they were most marked. All their institutions, social, military, political, and religious, were based upon distinctions. The Romans had a patrician order, an equestrian order, citizens, and slaves. Each of these classes had a different costume and different manners. The Romans awarded honours and distinctions as rewards for services rendered to the country, they had mural crowns, ovations, triumphs. When the distinctions between the classes gave way, when the aristocracy, that fine patrician body, was overthrown, Rome was torn to pieces; the people were nothing but a vile populace, and the proscriptions of Marius, Sulla, and the Cæsar followed in rapid succession. Frenchmen are for ever quoting Brutus as the enemy of tyrants, and yet Brutus was nothing else than an aristocrat, who killed Julius Cæsar because Cæsar wanted to curtail the authority of the Senate, in order to add to the power of the people. But history is misquoted to serve party purposes. Where will you find a Republic, in ancient or modern times, without its honours and distinctions?"

To other sticklers for simplicity and plainness of attire he said, "You call these ribbons and crosses toys, baubles! But men are fond of toys, and are led along by means of them. *I don't think that the French people care much about liberty and equality*, the French have not been changed by ten years of revolution, they are still what the Gauls were, high-spirited and changeable. They have one feeling, that of *honour*, we must, therefore, administer to that feeling by giving them distinctions. See how they bow before the orders worn by foreign diplomatists,—how they seem struck by them! What have our revolutionary governments done? They have destroyed everything that had a hold upon men's minds, and substituted nothing instead. They have left nothing to warm men's fancies. Do you dream that we can rely upon the people? The people will cry out, 'The King for ever!' or 'The League for ever!' just as it now shouts 'Long live the Republic!' We must give them a direction this Legion of Honour will be useful as a means."

It was soon made to appear that the limits of Europe were not wide enough for Bonaparte, he returned to his object of annexing

Egypt and Syria to France, and he contemplated the means of obtaining possession of the islands of Candia, Cyprus, and Rhodes, and of the Turkish regency of Tunis. He did not even satisfy himself with the Old World, but sought for territories in the New, where the Government of the United States, for money and other considerations, assented to the formal cession of Louisiana made to him by the Court of Spain. While he was every day departing, if not from the strict letter, from the spirit of the Treaty of Amiens, he pretended to bind England to the strict observance of every article in that treaty which was against her, and insisted on the immediate evacuation of Malta, the Cape of Good Hope, and every place she had agreed to restore. Had we withdrawn our troops from Malta in one week he would have possessed himself of that important island in the next. The old Knights of Malta were ruined, scattered, and absolutely discredited, they had become a laughingstock in Europe, and could never have been restored. If, according to the treaty, two or three Neapolitan regiments had been sent to garrison Malta, they could not have defended it a single day against a French armament.

And while the Consul was exclaiming against the bad faith of the British Government, he was employing his so called consular agents in England, and still more in Ireland, in examining all the weak points, in making plans of our seaports, and in forming connections with the disaffected portions of our Irish subjects.

But if there be one historical fact clearer than another, it is that Bonaparte was resolved on renewing the war with Great Britain. His one predominant idea was, that his political existence depended on an extension of his conquests. "My power," he would say, "depends on my glory, and my glory on my victories. My power would fall if I did not support it by fresh glory and new victories. Conquest has made me what I am, and conquest alone can maintain me. A newly-born government, like mine, must dazzle and astonish. When it ceases to do that, it falls!" It was vain to look for rest from a man who was restlessness himself. Even apart from calculation, war was his delight, his idol, and his greatest source of enjoyment. Notwithstanding his activity of mind, and his almost

incessant employment (for he insisted upon directing everything himself, whether it were the making of a road or bridge, or the framing of a code of laws or a system of education), he was always observed to become moody and sad in a time of peace, and to utter hypochondriacal complaints about his health and his tendency to corpulence, whereas in the camp or in the field he was nearly always gay and buoyant.

It is, however, to be particularly noted and remembered that, even in his consulship, Bonaparte's complaints were not all attributable to hypochondriasis. Before he was named Consul for life he had strong symptoms of that hereditary complaint of which he died at St Helena. He would often lay his hand to his stomach and say, "It is here! I shall not live to be old! I shall die like my father!" He had rather frequent attacks of illness, and though he concealed these from the public as much as possible, his altered complexion betrayed them. At other times he would murmur, "I shall not live to be old, but I shall live to be fat. That is horrible! What shall I do, then, on horseback, at the head of my army?" An Italian lady, who mistook obesity for a sign of health, complimented him one day on his growing stout, reminding him how very thin he was when he first went into Italy. He turned his back upon the poor gossip, and quite terrified her, by uttering an Italian phrase which which will not bear translating.

So long as the diplomatic deliberations were left to M Talleyrand, and our ambassador, Lord Whitworth, there might have been some chance of a prolongation of the peace, but this chance was lost, and Bonaparte took the business into his own hands. The First Consul adopted the same rude and violent tone which had succeeded with the Austrian diplomatist at Campo Formio, but England had not been humbled and crushed like Austria, and Lord Whitworth was not Count Cobentzel. In his private cabinet the Consul delivered a rapid uninterrupted harangue, which lasted two hours, during which the ambassador was scarcely allowed to say one word. He declared that England must immediately evacuate Malta, that of the two he would rather see us in the possession of the faubourgs of Paris than of Malta. He complained of the abuse

of him in the English public prints, but most of certain French papers which were published in London. For some time the newspapers on both sides the channel had been very violent. Lord Whitworth had told Talleyrand that whatever was published in the English papers might be considered as a national retaliation to what was put forth in the French papers, that in France these attacks were published *officially*, which was by no means the case in England; and that, although the French Government possessed a control over the press in France, the English Government neither had nor could have such a control in their country. Nothing less would have satisfied the First Consul than the suspension or abolition of the liberty of our press. It is scarcely necessary to go into the criminations and recriminations of this period. The First Consul said, "Why does England pretend to be alarmed about Egypt? I can conquer that country when I choose, but I do not think it worth the risk of a war, since, sooner or later, *Egypt will belong to France, either by the falling to pieces of the Turkish empire, or by some arrangement with the Porte*" He declared that, in case of a war, he would most assuredly try an invasion. He would not pretend to diminish the danger of invading England. he allowed that there were a hundred chances to one against him, but still he would attempt it, and such was the disposition of his troops, that army after army would be found for the enterprise. Perceiving that these menaces did not disturb the equanimity of Lord Whitworth, the First Consul altered his tone. If the British Government and his could only agree and act together, what might they not do? Look at the natural force of the two countries,—France with an army of 480,000 men, and England with a fleet which made her the mistress of the seas! Two such countries, by a proper understanding, might govern the world. If England would only come to this understanding, there was nothing he would not do to gratify her. Lord Whitworth, when allowed to speak, calmly said that the King, his master, had no wish to participate in the conquest and spoils of the Continent—had no ambition to acquire more territory, but only to preserve what he had. His lordship was going to speak of the recent encroachments made by France, but Bonaparte interrupted him by

saying, "I suppose you mean Piedmont and Switzerland· *ce sont des bagatelles*—these are trifles—which must have been foreseen by you while the negotiations at Amiens were pending; you have no right to speak of them now!" He told Lord Whitworth that England was unequal to a single-handed contest with France, and he intimated that she could now find no allies on the Continent.

A few days after this curious interview in the private cabinet, Lord Whitworth went to the Tuileries. It was Sunday, the 13th of March, 1803, a day of *levée*, or *grande reception*, one Sunday in each month being now devoted to this purpose, and Madame Bonaparte and the ladies of her Court were assembled in the great state room, which was crowded with general officers, aides de-camp, and foreign ambassadors. It was against all rule to discuss State matters on such a day, in such a company, Lord Whitworth had not the remotest notion of entering upon any business, but his lordship had scarcely taken his place in the circle, in the midst of the other foreign diplomatists, ere the First Consul went straight up to him and addressed him, "evidently under very considerable agitation" He began by asking him if he had any news from England? Whitworth replied that he had received letters from his Government two days ago. Bonaparte instantly rejoined, with increased agitation, "And so you are determined to go to war?" "No," said his lordship, "we are too sensible of the advantages of peace" "We have already made war for fifteen years," said the Consul. Lord Whitworth answered, "That is already too long!" "But," rejoined Bonaparte, "you wish to make war for fifteen years longer, and you force me to it!" His lordship calmly said, "That was very far from his Majesty's intentions" The First Consul then proceeded to the Russian and Spanish ambassadors, who were standing together at some little distance, and said to them, "The English want war, but if they are the first to draw the sword, I shall be the last to sheathe it. They do not respect treaties, they must henceforward be covered with black crape!" In a few minutes he resumed the conversation with Lord Whitworth. "Against whom your precautionary measures? I have not a single ship of the line in the ports of France. But if you will arm, I will arm also, if



The First Consul's Court

you will fight, I will fight. You may possibly be able to kill France, but never to intimidate her!" "We wish to do neither the one nor the other, but to live on good terms with her," said his lordship. "Then treaties must be respected! Woe to those who do not respect treaties! They will be answerable for it to all Europe!" Lord Whitworth, calm and collected, replied not a word, and the First Consul rushed out of the apartment repeating his last phrase, "Woe to those who do not respect treaties! They will be responsible for it to all Europe!" The alarmed Josephine followed her husband, and in an instant the hall was cleared of its brilliant company.

Some languid attempts at renewing pacific negotiations were made, after this, by Talleyrand, but it was merely in the view of gaining time, in order to secure from our cruisers the French vessels that were at sea. Lord Whitworth, perceiving the drift, demanded

his passports, and, on the 12th of May, left Paris. Some days after an Order in Council was issued in London for an embargo on all French and Dutch vessels, and about 200 such vessels were presently detained or captured. To retaliate for this customary procedure, the First Consul had recourse to a most novel and unprecedented measure. By a decree dated the 22nd of May, he ordered that all the English, of whatsoever condition, found on the territory of France, should be detained prisoners of war on the pretence that many of them belonged to the militia. There was still a great number of English travellers in Paris, many of whom were merely passing through that capital on their way homeward from Italy, Switzerland, and other countries. Whole families were seized together, as if the wives and daughters of the English aristocracy and gentry could be militia officers! Even the character and ancient acknowledged rights of ambassadors were set at nought. Mr Liston, our ambassador to Holland, Lord Elgin, Mr Falbot, the secretary of our embassy at Paris, and other diplomatic persons, were made prisoners, and in most cases their letters and papers were seized. These sweeping arrests were not confined to the English who were actually on the territory of France; they were extended to Italy and every neighbouring country where the French had an armed force, or where they could give the law. As no distinction had been made as to sex, so none was made as to condition, profession, or pursuits. Clergymen, men of letters or science, artists, all were captured. About 10,000 British subjects, of nearly every class and condition, remained in Bonaparte's clutches. A simultaneous and universal burst of indignation and disgust was excited in the United Kingdom. "If," wrote Romilly, "it had been Bonaparte's object to give strength to the British Ministry, and to make the war universally popular in England, he could not have devised a better expedient."

Before the English Government began to seize the French and Dutch ships, a French army was collected on the frontiers of Holland to pounce upon the comparatively defenceless hereditary dominions of the King of England, and so soon as the declaration of war was issued, General Mortier advanced into the heart of Hanover and

took possession of all that electorate. The First Consul ordered a conscription of 120,000 men for the current year, and resumed his plan of a camp and flotilla at Boulogne, for the professed purpose of invading England. The direction-posts all the way from Paris to Boulogne bore the words "Road to London." He was destined very soon to discover that England would not be left without allies on the Continent. By his encroachments on the side of Italy and on that of the Rhine, and by his dictatorial interference in the affairs of all the weaker German States, he had completely alienated the young Emperor Alexander of Russia, and roused the Austrian Cabinet to fresh warlike exertions. The clear object of the First Consul was to substitute the influence of France for that of Austria, and to render the smaller German States his allies and dependants. These petty States betrayed great selfishness, and a deplorable want of political wisdom and forethought. They paid for it afterwards (and very dearly), but for many years their folly and subserviency gave strength to the arm of Bonaparte.

Although he had been so very eager to obtain from the Spaniards the cession of Louisiana, the Consul now sold it to the United States for 15,000,000 dollars, thus giving up the last territory France possessed on the North American continent. It has been observed that he probably sold Louisiana because he thought that he could not have defended it against the English, but that his policy appears wanting in statesmanlike foresight on this as on other occasions.*

While he was dictating his will to so large a portion of Europe, the First Consul was surrounded by plots and conspiracies at Paris. It is now capable of proof that many of these were sham plots, got up by his own secret police, whose numbers and functions he had augmented to a very unwise degree. Believing that the spirit of disaffection was kept up by anonymous publications, he issued a *Senatus Consultum* which, "in order," as it is stated, "*to secure the liberty of the press*," forbade any bookseller to publish any book, pamphlet, or work whatever, until he had previously submitted a copy of it to the censors or Commission of Revision. Nocturnal

arrests, and the mysterious deportation to lonely fortresses on the remote sea-coasts, or among the Jura Mountains, the Pyrenees, and the Alps, had continued to increase all through the year 1803 ; but the "Consular Reign of Terror," as it is called, was principally confined to the period which intervened between the month of October of that year and the month of April, 1804. The prisons of Paris were crammed with State or political prisoners. From time to time a victim was dragged from his prison before a *military commission*, and on the following morning a short paragraph in the *Moniteur* told the people of Paris that such or such an enemy to the country had been found guilty and fusiladed in the plain of Grenelle.

The only man in France that Bonaparte feared singly was General Moreau, whose military reputation was second only to his own, who was warmly beloved by the soldiers who had served under him, and who had frankly shown a decided aversion to the despotic system of government which the First Consul was so rapidly building up. With Moreau once in his power, or with materials and charges wherewith to discredit him in the eyes of the soldiery and people, he calculated that the throne he was erecting would be firm and safe. His secret police well knew these not secret thoughts, and they acted conformably.

Towards the close of the year 1800, a number of French emigrants of various parties, having met in London, proposed to act in concert in order to overthrow Bonaparte's Government. Generals Dumouriez and Pichegru, and Georges Cadoudal the Vendéan chief, were the movers of the conspiracy, being supported by the Count of Artois, afterwards Charles X., who never contemplated means so base as assassination. The plans of these men were distinct, though leading to the same end—a restoration of the Bourbons. Pichegru relied upon Moreau and other dissatisfied generals, who might create a corresponding movement in the French army. Georges Cadoudal, the sturdy Vendéan, as brave as his sword, relied entirely upon his own countrymen, whom he had often led to victory against the French Jacobins. His idea was to collect a certain number of the bravest of them in Paris, and then, some day, attack openly the First Consul in the midst of his guards, but not to murder him.

treacherously. "We are soldiers, and not assassins," were words constantly on his lip. This intention is proved by existing documents, by the correspondence of the conspirators, and it is confirmed by a secret report of Desmarest to the Minister of Police, in which he says that Cadoudal's adventurous idea of attacking the First Consul in open combat, and not in the dark as a hired assassin, was the main cause of his failure. Georges and some of his followers were landed on the coast of Brittany from an English ship commanded by Captain Wright, who had never heard any hint of assassination. The British Government contemplated a rising of the French Royalists, and this, as a belligerent, it was fully justified in promoting. Having increased his party, the sturdy Vendéan chief made his way to Paris. General Pichegru also arrived at that capital, where he had some interviews with Moreau and other officers. Moreau agreed as to the expediency of a military movement to overthrow Bonaparte, but not to restore the Bourbons—he still thought a Republic to be possible in France—which it clearly was not. Meantime MM Polignac and Rivière, aides-de-camp to the Count of Artois, repaired to Paris in order to examine the state of opinion and the strength of the disaffected, and then report to the Count. At the first news of an insurrectionary movement in Paris, one of the Bourbon princes was to enter France, and there appeal to the army and people. In all this, however, there was no real union between the various parties, each of them working out its own plan, without any direct communication with the rest. We believe that, from its first beginning, there never was a moment in which the secret police were not aware of this intended insurrection. The secret was in the possession of too many persons to have a chance of remaining a secret. As the story is told, the French police, having received *early* information of some part of the plot or plots, determined to employ an experienced spy to find out the rest. It is quite certain that they very soon employed Mehée de la Touche, a very accomplished scoundrel, who had figured first as a Jacobin and then as a Royalist emigrant, who had played the part of a double spy, taking pay from both sides and betraying both. This Mehée went to London, where he had interviews with the Royalist emi-

grants and Bourbon princes, to whom he exaggerated the reliance to be placed upon Moreau and the disaffected part of the army, and upon the expedition of Cadoudal and Pichegru. Méléé also went to Germany and put himself in communication with Mr Drake, the English Minister at the Court of Bavaria, who supplied him with some money to enable him to assist in disorganizing and overthrowing Bonaparte's Government by means of an armed insurrection. Méléé then returned to Paris, reported to the police, and meantime continued his correspondence with Mr Drake. The police knew a great deal, but they knew nothing positive concerning Pichegru and Georges, until a man named Querelle, who had been arrested on suspicion, being sent to trial and condemned to be shot, confessed that he had landed five months before on the western coast with Georges, Pichegru, and others, who had come to Paris to overthrow the First Consul, and who were still concealed in that capital. Querelle was pardoned and liberated. It is thought by some that he had been all along in the service of the secret police. His deposition was placarded about Paris, and the conspirators were hunted down. Their almost simultaneous arrest proved pretty clearly that the police knew perfectly well where they could lay their hands on them.

Pichegru, taken by surprise as he was lying on a bed in an obscure chamber, could not reach his sabre and pistols in time, but he wrestled with six men, and they did not succeed in binding him with chains and fetters until several of them had been thrown to the floor and trampled upon by the athletic general. Georges was stopped in the streets of Paris, driving in a cabriolet, he blew out the brains of one of the police agents, wounded another, and had nearly escaped on foot, when two butchers and a locksmith's apprentice threw themselves upon him, and clung to him till some gendarmes came up. In all about forty individuals were seized, but the very first arrest ordered by Bonaparte was that of General Moreau, who was now implicated, and named with all the rest as brigands and assassins in the pay of England.

The First Consul looked around for a royal victim. Monsieur, or Louis XVIII., was out of his reach, living under the protection



Arrest of Georges Cadoudal

of the Emperor of Russia at Warsaw, his brother, the Count d'Artois (subsequently Charles X), his nephew, the Duc de Berry, and the other princes of his family, were safe in London. But, close on the French frontiers, was a young Bourbon prince, and the bravest and most interesting, if not the best, of all of them. Louis Antoine Henri de Bourbon, Duc d'Enghien, had fixed his residence at Ettenheim, a château on the German side of the Rhine, a few miles from that river, and in the neutral territories of the Margrave of Baden. This choice of a residence was influenced by an attachment between him and the Princess Charlotte de Rohan, who was living at Ettenheim with her near relative the Cardinal de Rohan. It was rumoured among the friends of the Consul that the brave prince had repeatedly entered France, and had even visited Paris in disguise. It was also said that the very able and adroit General Dumouriez was with him. Both these reports were utterly false, but it is stated that Bonaparte believed them to be true.

By one of those orders that flew like lightning from Paris to all

the extremities of France, the officer commanding at Strasbourg was enjoined to send some troops across the Rhine by night, and seize the Duke in his château, and M. Caulaincourt, one of Bonaparte's aides-de-camp, and soon afterwards called Duke of Vicenza, was sent by his master to the Rhine to superintend the operation. Caulaincourt gave the *délicate* commission to Colonel Ordenner, commandant of the *gendarmerie-à-cheval*, who, on the night of the 14th of March, crossed the river with some squadrons of gendarmes and other cavalry, entered the territory of Baden as if it had been a French province, and advancing at the charging pace, soon surrounded the château of Ettenheim. The Duke, it is said, had been apprised a day or two before (according to Bourrienne it was Talleyrand who gave the merciful hint) that some design against him was on foot. But he could not believe it—he was living in a friendly country a peaceable and inoffensive life, under the protection of the laws both of nature and of nations, and in consequence of this security, those who came to kidnap him found that no kind of precaution had been taken against them. When the Duke was roused from his midnight slumber by the tramp of their horses' feet and by the rattling of their arms, he sprang out of bed, and from the window perceived that the château was surrounded, and that a detachment of French cavalry was watching the neighbouring town of Ettenheim, and blocking up the roads which led from it to the castle. He, nevertheless, determined to fight for his liberty, and having thrown on some clothes, he and his faithful valet Joseph armed themselves with fowling-pieces, his officers and other persons of his limited establishment presently joined him, armed also with fowling-pieces, which, with their side-arms and a few pistols, were the only weapons in the château. The stairs of the castle were, however, straight and narrow, so that, from the first landing-place, an obstinate defence might have been made against the assailants. The Duke preserved the most perfect coolness, and made the ablest dispositions for resistance, his officers and servants were to load his fowling-pieces, under cover, while he, at the head of the stairs, discharged them successively, as fast as they could load, and with an effect the more to be relied upon as he was a wonderful shot.

The gendarmes soon broke the lower door, and seemed to be about to ascend the narrow stairs, where some of them must have received the proper reward of their conduct, when the Duke's first gentleman, a Baron Grinstein, threw himself upon him, caught him in his arms, and dragged him into a room which opened upon the head of the staircase, exclaiming that all resistance was vain, and that care must be taken of the precious life of his Royal Highness. It has never, we believe, been ascertained whether the Baron acted upon a criminal or upon an honourable and humane motive, but we are inclined to believe that his motive was good, that he saw that the Bourbon Prince must perish in such an unequal struggle, and that he could not conceive, if he submitted to captivity, that his enemies would ever proceed to the horrible extremity of taking his life. It has been well said that one cannot help wishing, on the first impression, that the Duke had had the satisfaction of dying amidst his dying enemies with his arms in his hands, but that Heaven ordained for him a still nobler fate, and fraught with a nobler lesson. "Had he died in that midnight struggle, the atrocity of Bonaparte might have been doubted; the cool heroic devotion of the young and gallant victim would not have been tried and proved, the deep and lasting indignation of Europe would not have been excited, and the retributive justice of Heaven, in the fate of Murat and Bonaparte, would have wanted its highest effect, its most exemplary vindication" *

When the French gendarmes entered the room into which Grinstein had dragged the Duke, their first question was, "Which of you is the Duke d'Enghien?" "If you are sent here to seize him," said the Duke, "you ought to have a description of his person in your order" "Which of you is the man?" cried the soldiers, presenting their long pistols. No answer was returned. "Then," shouted the officer in command, "we must seize you all" And they were all seized and bound, being all, except Baron Grinstein, less than half dressed. The kidnappers instantly marched the whole party out of the château and through the town of Ettenheim, for

* "Quarterly Review," vol. xvii, article in answer to Mr. Warden

though they had no resistance to apprehend, their consciences made cowards of them all ; and they were nervously eager to recross the Rhine, and get back within the strong walls of Strasbourg By this time, the quiet little town, which like the château had been buried in sleep, was all on foot and on tiptoe, in the most excited state of curiosity, astonishment, and consternation, and it is said that the Princess Charlotte de Rohan, who, alarmed at the noise, had risen from her bed and run to a window, saw, but it is supposed without recognizing him, her lover the Duke dragged past her house, with no other covering but loose trousers, a waistcoat, and a pair of slippers At a little distance from Ettenheim they halted at a mill, where was the burgomaster of the town Whether it was this German boor, or the Duke's secretary, who was living in the town, and who now came running after his master, imploring to be allowed to share his fate, that first pointed out which of the party was His Royal Highness, is not known, and is not very important, but it is certain that the Duke was recognized at the mill He then asked to be allowed to send his valet back to the château for linen, clothes, and some money This was granted, and as soon as the servant returned, the Duke dressed himself, and the whole party proceeded rapidly to the Rhine They crossed the river between Cappell and Reinau, and on the opposite bank found carriages waiting for them The French wanted to place Baron Grinstein in the same carriage with the Duke, but he refused to be so accompanied, and insisted upon taking with him instead his brave and faithful valet Joseph, who had endeavoured to assist him in defending the château On their arrival at Strasbourg, all the prisoners were confined in the citadel. Caulaincourt, who had directed and superintended the whole operation from Offenbourg, had not yet returned to Strasbourg, and appears to have been fully determined not to face his illustrious victim During that day and the two following days the Prince was respectfully treated, and none of the soldiery seem to have imagined that worse was intended him than close confinement in some State prison But towards evening on the 18th, Caulaincourt returned, and at the dead of night the wearied Duke's bed was surrounded by gendarmes, who bade him rise and dress himself with

all haste, *as he was about to go on a journey* He asked for the attendance of the faithful Joseph, he was told he would have no need of any valet where he was going He asked to take some linen with him, and he was told that two shirts would be quite enough "All this might have convinced the Duke that his journey was to a bloody grave"*

With needless barbarity they put chains on the Prince's arms The carriage which conveyed him stopped only to change horses and mounted escorts In the dusk of the evening it rolled over the drawbridge and through the arched gateway of the then gloomy old fortress of Vincennes, which was left to Savary's gendarmes, whose nerves were strung to do whatever the First Consul might command Such was the unlimited Oriental devotion of Savary himself to his chief, that he was reported to have said, "If the First Consul ordered me to kill mine own father, I would kill him."

Bonaparte called no council, took no advice His wife Josephine, who learned what he had on hand, and who had a feeling and generous heart, threw herself on her knees, and implored him to stop short in this foul crime "Woman," said the Consul, "mind your own business these are not things for women to meddle with! Let me alone!" Before this, he had said, "The Bourbons must be taught that they are not to sport with my life with impunity" It is quite certain that Talleyrand and others, who have been implicated, knew nothing of the last act of the tragedy until it was played out, and that the part which Murat took in the business was as nothing to that performed by Savary, the real head of Bonaparte's most secret police.

On the very night of the Duke's arrival at Vincennes, a military court assembled in the castle the seven officers who composed it had all been nominated by Bonaparte himself, or by Murat after consultation with him In the middle of the night the illustrious captive—wary, sleepy, exhausted as he was—was brought before this tribunal He was charged with having borne arms against the French Republic, with being still in the pay of England, with acting

* "Pictorial Hist. England." MacFarlane's Narrative.

as the head of a party of emigrants, assembled near the frontiers of France, and holding treasonable correspondence with the interior, and, finally, with being an accomplice in the conspiracy formed at Paris against the life of the First Consul. The Duke acknowledged that he had fought under his grandfather, the Prince of Condé, against the Revolution during the last war, and that he still received from England a pension, which was his only means of subsistence. He most positively and solemnly denied having had any connection or communication either with Pichegru or Dumouriez, or having kept up any treasonable correspondence with persons in France. With the greatest indignation he rebutted the charge of having conspired against the life of the First Consul—a charge, by the way, which was not mentioned in the indictment. He marvelled that they should venture to bring such an accusation against one who bore the honoured name of Condé. The Duke was a brave soldier, and no assassin, or encourager of assassins. On their asking him what had been his place in the late Royalist army, he said, with a noble pride, “Gentlemen, I was always in the van!”

The court found him guilty of the two first charges, and pronounced sentence of death. This is the original judgment upon which the Duke was executed; but as this judgment did not appear, to the Consul and his friends, explicit or regular enough, another version of it was framed the next day (after the execution, be it remembered), in which his Royal Highness was found guilty of all the charges brought against him; and this second *post-mortem* judgment was published in the mendacious *Moniteur*. The originals of both these monstrous documents have been discovered and critically examined by M. Dupin, an acute French lawyer, and they are both printed at full length in M. Capefigue’s “History of the Consulate and Empire.” They really go to prove that the men engaged in this dark transaction were stupefied by the sense of their own guilt, and knew not how to put a deceptive gloss on the story. They look like vulgar murderers scared by a ghost.

On this mock trial not a single witness of any kind was examined, nor was any evidence produced, except some papers, which proved nothing, and which are stated in the original sentence itself to have

been read *secretly* by the military court *before* the prisoner was brought in. No counsel was allowed, although, according to the existing law, counsel was assigned to every prisoner at the bar. But it is bootless, where everything was illegal, to dwell on illegalities. General Hulin, the president of the court, when subsequently pleading in extenuation of his guilt, said, "Appointed to be judges, we were obliged to act as judges, at the risk of being judged ourselves."

The Duc d'Enghien was led that very night, or rather early in the morning of the 21st of March, to the castle ditch, where gendarmes were drawn up, and where a grave had already been dug for him. These glaring, now incontrovertible, facts must remain for ever on the pages of history and biography: this blood will not sink into the earth and disappear. It is said that the Duke asked for the attendance of a confessor, and that the brutal reply to the request was, "Would you die like a priest?" He refused to be blindfolded, he presented his breast to the soldiers, and exclaiming, "I die for my King and for France!" fell with seven mortal bullets in his body. The men fired at the short distance of ten paces, and as they fired the Duke rushed towards the muzzles of their pieces and dropped dead at their feet. Then, dressed as it was, without coffin or shroud, the body was flung carelessly into the ready-made grave in the castle moat. The site is marked by a small cross and a diminutive sickly-looking tree, planted after the downfall of Bonaparte, but the mouldering remains, on the 21st of March, 1816, the twelfth anniversary of the murder, were transferred to the chapel of the castle, and covered with a sculptured monument, singularly bad in taste, and devoid of true Christian sentiment.

At St Helena, Bonaparte justified the deed, and said that, in a similar case, he would again do the same. There is, however, something like evidence to show that he had many regrets and compunctious visitings, and that he felt, at least, the full force of the saying of the cold-blooded Fouché, "*C'est pis qu'une crime, c'est une faute*"—"It is worse than a crime, it is a mistake."

General-President Hulin seems to have experienced the most lively remorse. For several days after the Duke's execution he was

observed walking rapidly up and down his garden, repeating to himself, but in an audible voice, "*Il est mort en brave, il est mort en héros !*" "He died like a brave man, he died like a hero!" It is further added, that Hulin could never hear any one pronounce the Prince's name without shuddering, that, long after the event, in going to his country house, which was situated on the side of Vincennes, he always made his coachman take a roundabout road in order to avoid the sight of the castle where the bloody deed had been done

Just fifteen days after the execution of the Bourbon Prince, General Pichegru—with whom, as with Georges, the Polignacs, and others, the Prince ought to have been confronted—was found dead in his cell in the Temple, where he had been lying ever since the 27th of February, subject to the frequent visits and interrogatories of Réal. No threats, no promises, could induce Pichegru to injure any man by his answers, or to affect the great object in view—that of implicating General Moreau. He threatened, on the contrary, to tear to pieces the flimsy web which had been thrown round Moreau, to speak out on his public trial, to unfold the odious means by which he and his companions had been entrapped into the conspiracy by Bonaparte's police, and to reveal what he knew of the First Consul's own secret correspondence with the Bourbons. This speaking out in an open court—and it was known that Pichegru could speak in a lofty and energetic manner—gave great alarm to the Consular Government. Besides, in spite of his present sad predicament, and the charges and calumnies which had been heaped upon his name, some of the soldiery might still feel an affection for the commander who had repeatedly led them on to victory, before the name of Bonaparte had made itself known. To proceed against two such successful generals as Pichegru and Moreau, at one and the same time, might perchance prove too severe a trial of the temper of the army. It was calculated, too, that, if Pichegru were but dead, it might be insinuated that it was only his death that removed the proof of Moreau's complicity. Réal had been heard muttering as he came from his cell, 'What a man this Pichegru is! There is no moving him!'" On the 5th of April, this Counsellor of State and manager of police,

this creature of Fouché, had a long secret interview with the general, and it was on the next morning that Pichegru was found strangled in his bed, with a black cravat tightened round his neck by means of a stick which acted as a tourniquet. Six obscure surgeons named by the criminal tribunal were called in to examine the body, and sign a report that Pichegru had committed suicide. A *gendarmie d'élite* deposed that, being on guard near Pichegru's cell, about three hours after midnight, he had heard a violent coughing and spitting, a turnkey of the Temple deposed that he had the key of the general's door all the night in his pocket, so that the door could not have been opened, but in spite of surgeons, gendarmes, and turnkeys; and of other pains taken, then and afterwards, to prove that Pichegru had perished by his own hand, the impression was instantly made, and in a manner to be lasting, that he had been most foully murdered. The event came so close upon the catastrophe of Vincennes—the police of the Temple was entirely under the control of Réal—Savary was, in a manner, the military governor, and the guards there were mounted, and the general service of the prison performed by Savary's *gendarmes d'élite*, comrades of the men who had shot the Prince in the ditch—there were other families of the *montrou* genus, who were known to have committed detestable deeds, and who were believed capable of any crime—there were keys of the *passé partout* sort which opened every lock—and the midnight visitations, and the acts of carrying off State prisoners, unknown to their co-mates in captivity (and no one except the agents employed knew whither)—these were facts notorious in Paris and in all France. It might be that Pichegru had strangled himself, but Pichegru seems to have been considered, by all who knew him, as a man very unlikely to have recourse to suicide—as one whose natural temperament, excited passions, and indignation against Bonaparte, and Fouché, and the agents of police who entrapped him, would have led him to bear any extremity of suffering, and to face the guillotine or the fusilades unmoved, provided he could have the opportunity of speaking out on his trial. In short, nearly everything went to confirm the belief that Pichegru had really been murdered. The pains taken by the Government to give that opinion another direc-

tion, by the affected exhibition of the body, only served to strengthen the popular belief.* As a matter of course Savary denies that he himself knew anything of the matter, and that Pichegru was murdered at all, but he confesses, at the same time, that *the belief of assassination* was universal, and that a high functionary, his own personal friend, spoke of it years afterwards as an undoubted fact, and named the gendarmes in the Temple as the men by whom the deed had been done. Among the foreign diplomatists resident at Paris no doubt appears to have been entertained as to the manner of the death. There were certain private circumstances which rendered the catastrophe the more striking the conqueror of Holland and the First Consul, who had obtained their commissions as lieutenants of artillery on the very same day, had been schoolfellows in the Military School of Brienne, and there Pichegru, being the elder of the two, had taught Bonaparte the four first rules of arithmetic, and had been both a friend and tutor to the poor and almost friendless Corsican. And now all their calculations had come to this strangulation with a black silk handkerchief and a bit of stick, and six feet of dishonoured earth for Pichegru, and for Bonaparte an imperial throne (he was placing his foot on the first steps of it when his schoolfellow perished)

The world was still aghast at the fate of Pichegru, when another bloody catastrophe was brought to light from the same State prison. Captain John Wesley Wright, who, in the preceding autumn, had

* The article in the *Moniteur*, which was published the day after the death, accompanied by depositions of the *gendarmes d'élite*, the *concierge* of the Temple, the turnkey, and the surgeons, displayed an awkwardness of ingenuity and pains taking, which went to confirm what it was intended to destroy. It was to this effect "The preceding evening Pichegru had copiously dined according to his custom, for he loved the pleasures of the table. He was full of meat, had a short neck, was sanguineous, and the want of exercise predisposed him the more to apoplexy in the evening, too, he had asked for a Seneca, and opening the book at the page where the philosopher discusses the miseries of life and the easy passage to eternity, Pichegru had prepared himself for suicide. He had concealed a stick taken out of a faggot of firewood, and that, with his cravat, sufficed for the strangulation. Thus Pichegru has escaped the disgrace of the scaffold by suicide."

In the state in which the press then was, and in the passive dread of men's minds, no one could then publish any comments, or give any account of Pichegru's death different from the official one put forth in the *Moniteur*, and thus, as we see, is contradictory

landed Pichegru and some of his companions, was becalmed on the morning of the 8th of May on the coast of France, and was carried by the ebb-tide close upon the rocks. Whilst his crew were sweeping with all their strength to get clear of the coast, *seventeen* armed vessels were rowed out from the shore, consisting of six brigs, six luggers, and five smaller gun-vessels. Wright's craft was only an eighteen-gun brig-sloop, and his crew consisted of fifty-one effective men and twenty-four boys, yet he gallantly fought the whole French flotilla for nearly two hours, and did not strike his colours until his ship was a mere wreck—until twelve of his men were wounded and two killed, and he himself wounded in the groin.

The First Consul was informed that Wright's vessel had been recognized as the same which had landed Pichegru, and that Wright had been a lieutenant on board Sir Sidney Smith's ship the *Tigre*, and had distinguished himself under Sir Sidney in the defence of Acre. The latter fact alone would assuredly have led to some harsher treatment than is reserved for prisoners of war, and it is believed that if Bonaparte could only have caught Sir Sidney himself (even though not engaged in landing Royalists), Sir Sidney would at least have run a close risk of making his exit from this world in the Temple—of which, before this time, he had been long an inmate. Orders were immediately transmitted to the coast, to interrogate the captured English crew *separately*, that is, secretly, and by the *police*, and when nothing could be got from the English sailors to throw any light upon the Pichegru conspiracy, Captain Wright was brought up to Paris, thrown into the Temple, not as a prisoner of war, but as a State prisoner, and there confined *au secret*. What followed could be precisely known only to those familiars who possessed the secrets of that prison-house. Even the date of the unhappy man's final catastrophe is not known, for Bonaparte himself declared his death *had been concealed for some considerable time*, the motive of that concealment no doubt being an anxiety to avoid a too close juxtaposition with the death of Pichegru in the same accursed place. Bonaparte also allowed that, to extort confessions, *the surgeon of Wright's ship was threatened with immediate death*, and this is nothing less than a species of torture. He also declared

that his grand object was to secure the principals, and to extract a full disclosure of all he suspected Wright to know. These avowals have tended to confirm the belief, which was very generally entertained at the time, and which indeed seems unavoidable, that Wright was barbarously treated in his close confinement—perhaps that his body as well as mind had been subjected to actual torture, and that, to get rid of the evidence his maimed or injured frame would present, recourse was had to another midnight assassination

Captain Wright was once, and only once, seen in public, after his arrival at the Temple. He was brought into court on the 2nd of June, as a witness on Georges' trial, being called the *hundred and thirty-fourth* witness in support of the prosecution. He, however, refused to answer any interrogatories, declaring that, as a prisoner of war, as a British officer, he considered himself amenable only to his own Government. The Attorney-General requested the President to order that the examination of Captain Wright, which had been taken on the 31st of May and on a later day, should be read over to him in court, and this being done, Wright replied that it was omitted to be stated that, on the occasions when those secret examinations had been taken, the questions put to him had been accompanied with the threat of turning him over to a military tribunal to be shot, if he did not betray the secrets of his country. We know not how long after this Wright lived, but it was a considerable time ere it was announced in the *Moniteur* that he had been found one morning in his cell with his throat cut from ear to ear, and that this was another clear case of suicide. But, again, a great majority of the world, not certainly excepting Paris, concluded it was another clear case of assassination. And, in fact, the probabilities of Wright's having destroyed himself were still less than the probabilities in Pichegru's case. The French general, whose character was blemished, and whose fortunes were utterly ruined, had a great deal to depress his spirits, but the English captain had only good and cheering prospects before him, if he could only but be released from his irregular confinement, he had done his duty, he had executed the orders of his Government in various cases under circumstances of the greatest difficulty, he had

displayed a rare ability, as well as an extraordinary courage; the battle he fought before surrendering was as gallant an affair as any that had occurred since the commencement of the war

Once out of the Temple, Wright might have been exchanged by cartel, once restored to his country, he must have obtained honours and promotion. Those who knew him well spoke of him as a buoyant, light-hearted, jovial sailor—the least likely man in the world to be easily cast down, or driven to a cowardly despair. Whatever may have been the threats employed, it was not probable that he should readily believe they would be put into execution against him, and we know that, during a part of his captivity, he anticipated an ultimate release, and that he employed himself in drawing up a spirited narrative of the circumstances of the capture of his ship, in order to refute the mendacious accounts given of that affair in the *Moniteur*. There is, however, a case in which we may suppose Wright to have destroyed himself, but it is a case where the guilt of murder would fall as heavily on his enemies as it could do if it were fully proved that they had, with their own hands, used the razor or the knife. Wright may have been so tortured as to have been deprived of his reason; or, in the natural dread of a repetition of the torture, he may have raised his hand against his own life. It is possible, though scarcely probable, that Bonaparte, who always positively denied any knowledge of Wright's death, may have been as ignorant on the point as he pretended, but he must have known that infamous threats had been used against that officer, and, in confessing himself that the death was concealed for a considerable time, he does not attempt to explain the motive of that very suspicious concealment. His apologist, Savary, who also denies all knowledge of Wright's death, calls it a dark and mysterious subject, and then hints that Fouché, who before it happened was fully reinstated in the Ministry of Police and in Bonaparte's good graces, was at the bottom of it all *

It was a terrible epoch, that which immediately preceded the Empire. To use another of Fouché's striking figures, "The air

was full of daggers " And few men knew so well as this old Jacobin and plotter that assassinations were no rarities, and that there were real conspiracies as well as imaginary conspiracies On every side people were looking for plots, or making fictitious ones. Men, not in the State secret, apprehended a speedy return of the executions and horrors of 1793, when Robespierre gave the law to Paris and all France It was intended to frighten the nation into a demand for a stronger Government, the Napoleonic Empire was to be established in terror, as the Republic had been before it With the majority of the French, liberty was now but an old song

The Senate, in an address to the First Consul, called upon him to complete his own work, the Council of State, by twenty votes against seven, affirmed that the basis of the Government of France ought to be hereditary succession The Senate, the Tribune, the legislative body, were advised, confidentially, to hasten to declare themselves, or they would be forestalled by the army. In the Tribune, one solitary member spoke against the proposed change, it was Carnot The Senate passed the project with only three dissentient votes The legislative body was equally subservient and ready for the change

"During these transactions," says Thibaudeau in his "Memoirs," "the First Consul held private councils, to which he summoned several members of the great bodies of the Government, each of whom stipulated for himself and his friends The Tribunes wanted to lengthen the period of their functions to ten years instead of five, with a salary of 25,000 francs instead of 15,000, the members of the legislative body wished also an increase of salary as well as of the duration of their office The Senators wished their dignity to be made hereditary in their families, and to have an absolute veto on the projects of law, and other privileges besides The Council of State alone asked for nothing Bonaparte, whilst listening to everybody, matured his own plans, fixed the extent of his own power, and granted as little as possible of it to others "

On the 18th of May, 1804, at St Cloud, the Senate, in a body, presented to Napoleon the *Senatus Consultum* which proclaimed him Emperor of the French and made the Imperial dignity heredi-

tary in his family Without waiting for that farce which was called the "sanction of the people," he forthwith assumed the title of "Emperor by the grace of God and the Constitutions of the Republic" Soon, however, the word Republic (never pleasant to his ear) was suppressed, and he styled himself Emperor "by the Constitutions of the Empire" When this was done the people were appealed to, and three millions of them were said to approve of it all, by their free votes taken in the communal assemblies. Then followed a deluge of congratulatory addresses from all quarters,—the clergy, army, judges, public functionaries, &c The army, however, could not have been unanimous, as several officers of the republican stamp resigned their commissions

Shortly after the assumption of the imperial dignity by Bonaparte, the trials of Georges, Moreau, and the others accused with them of conspiracy, began before a *special* court of twelve judges The law established by the Republic was set aside, no jury being allowed In other cases, and throughout the proceedings, law and justice were outraged Four of the judges were for the capital conviction of Moreau, but we do not believe that the new Emperor ever really wished to take the life of his military rival In the end, Moreau was found guilty only of a misdemeanour, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment Napoleon arbitrarily changed this sentence into one of perpetual banishment, and Moreau soon sailed for the United States of America Georges and about twenty others were condemned to death, but only twelve were executed Georges died like a true enthusiast and hero of the Vendée "That man," said the new Emperor, "was as hard as iron and as brave as steel" If he would only have come round to me, I would have made him one of my aides-de-camp But there were yet men in France not to be won by such promotion, or dazzled by all the splendour of what Paul Louis Courier called *la Troupe Dorée*





An Imperial Ball at St Cloud

BOOK IV.

NAPOLÉON would be crowned by the Pope The quiet, virtuous, amiable Pontiff, Pius VII, attempted to excuse himself on account of his age, the length of the journey, and the rigour of the season; but, after having consulted with the cardinals, he found himself obliged to comply He set out from Rome on the 5th of November, and reached Fontainebleau on the 25th of the same month

The coronation took place in the church of Notre Dame, the ancient cathedral of Paris, on the 2nd of December There was a very brilliant attendance princes and palatines from the Rhine, princes, dukes, marquises, and counts, from Italy, a thin sprinkling

of Spanish grandees ; and no inconsiderable number of the ancient noblesse of France, mixed with the new noblesse of Bonaparte's creation, with his marshals, generals, dignitaries of the Legion of Honour, &c The crown having been blessed by the Pope, Napoleon took it himself from the altar and placed it on his head ; after which, with his own hands, he crowned his wife Josephine as Empress. He was determined to show that he held nothing except of himself The Pope then accompanied the Emperor to an elevated throne, kissed him on the cheek, and cried, with a feeble inarticulate voice, "*Vivat Imperator in æternum !*" And then all present in that crowded cathedral shouted, "Long live the Emperor ! long live the Empress !"

To the imperial crown was soon added a crown royal. Following the example of the French, some of the people beyond the Alps requested Napoleon to accept the ancient iron Lombard crown, the crown of Upper Italy. On the 26th of May, 1805, the ceremony was performed in the splendid but unfinished cathedral of Milan This time the Pope was not troubled the Archbishop of Milan officiated Napoleon was even less reverential or ceremonious than he had been at Notre Dame he seized the iron crown and placed it on his brow, exclaiming, "God has given it me, woe to him who attempts to touch it !" The fair Italian lady to whom only six years before he had said, "We are all republicans," was present, beholding with wonder this his second coronation

In the month of June, the old Genoese Republic was united not to the Italian kingdom, but to France, and the Republic of Lucca was transformed into a Principality, and given to Elisa, one of Napoleon's sisters, and her husband Baciocchi, to be held as a fief of the French Empire. The military Republic of San Marino, with its two old cannons, and a population of about a thousand souls, was the only one now left in the Italian peninsula.

Returning to France, the Emperor resumed, on the coast near Boulogne—where a great army was assembled—his demonstrations for the invasion of England. He calculated that 100,000 men, and one pitched battle, would carry him to London, that he could excite the democratic element against the aristocracy, and revolutionize

all England. Some yet doubt whether he ever really and seriously entertained this project, but if he did, his attention was very soon distracted from it, and other occupation found for his arms. His ambitions, his extensive annexations of territory in violation of treaties, roused the best part of Europe against him. In the summer of 1805, a new coalition was formed between England, Russia, Austria, and Sweden. Prussia was urged to join it, she hesitated, but she augmented her armies, and remained neutral, looking forward to the events of the war, and hoping meanly, basely, stupidly, to profit by them, and to gratify her old animosity against Austria.

Without waiting for the arrival of the Russians, the Austrians marched into the Electorate of Bavaria, and as that Elector refused to join the coalition, and was suspected of a leaning to France, they took possession of Munich his capital. The notorious General Mack, who had given repeated proofs of incapacity in the field, was, by some intrigue or strange influence, placed at the head of the grand Austrian army in Germany. The Archduke Charles, already the hero of many battles, commanded the Austrian forces on the side of Italy. Napoleon's so-called Army of England was rapidly moved from the Straits of Dover to the Rhine, whither also were directed troops from Holland, Hanover, and the interior of France. Massena was appointed to the command of the French army in Italy. Napoleon soon repaired to Mainz, on the Rhine, where he took the command of the Grand Army, a name which afterwards was always applied to the forces which he commanded in person.

In this war, the Emperor of the French was indisputably more aided by the blunders and short-comings of his adversary than by his own undoubted military genius. Mack behaved like a fool or traitor, or both. He allowed himself to be surrounded at Ulm, in Bavaria, and there, on the 17th of October, without fighting—without attempting a blow for the honour of arms—he surrendered with more than 20,000 men (excellent troops), and all his staff and artillery.

By this time, the Russian army, led on by the young Emperor Alexander himself, was getting close to hand, having assembled in Moravia. With the addition of some Austrian divisions, it amounted to 80,000 combatants. Napoleon was far, very far indeed, from en-

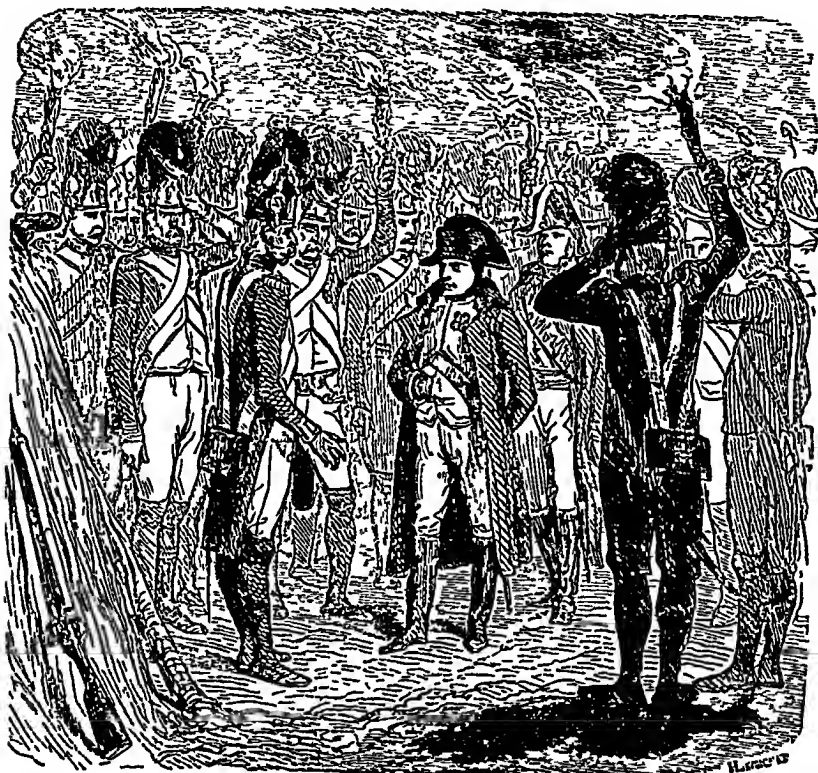
tertaining that contempt of the Russians which of late it has been fashionable for Englishmen to feel or affect. He knew that, though somewhat slow, they were staunch soldiers, men who could stand like stone walls or rocks, and who, when beaten, would rally and try again. Napoleon told his own soldiers that the Russian infantry was truly formidable "This contest," said he, "is of great importance to the honour of the French foot It is now to be finally decided whether the French infantry be the first or only the second in Europe" [Subsequently he learned to his cost, on the plain of Maida, in Portugal, Spain, on the field of Waterloo, and from every action in which they came in close contact with the French, that the first infantry in Europe was the British, a fact of which we no more doubt than we do that both the French and the Russian infantry are brave and good] When it came to the trial, Napoleon's success resulted rather from his strategical skill and the mistakes of the Russian leaders, than to any decided superiority of his men over the Russian soldiers If the French were the quicker, the Russians were the more steady and dogged of the two He never gained a victory over the troops of the Czar without a long crisis and a tremendous loss, and many of the sanguinary affairs which he claimed as victories were in reality drawn battles But such was not the great combat of Austerlitz, fought on the 2nd of December, 1805

On the 13th of November the French had taken undisputed and quiet possession of Vienna, where they found in immense quantities the military stores, arms, clothing, and provisions, which ought to have been removed and preserved for the use of the two allied armies From Vienna Napoleon pushed boldly forward into Moravia The Allies retreated, for the sake of forming a readier junction with a fresh Russian division which had entered the province Warlike populations were beginning to rise *en masse* all round the French, thousands of light infantry were expected from Bohemia and Croatia, and numerous squadrons of excellent horse from Hungary It behoved the allied Emperors to avoid a general action, and this they would have done, but for the significant fact that their armies were already in a half-famished condition. They must try and fight their way to Vienna. Quitting, therefore, their strong positions and en-

trenchments at Olmutz, behind which the French would not have ventured to attack them, the Russians and Austrians advanced upon Brunn. Napoleon, in his turn, beat a retreat, but he halted his columns on the plain of Austerlitz, which he had attentively surveyed, and found to be the best battle-field in those parts. Marshal Kutusoff, the real commander-in-chief of the allied army, began his movements for attack on the morning of the 1st of December. These were beautifully executed, but the practised eye of Napoleon saw that, in order to execute his plan of turning the right wing of the French, Kutusoff would extend his lines too much, that there were a great many raw recruits, particularly among the Austrians, and he is said to have exclaimed, "By to-morrow evening that army is mine!" He may have used the words, and to good purpose, but it is evident that he was not very sure of the fact. The day was spent in active preparation, for the greater part in disposing, in the most advantageous manner, the tremendous trains of artillery which the French had dragged with them. The night, for Napoleon avowedly was one of intense anxiety. He went from bivouac to bivouac—the weather being bitterly cold and stormy—conversing familiarly with the common soldiers, and uttering oracular, short, easily-retained sentences to keep up their courage. Worn out with fatigue, he snatched a half-hour's sleep by the side of one of the bivouac fires. On the morrow morning, the 2nd—it was the first anniversary of his imperial coronation—he was very early on horseback. Thick fogs and mists hung over the plain and the neighbouring heights on which stood the Allies: the sun could scarcely break through the vapours, but at last it appeared red and lurid like a globe dipped in blood. Napoleon now rode along the line shouting, "Soldiers, we must finish this campaign with a thunder-bolt!" and the soldiers shouted, "*Vive l'Empereur! vive le jour de sa fête!*"

The two opposing armies were nearly equal in numbers, each counting about 80,000 men.

The French writers who represent the Allies as being far more numerous, sin against truth, and are guilty of a suppression of truth in not stating that the Austrian position of the allied forces was in



The Emperor visiting the Bivouacs

a state of discouragement, and chiefly composed of raw levies, and that on the side of Napoleon there was an overwhelming weight of guns Kutusoff and the Russians began the attack with great spirit; but Kutusoff committed the error which Napoleon had foreseen confident of success, he extended his line too much Yet, after all, that line was not so easily broken through for the French to do that it took a concentrated attack by Marshals Soult, Lannes, and Murat with all the French cavalry In time, when many a French saddle had been emptied, the Russian divisions were separated, the Austrian recruits fought loosely and without intelligence, and, after a terrible conflict on the part of the Imperial Russian Guards, the

allied army was routed in detail Its loss was tremendous thousands were drowned in the frozen lakes in the rear of their position, the ice, though thick, not being sufficiently strong to bear their weight Entire lines of Russian infantry were mowed down by the artillery of the enemy ; but other lines sprang up to supply their places, and the best part of Kutusoff's army, after standing the brunt of the battle, retired in admirable order, covered by clouds of Cossacks, who, with their rapid, irregular charges, and long lances, repeatedly drove back Murat's regular horse.

By one or two o'clock in the afternoon the success of Napoleon was pretty well decided , but it was near midnight ere the Russians entirely left the field, and then they marched off with such a countenance that the French did not venture to follow them In the course of the morning, once, if not twice, Marshal Soult was in the greatest danger , Kutusoff nearly succeeded in reuniting his divisions and closing up his line—and the fate of Napoleon seemed to hang by a thread. A charge made by the entire cavalry of his guard, and then a sustained fire of grape-shot on the solid Russian squares, turned the scale, and allowed him to hum his opera air, "*Ah ! comme il y viendra !*" In the combat, the French placed a principal reliance on their artillery , the Russian infantry made a great use of the bayonet. Most of the French that were wounded were wounded by that weapon, and in the great majority of cases those wounds proved mortal. The total loss on this side exceeded 5,000 men and officers

The battle of Austerlitz was the most brilliant victory achieved by Napoleon during the period of the Empire Between the surrender of Mack and this great battle, he received intelligence of the annihilation of his fleets at Trafalgar. This clouded his triumph, and for a time depressed his spirits He peevishly said, "I cannot be everywhere !" But, as several writers have observed, his presence at Trafalgar, in a ship of the line, would have been much more useless than that of Nelson on horseback in the campaign of the Danube, and in Moravia.

Before advancing on Vienna, the conqueror had said that it was time for the Emperor of Germany to recollect that all empires have

an end There was, in reality, not much danger of any such catastrophe, but the Emperor Francis was guided by timid counsels, and was concerned for "the good citizens of Vienna" He had an interview with Napoleon the day after the battle of Austerlitz, and an armistice was concluded, by which the Russians, who scarcely needed the permission, were allowed to retire to their own country Francis, who had been well subsidized by England, seceded from the coalition, and on the 26th of December (twenty-four days after



Meeting of the Emperors

Austerlitz) peace between France and Austria was signed at Presburgh The sacrifices were, of course, all on one side. Austria gave up to the kingdom of Italy the Venetian provinces and Dalmatia, and to the Elector of Bavaria, Tyrol, and other districts, further agreeing to pay a military contribution of one hundred millions of francs. The result of this war of 1805, or rather of the pusillanimous diplomacy which accompanied as well as followed it, was to leave Italy entirely at the disposal of Napoleon, and to extend his influence in Germany Having made himself Emperor and King, he now began to put royal crowns upon other heads he raised the Electors of Bavaria and Wurtemberg to the rank of kings At the

same time, of his own free will, he placed himself at the head of all the smaller German States, which he formed into what, for a few years, was called the Confederation of the Rhine, and which was directly under his protection and control. The old German Empire was thus dissolved, but that crazy, incoherent, unintelligible machine was not the *Austrian Empire*. Many a time, subsequently to this period, Napoleon exclaimed, "That old House of Austria never dies!"

The conqueror's next crown was awarded to his elder brother Joseph Bonaparte. In February, 1806, a French army took possession of the kingdom of Naples, and drove the Bourbon King Ferdinand into Sicily. By decree, dated in March, Joseph was appointed King of Sicily as well as of Naples. In June, by another imperial decree, Napoleon appointed his younger brother, Louis, to be King of Holland, thus transforming by a stroke of the pen the Dutch Republic into a kingdom—and into a kingdom wholly dependent on France. But by this time he could openly and energetically express the hatred or contempt he felt for republican governments. "Republics!" said he, "what are they? They are good only for songs!"

Mr Pitt, who had hitherto carried on the war, into which he had never wished to enter, was now in a premature grave, and his rival, Mr Charles Fox, was the Premier of a Whig Cabinet. Mr Fox was known to be very favourable to peace, and the Whigs had been proclaiming for years that, if they had the powers of the State in their hands, they could conclude an advantageous treaty, and so put an end to this frightful expenditure of human life. The Whigs were destined to see that they could do no more in this way than the Tories had done before them. They commenced negotiations with Napoleon, on the basis of the *uti possidetis*, or, in the vernacular, on the principle that every one should hold what he had got. Lord Yarmouth, and afterwards Lord Lauderdale (a most decided Whig), were our negotiators at Paris. They found a stumbling block on the very threshold: the Emperor of the French insisted that Sicily should be given up to his brother Joseph. Now, Sicily had not been conquered by the French, and was, at this moment, protected by

an English army and an English fleet. King Ferdinand in this war had been our friend and ally, and it was owing to that very alliance and friendship for us that he had lost his continental dominions of Naples To have bartered away Sicily to France would have been, on the part of England, an act of bad faith equal to, if not worse than, the barter of Venice to Austria by the French. The Whig Ministry refused to comply with this requisition, set forth as a *sine quâ non*, and Mr Fox dying soon afterwards, the negotiations were broken off Long after the period Napoleon was accustomed to say that if the great Whig minister had lived only a few months longer, there would have been peace, amity, and alliance between England and France This we utterly disbelieve, and for many reasons in addition to the following —However questionable may have been the conduct of Charles James Fox as leader of the minority of a distracted, divided, desperate, and unscrupulous Opposition, and however nearly he, on two or three occasions, trod on the limits of treason, he had an English heart, and as minister could only act in consonance with English feelings, neither King nor Parliament, neither Whigs nor Tories, would have allowed him to truckle to the Emperor of the French, or allowed that conqueror to forge chains for all the rest of Europe Let the story of the war be read correctly honour is power, and the loss of it weakness. We were bound in honour to support our allies and friends whenever they might make an effort to check French aggrandizement, and it was only by feeding and maintaining the war on the Continent that we kept its devastations and horrors from our own shores If Napoleon could really have subjected the Continent, a French marshal might have given the law in London, and Dublin been ruled by a French prefect.

Prussia very quickly reaped the reward of her selfish, wavering, tergiversating policy She would not take up arms in 1805, when she would have had two empires for her allies, and the chance of operating with immense effect on the flank of Napoleon's Grand Army, and she was driven into the war by French encroachment and intolerable insult in 1806, when Austria had been reduced to accept a very disadvantageous peace, and the armies of Russia were

far beyond the Vistula Verily, the new dynasty of France was immensely aided by the imbecility of some of the old dynasties of Europe' In a note addressed to the Cabinet of Berlin, Napoleon haughtily said, "To provoke the enmity of France is as senseless as to pretend to withstand the waves of the ocean" They had a French army all ready beyond the Rhine, and nearly a score of German vassal princes, with their forces, were willing and ready to join and to follow him into Prussia, which had only one reluctant ally, the weak Elector of Saxony The Saxon troops disliked the Prussians, and they fought softly, *molliment* The double battle of Auerstadt and Jena (October the 14th) decided the campaign The Prussian troops fought bravely, but their generals committed the very error which had proved so fatal to the Allies at Austerlitz—they too much extended their line According to the French account, 20,000 Prussians were killed or captured on this fatal day; and 300 pieces of artillery, 60 standards, and 20 general officers were taken The blow which decided the fate of the day was struck by Bernadotte, who had evinced great firmness and military prudence, but Napoleon was now jealous of the reputation of his lieutenants, and for some time he had borne no good-will to Bernadotte. He now called that fortunate general a Gascon that would never do better "I know I did my duty," said Bernadotte "Let the Emperor accuse me if he will, he shall have his answer I am a Gascon, it is true, but he is a greater Gasconader than I am" Tongues and pens were set at work to defame the proud Gascon, and in this inglorious warfare Marshal Davoust was not respected The picture, so frequently presented of the harmony existing in this imperial army, can be proved, by overwhelming evidence, to be in good part imaginative and fabulous It was one of the infirmities of Napoleon's Corsican nature to be jealous of all who highly distinguished themselves, and to hate every man that stoutly opposed his dogmatical opinions

The consequences of the defeat of the Prussians at Jena were very disastrous Most of their retreating scattered divisions were separately surrounded, and obliged to lay down their arms Only the indomitable Blucher and the brave Lestocq kept some regiments

together and fought a little longer. Nearly all the strong fortresses, Magdeburg, Spandau, Kustrin, Stettin, Halemn, surrendered without firing a shot, and not without dark suspicions of venality and corruption on the part of some of the Prussian commandants. The work of the great Frederick's whole life thus crumbled to pieces in a few weeks. That monarchy had been made up of shreds and patches, of provinces and districts gained by the sword, and gained at too recent a date to have afforded time for the growth of any amalgamation, cohesion, or unity of national spirit. Mirabeau, who was at Berlin when Frederick the Great was on his death-bed, said of the kingdom, "Prussia is but a rotten pear, and rotten before it is ripe." We are afraid that even now (1855) the rottenness exists without the maturity of ripened fruit.

At Berlin, Napoleon threatened to shoot the Prince of Flatzfeld, who had but done his duty, and visiting the tomb of Frederick the Great at Potsdam, he seized the scarf and sword of the great soldier, laid like sacred relics upon his monument, and packed them off for Paris—there to wait the day when Marshal Blucher should reclaim them, and recover so much more of Prussian spoil.

Fortune seemed to reserve her smiles for the Emperor of the French, but he was still greatly chagrined by a signal defeat which the English had given to his army in Calabria, on the plain of Maida, some three months before he opened the Prussian campaign, and his wrath was increased by seeing wherever he went, or wherever he made inquiries, some effects of English wealth, or of that unspotted, undoubted English credit which was more than gold. "If," said he, "I can prevent that nation of shopkeepers from making money, why, then they will have no money to send to the Continent, and without English subsidies Austria will continue quiet, and Russia as well as Prussia will be submissive. *Allons, marchons! Mort au commerce des Anglais!*"

On the 21st of November, 1806, Napoleon issued his well-known Berlin decree against our trade. "The British islands were to be considered as in a state of blockade by all the Continent. All correspondence or trade with England was forbidden under most severe penalties. All articles of English manufacture or produce of the

British colonies were considered as contraband Property of every kind, belonging to British subjects, wherever found, was declared lawful prize All letters to and from England were to be detained and opened at the post-office " More than a year after our Government retaliated with its Orders in Council, which bear the date of the 11th of November, 1807 Bonaparte was not constitutionally cruel, he did not love bloodshed for the sake of the blood, but, on occasion, he could be as pitiless as unjust The flames of war in Prussia had been fanned by the German press, through the medium of pamphlets and books not being able to get at the authors, Napoleon arrested six of the principal booksellers and publishers, and had them tried by court-martial Not one of these men was his subject, or owed him any allegiance, their offence was having called upon their own countrymen to defend the honour and independence of Germany The military court, over which Napoleon's favourite, Berthier, presided, sentenced all the six booksellers to death, the Emperor reprieved five, and himself singled out for execution Palm of Nurnburg This unfortunate bookseller's offence was this—he had published a work by the celebrated patriotic writer, Ghentz, "On the Present Humiliation of Germany" Palm was shot on the 25th of August eventually, this foul murder did more harm to the Emperor of the French than he could sustain from the loss of a great battle *

The war was not yet over the Russian armies boldly advanced to the Vistula to support the King of Prussia, who had fled to Königsberg, Napoleon occupied Warsaw, the old capital of Poland, and mystified and cajoled a good many of the Poles, impatient for the restoration of their nationality and independence Nothing can be

* Late one night, in a convivial moment Thomas Campbell, the poet, proposed to a party of English *littérateurs*, that they should drink a bumper to Napoleon Bonaparte as the friend and patron of literature "How, Campbell, how?" "Why," said the bard of Hohenlinden, "didn't he shoot a bookseller?" Some unlucky authors may be of opinion that there was truth as well as point in the poet's jest, but let that pass We still see writers who are not joking, and evidently incapable of it, holding up Napoleon I as a real protector of literature and friend of authors What Napoleon protected was science, and imaginative, free, freely discussing literature was an abomination in his eyes—a nuisance to be put down or cast out with the strong hand.

more clear than that he never seriously meditated the reconstruction of this kingdom, which had fallen to pieces through its own mad anarchy. His replies to public addresses at Warsaw were cold and cautious. The severity of that climate did not prevent a winter campaign, he must march and fight in fogs and mists, frosts and deep snow, or retreat before the Muscovites, whose word was still "Onward!" On the 28th of December, in the sternly-contested battle of Pultush, he experienced a severe check, which compelled him to retire, the month of January, 1807, passed without any engagement, but the 8th of February was made memorable by the great battle of Eylau.

Napoleon had 28,000 men actually on the field, and at least 100,000 at short distances from him; Beningsen, his opponent, had 75,000 men, including the Prussian division of the gallant Lestocq, and no reserves sufficiently near to be speedily available. The battle of Eylau began in the midst of a tremendous snow-storm, at daybreak, and it was maintained till nearly ten o'clock at night. This time the French were the first to attack, and they attacked with their characteristic vivacity and bravery. The Russian infantry stood like stern ramparts, or like walls of brass, the Cossacks, concealed by the thickly-falling snow until they were near at hand, thrust their long spears into the French flank, and the famed division of Augereau was defeated and put to headlong flight with a terrific loss, for more than 14,000 men and officers were killed, wounded, or captured, and out of 16,000 men only about 1,600 got uninjured into Eylau. One of the Russian divisions followed the fugitives into the town, and nearly captured the French Emperor, as he was standing upon a mound on which he had placed a small battery. The terrible affair of Eylau was a battle of many crises, or of many changes of fortune; but from the beginning to the end of it the Russians had rather more chance of victory than their adversaries. Murat, who charged with 15,000 horse and 25,000 foot, was driven back by the bayonets of the steady Muscovites. A French regiment of cuirassiers, which dashed through an opening in Beningsen's line, and penetrated as far as the baggage in his rear, was brilliantly charged by Platoff, the Hettman of the Cossacks, enve-

loped, unhorsed, killed, and stripped in a trice only eighteen of them ever reached their own line, 530 left their shining armour to be worn in triumph by the long-bearded horsemen from the Don and Volga, in conjunction with the Prussians of Lestocq, the Russian regular cavalry fairly swept Marshal Davoust off the field, on which he left a great number of killed, wounded, and prisoners. Marshal Ney, *le brave des braves*, after a terrific combat carried the village of Scholditten, but a Russian division drove him out of the place, and his shattered corps retreated through the deep snow, staining it with their blood. Thus, in the darkness of night, at ten o'clock, ended the battle of Eylau. The Grand Army of Bonaparte had lost not one or two, but a dozen of its eagles. The loss of men, on the two sides, had been awful, in the absence of authentic returns, it has been roughly stated at 50,000, killed and wounded, but it should appear that of this number about 30,000 were French.

Has England, has France, has Europe, lost her memory or her recollection? Has the history of this great war been crumpled up and burned? Has every record perished of the way in which the Russians fought against the successful, numerically superior, victorious armies of the Emperor Napoleon? One might conclude this to be the case, on reviewing all the nonsense that has been talked and written since the commencement of this our war with Russia, in 1854, and emitted not merely by superficial readers and hasty journalists, but by persons of high diplomatic rank, and by men who bear the name of statesmen!

After the battle of Eylau the French withdrew to the line of the Vistula, the Prussians towards Königsberg. With the immense superiority of force he had on the whole field of the war Napoleon was enabled to take Dantzic from the Prussians, for more than three months there was no more fighting between the grand armies. The operations of Russia, and a new declaration of war against France from Austria, were checked by the ill-timed parsimony of a British ministry, now known contemptuously in history under the name of "All the Talents." But for our wretched policy, this general devastating war might have been ended in 1807, instead of 1815; and, in that case, our national debt would be less by some hundreds of millions.

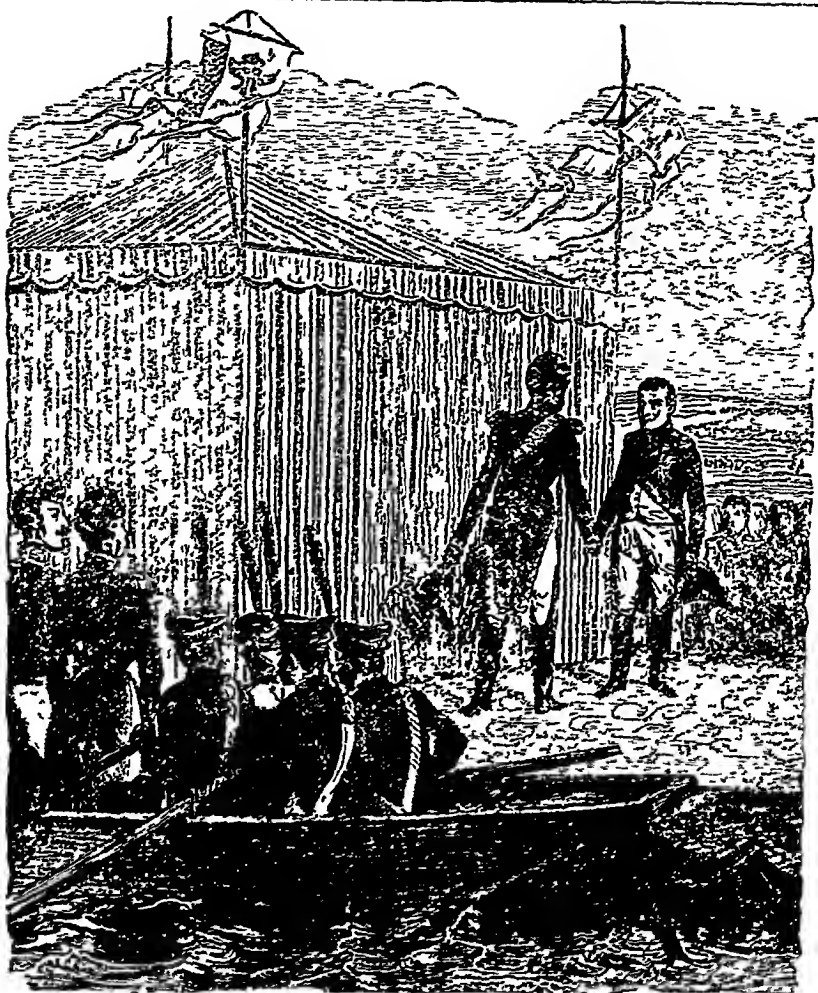
Anticipating his conscriptions, and bringing up troops from Holland, the Confederated States of the Rhine, Italy, and every country where his authority was established, Napoleon collected, on the plains of Poland, an army of 200,000 men, and once more advanced against the Russians. On the 14th of June the great battle of Friedland took place, at the distance of only a few miles from the bloody field of Eylau. On this occasion, as on several others, there was a visible want of activity and energy (attributable to the hereditary disease by which he was afflicted) on the part of Napoleon, he remained in a state of inaction at Eylau, without giving any precise orders as to the operations to be undertaken, and apparently without knowing that Beningsen's entire force was in his front. Thus the battle, which might have begun much earlier, did not commence in earnest until four or five o'clock in the afternoon, and the French Emperor did not arrive on the field till a later hour. Again the Russians were most successful in the onset their Imperial Guard charged and drove in the division of Ney, and shook the columns of Dupont, who had been sent to support the marshal, this tremendous onslaught was followed up by a charge of Russian cavalry, two French regiments lost their eagles, an immense number of them went down, killed or badly wounded, the French infantry reeled back, attempting to form in square, the Russian horse continued their charge almost up to the muzzles of the guns which Senarmont, Napoleon's excellent general of artillery, had placed in battery. But these tremendous batteries decided the fate of the day the battle of Friedland was not a battle of bayonets and musketry, but a battle of cannon, which we look upon as the less noble species of combat. While Beningsen had scattered his guns along his line, Napoleon or Senarmont had collected and concentrated upon one point nearly all the French cannon, and as the Russians approached in solid column, they were assailed by a tremendous fire of ball and grape-shot. None but brave troops would have closed on such a fire. This sort of battle lasted nearly three hours. The Russians fell back, and, instead of massing their own artillery, they renewed their attempt, with foot and horse, to capture that of the enemy. At last they were worsted, and, as night approached, they began

slowly to retire behind the Aller, crossing that river by a ford, and carrying with them all their artillery and baggage. The French gained no trophies at Friedland. It appears that the Russians did not lose so much as a single gun or a single tumbril. The French scarcely took a prisoner, except among the badly wounded, and the field seemed as thickly strewn with French as with Russians. Many of the regiments of Napoleon were reduced to less than one-half—whole companies had disappeared to a man. The French officers and soldiers were getting heartily sick of this war, so different from all that they had previously seen.

A modern French writer* says, with truth and feeling, "The character which the war had taken ever since the battle of Eylau was most destructive—everywhere a frightful carnage—nothing to be gained without losing torrents of blood." With the Austrians and the Prussians one might, by means of strategy, make whole masses prisoners, one might finish a campaign by a few decisive marches which threw into the hands of the Emperor Napoleon the half of an army, as captives, but, with the Russians, there was nothing but to kill and be killed, to break their ranks and smash the last man with cannon-ball, and that, too, without any considerable result! In general, when armies are not quite barbarous, soldiers do not like to multiply deaths, they desire a victory with as little possible blood, and with as much profitable result, as may be, butcheries, like these at Eylau and Friedland, end by carrying fear and disgust to the hearts of the most veteran troops."

But, if not cruel, Napoleon himself always felt or affected stoical indifference at the sight of carnage, and seldom seemed to consider that half the glory of a commander consists in gaining great advantages with small losses. From the commencement of his empire he fought his battles as if he had little or no regard for the lives of his devoted followers, and he never gained a victory without disproportionate, prodigious sacrifices. Column was hurled after column into the jaws of death. Where a second column of attack failed, a third might succeed, where a third bit the dust, why, then

* Capéfigue. 'L'Europe pendant le Consulat et l'Empire.'



Meeting of the Emperors on the Niemen

on with a fourth *Marchons ! Vivre l'Empereur !* He will live and may gain the field at last, but none of *us* shall live to see it !

The Marquis de —, who accompanied the French army into Russia at a later period of the war, rode with the Emperor over one of his battle-fields the morning after the combat, before the dead had been removed or the writhing wounded cared for. He could

not suppress his emotion, he exclaimed that it was a piteous sight "*Bah !*" said Napoleon, "*c'est un beau spectacle, c'est un spectacle magnifique !*"

The Russians gave their manful farewell greeting to the French at Friedland; the two nations did not meet again as foes until Bonaparte's culminating Moscow campaign of 1812.

The two Emperors, Napoleon and Alexander, were by this time equally anxious for peace. On the 25th of June they met on a raft in the middle of the river Niemen. After a personal conference, in which the young Alexander was flattered and cajoled if not quite captivated, they took up their residence close to each other in the town of Tilsit, leaving the unfortunate King of Prussia and his fair Queen to occupy for some days an old mill in the neighbourhood. Gallantry to ladies was no feature of Bonaparte's character, but he hated this high-spirited Queen with a most intense, ungenerous, unmanly hatred. The treaty of peace was signed at Tilsit on the 7th of July. To the King of Prussia was restored about one-half of his former territories as far as the Elbe, but all the principal Prussian fortresses, and all the seaport towns, were to remain in the hands of the French till the general peace, or until England should be reduced to submission. The portion of Poland acquired by Prussia was now taken from that kingdom and erected into a separate State, to be called the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, but to be held not by a Polish prince, or a Republic of Poles, but by the King of Saxony, now a devoted ally of Bonaparte. Prussia was compelled to renounce for ever all claim to Dantzic, and that city, with a strip of contiguous territory, was, in mockery, declared to be free and independent, under the joint protection of Prussia and Saxony, *only*, until the conclusion of a general peace, Dantzic was to be held by a French garrison. As he kept possession of the whole seaboard, it was scarcely necessary to introduce the clause, but Bonaparte bound Frederick William to shut all his ports against the trade and navigation of England, &c. He took every opportunity to declare that if the Prussian monarch was yet allowed to reign, it was solely owing to his ardent friendship for the Emperor Alexander. The Czar, as a matter of course, was not called upon to make any terri-

torial sacrifices (his armies had fought too well, and he was too strong for that), on the contrary, he was gratified with the cession of a part of Prussian Poland, which materially strengthened his own frontier. By the secret articles of the treaty, France allowed Russia to take Finland from Sweden, and Russia on her part engaged to close all her ports against British vessels, and to assume an hostile attitude towards Great Britain by heading a new armed neutrality or Coalition of the North.

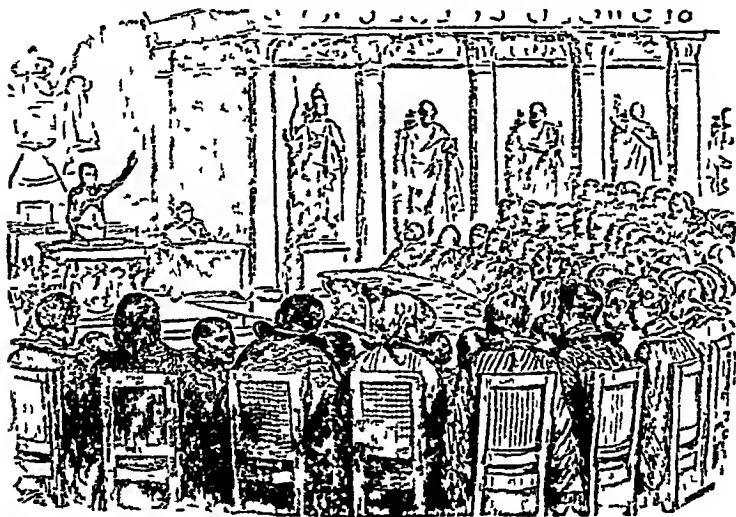
Loud, yet feeble, were the lamentations raised by the Polish patriots and dupes, who, to the last moment, continued to dream about the reconstruction of their once great but nearly always distracted nation. The Turks, too, had to utter many a fresh malediction against Napoleon. He had tempted and dragged them into the war against Russia by the most solemn promises that Moldavia and Wallachia should be secured to them, and by the hope of their re-attaining, through his aid, Bessarabia, the Crimea, and all that the Russians had taken from them since the accession of Peter the Great. But now all that the Turks got was an armistice, and within fifteen months from the date of the Treaty of Tilsit, Napoleon was concerting with Alexander schemes for the destruction or dismemberment of the Ottoman empire. Even while at Tilsit he had said to the Czar, "*It is impossible any longer to endure the presence of the Turks in Europe. You are at liberty to drive them back into Asia*"*

On the 9th of July Napoleon left Tilsit to return to Paris, where he received the usual tribute of servile addresses and fulsome flattery. As on other occasions, his clergy particularly distinguished themselves in these performances, but the very climax of flattery,

* Napoleon, however, added,—“Constantinople must not fall into the hands of any *one* European power.” We would say it is not necessary and certainly not desirable that it should. Constantinople ought to be rendered a neutral ground and a free port to all the civilized world, and to be garrisoned and kept (with suitable treaties, and pledges, and guarantees to the other powers) by the united forces of England, France, and Austria. Something like this joint occupation has been tried, and, successfully, before now. At least I have not heard that any mischief or serious difficulty has arisen from the joint occupation of Mentz (Mayence) by Austrians and Prussians. In spite of their recent stand on the Danube, it is becoming every day more evident that the Turks, if left to themselves, cannot keep Constantinople.

if not of downright blasphemy, had been reached before this by a priest who declared that, "God made Napoleon, and then rested!"

As the power of this extraordinary man increased, so did his hatred of all liberal institutions. He had not been many days in Paris ere he suppressed the Tribune—the only remnant of a national deliberative body in France, which he had previously re-



Napoleon addressing the Tribunate

duced to one-half of its original number. The Tribunate had been allowed some liberty of speech, and he could not tolerate that civilians and ideologues should speak of his policy or proceedings. He said afterwards at St. Helena, 'The Tribunate was absolutely useless, while it cost nearly half a million of francs per annum (the members, like the Senators and all the rest, were salaried). I therefore suppressed it. I was well aware that an outcry would be raised against this violation of the law, but I was strong, I possessed the full confidence of the people, and I considered myself a reformer.'

Germany was to pay still further the penalty of her disunion, and

consequent weakness. Napoleon stripped the Elector of Hesse Cassel of his territories, on the ground that he had not joined him in the war against Prussia, and he despoiled the Duke of Brunswick of his, on the pretence that the Duke had joined Prussia against him. Out of these spoils and other appropriations of territory he formed the new kingdom of Westphalia, and gave it to Jerome, his youngest brother

But it was not beyond the Rhine or beyond the Alps that the Emperor confined his views of aggrandizement, these were carried across the Pyrenees, and on the banks of the Ebro and Douro. The Prince Regent of Portugal having refused to enforce the Berlin decrees against England, Junot was sent with 30,000 men across Spain (with the consent, connivance, and co operation of the stupid and infamous Spanish Government), to take possession of Portugal. At the same time Napoleon, like the master of the world or the dispenser of the destinies of all nations, laconically published in the *Moniteur*,—"The house of Braganza has ceased to reign in Europe" Junot entered Lisbon without opposition on the 30th of November, 1807. Advised, guided, and assisted by our ambassador, the Viscount Strangford, the Prince Regent and his Court embarked for Brazil just before the arrival of the French. These incidents led to our great Peninsular War, and brought fairly into the European field our immortal Wellington, by far the most formidable adversary with whom the French had ever to contend

And now for the trans-Alpine regions. Being at Milan, the French Emperor dispossessed the Queen of Etruria of the whole of Tuscany, which he very soon annexed, not to the kingdom of Italy, but to the French empire. The deposed Queen was promised a compensation in Portugal, but this she never attained. On the 17th of December, 1807, Napoleon issued from Milan a decree by which all merchant vessels, of whatever flag, that submitted to the British Orders in Council, were declared to be lawful prizes to the French. In the following year a number of American trading vessels were seized and confiscated in the ports of France and Italy. The Government of the United States, always so ready to resent any injury or pretended insult offered by England, their own mother country, put up

with these French outrages with wonderful coolness and patience, nor did they obtain any reparation so long as Napoleon was on the throne. The truth is, their sympathies were entirely Napoleonic. Yes, the fierce democrats, the liberty-loving or liberty-bawling republicans of the West were fascinated, spellbound, enchanted by the conqueror and most absolute sovereign, the liberticide who had strangled every republic he could get within his grasp, the man to whom the very word republic was insupportably odious. These seeming contradictions are not very rare, the predilections of an unbridled democracy towards absolutism and despotism are indeed so common that they may almost cease to be considered as anomalous. At home, the party who held the free British constitution not to be free and democratic enough for them, worshipped the rising star of Napoleon, prostrated themselves before it when in its zenith, and mourned and bewailed its setting. And are these feelings yet extinct among us? Far from it!

The Milan decree, and the seizure of their ships and merchandise, were cunningly intended to set the Americans against our Orders in Council, and to drag them into the war against England, but our transatlantic brethren would not do until 1812 that which the Emperor of the French had wished them to do in 1808.

Tuscany and her ports, like all the rest of Italy, were occupied by his troops, and governed according to his will, but the poor old Pope had a few ports on either side of the peninsula, on the Adriatic as well as on the Tyrrhenian Sea, and therefore the Pope must be brought to book—although the French troops had for some time occupied the two most important of the Roman ports Ancona and Civita Vecchia—to stop all English trade, and to seize every neutral vessel that had on board a bale of our goods or a cask of our colonial produce. “You must join me entirely, and declare war against England,” said the conqueror to the Pontiff. “I am a sovereign of peace,” said the weak Pius, “I cannot declare war against any Christian power!” “The English are heretics, and enemies to the Holy See,” said this man of no religion, this greatest enemy that had ever laid hands on the patrimony of St Peter. The Pope repeated that he could not make war upon Christians, that, without

an army of strength and without a navy, he had not the means of waging war against any one "Then," said Napoleon, "I, as successor of Charlemagne, as Emperor of the West, King of Italy, and your suzerain, I shall resume the donation of territory which Charlemagne made for the defence of the Holy Church against its enemies" Forthwith, a French force, thrown forward from Tuscany, took possession of the city of Rome and the Castle of St Angelo, and General Mioblis assumed all the authority of government, and took the few unwarlike soldiers of the Pope under his own command

It was not merely to frighten an aged, timid priest, that the inflated conqueror assumed to be the rightful successor of Charlemagne, for he now declared on every side that he was, both *de facto* and *de jure*, Emperor of the West He treated the whole of Prussia as a conquered country, dictated to Austria, and dealt with the minor German princes, and the Kings of Naples and Holland (though his own brothers), as if they were vassals, weaker and far more inglorious than those which, a thousand years ago, clustered round the imperial throne of Charlemagne These wretched satellites were to reflect only his own light, or that portion of it which he chose to cast upon them, and whatever their own interests or the interests of their subjects might be, they must do his bidding in all things, and make for France or for himself whatever sacrifices he might require May Heaven in its mercy yet preserve Europe from such an Emperor of the West !

At war without a single ally, and threatened by the armed neutrality of the north, and the massing (evidently attempted by Napoleon) of all the fleets and navies of continental Europe, it was necessary for England to strike a terrible blow, and, disregarding strict formulas, England struck it By one of the secret bargainings between Napoleon and Alexander, at Tilsit, the Danish fleet was to be placed at the disposal of France, and, with the Russian and Dutch fleets, the Danes were to assist Napoleon in an attack upon England This blow our ministers boldly anticipated. On the 1st of October, 1807, an English expedition of naval and land forces appeared before Copenhagen, and demanded that the Danish fleet should be delivered in deposit to England, till the conclusion of a

general peace This being refused, our troops were landed, the city was bombarded, and the Danish council submitted Twenty stout ships of the line, sixteen frigates, and a number of small vessels of war, were delivered over to Admiral Gambier, and conveyed to England The Danes could not have kept this fleet out of the clutches of the French, had they been friendly instead of hostile to England Napoleon seems to have been astonished that the English did not carry away the hardy Danish sailors,—as he himself assuredly would have done He had never respected any law, or treaty, neutrality, or right, that stood in his way, he had torn the law of nations to tatters, but he now raised a fearful outcry against England for not respecting the mock neutrality of Denmark. Though joining at the time in the chorus, the Emperor Alexander, in private, expressed his very great joy at the bold and decisive step which the British Government had taken at Copenhagen

England had no longer an ally in the north, but Napoleon furnished her with an important ally and a favourable battle-field in the south His insatiable ambition now grasped at the whole of Spain, as well as of Portugal He would listen to no one who attempted to show the danger of the enterprise,—as for its morality, few, either in Court or camp, thought of that “The Spanish war will be fatal to the French empire,” said Prince Talleyrand “*c’est le commencement de la fin*!”—it is the beginning of the end Talleyrand was loaded with the coarsest abuse, disgraced, relegated to his country seat in a remote province, and never reappeared at Paris until after the retreat from Moscow, when the end had advanced a great many stages beyond its beginning

For this Spanish war, and the base political intrigues which preceded it, the reader is referred to a preceding volume on the life and exploits of Wellington The great Duke had everything to do with that contest, and he will be for ever identified with that protracted war, in which, personally, Napoleon was scarcely engaged at all

Having secured the persons of the Bourbon royal family, by means of fraud and artifice, the conqueror appointed his brother Joseph, King of Naples, to be King of Spain and the Indies, and named his brother-in-law, Joachim Murat, to the Neapolitan throne. It

was with great regret, and with many and sad misgivings, that Joseph, Napoleon's elder brother, quitted the banks of the Sebto for those of the Manzares. He could foresee nothing in Spain but trouble, turmoil, and blood. More than a year before this period, he had warned the Emperor that he ought to remain satisfied with the conquests he had then made, and conclude peace *à tout prix*, cost what it might. "Your Majesty," wrote Joseph, "is everywhere victorious and triumphant, spare, therefore, the blood of your people. The sovereign ought to temper the warrior. You ought not to expose to the chances of fortune the mighty edifice which you have raised in the last ten years." This advice was indeed sensible and prophetic, but the inflated conqueror would not take it.

The flood-gates of human blood were, therefore, opened afresh. "During the six years of the Peninsular war," says an excellent writer, whom I have frequently followed, and to whom I must always acknowledge my obligations, "about 600,000 French soldiers entered Spain, at different times, by the two great roads of Bayonne and Perpignan. There returned into France, at different times, about 250,000. The other 350,000 did not return. Making full deduction for those who remained prisoners in the hands of the Spaniards and English, and were afterwards set free at the peace of 1814, the number who perished during that war cannot be estimated at less than 250,000, if it does not rather approach to 300,000. The loss of the Spaniards, soldiers and peasants destroyed in detail in almost every part of the Peninsula, cannot be calculated, but it must have been greater than that of the French" *.

Napoleon now re-established titles of nobility in France, where the republican revolutionists had pretended to abolish them for ever. Lefévore, who had taken Dantzic in the preceeding year (1807), was the first duke he created. Many others received titles from towns in Italy and Germany, together with annual incomes charged upon the revenues or national domains of the conquered countries. Both titles and incomes were made hereditary. civilians as well as soldiers were admitted into this new imperial aristocracy, but there were

* A Vieusseux. "Napoleon Bonaparte his Sayings and his Deeds.

only five civil to nineteen military, while, of the latter class, Bernadotte and Berthier were created princes. The civilian Talleyrand was, however, made Prince of Benevento. As for the titles of Count and Baron and Chevalier, they were distributed *ad infinitum*. A multitude of generals of division and members of the Senate became counts, and generals of brigade barons. There was a greater confusion than that produced by the Jacobins when they proscribed all titles and aristocratic designations whatsoever, and there were not a few jokes and *bon mots* on the occasion. Everybody knew Ney as General or Marshal Ney, and Soult as General or Marshal Soult, but when these soldiers of fortune came to be called Duke of Elchingen and Duke of Dalmatia, people wondered who they were, and who were their fathers. Monge, the *savant*, atheist, conventionalist, and at one time rabid Jacobin and democratic republican, who had accompanied General Bonaparte into the Levant in 1799, took for himself the title of Count of Pelusium, after an ancient city near one of the mouths of the Nile. Translated into French, Pelusium becomes *Peluse*—a ridiculous word—and this new title, *Comte de Peluse*, filled half Paris with laughter. "But who, in the devil's name, is he—this Comte de Peluse?" asked nearly every man of his neighbour. The functionaries at the post-office were obliged to furnish themselves with lists of the new titles, having attached to them the old familiar citizen names of their wearers. Heralds were now employed to hunt out or devise arms for these ex-democrats and liberty-and-equality men, and blazonries of the largest dimensions, and in the gaudiest colours, were painted on the carriage panels of these successful but rather unnatural sons of the Revolution. To every great man the Emperor gave a splendid hotel or mansion in Paris, formerly the property of some noble of the *ancien régime*, and, that there might be no mistake as to its present occupant and owner, an inscription in big gold letters was set up on the *façade*, so that people might read as they walked or ran, *Hotel de M le Duc de Raguse*, or *Hotel du Prince de Neufchatel*. In all this there was much downright vulgarity, and also much to remind the Parisians how thoroughly the mass of these grandees were *noir hommes*. But at Court they were now setting up a most rigid system

of gradation and etiquette, and attempting, with the aid of some of the ancient noblesse returned from exile, to restore all the pomp and ceremonials of the Bourbon monarchy, with all the splendour and expense of Louis XIV. Some of the Bonaparte family, and particularly Murat's wife, Napoleon's eldest sister, who had known in her earlier days what it was to eat the bread of charity and to contemplate the chances of having to work for a livelihood, were inexorable in their exactions on the side of Court etiquette and ceremony.

In September, 1808, he repaired to Erfurt to confer with the Emperor Alexander, who was still, and for three years longer, cowed by his prepotency. The conferences were secret, but it should seem that the old question of a dismemberment of the Ottoman empire, and the expulsion of the Turks from Europe, was again agitated. Napoleon himself says that the chief obstacle to a partition of that country was the difficulty of knowing what to do with, or in whose hands to place, Constantinople. It appears, however, that as a price of her non-interference in Spanish affairs, Russia obtained the consent of the French Emperor to her renewing the war on the European frontier provinces of Turkey, for shortly after these conferences at Erfurt the troops of the Czar once more invaded Moldavia and Wallachia, and the war thus recommenced in the East was not terminated until 1812, when the French were invading Russia, and the English patched up a peace between the Czar and the Sultan, in order that the Russian army employed on the Danube might march home for the defence of its own country. On returning from Erfurt to Paris, Napoleon told his Senate that he and the Emperor of Russia were irrevocably united in a bond of friendship and alliance. Yet in private he continued to say that Russia sympathized with England, that there was no dependence to be placed in the Czar, that Alexander was as cunning and insincere as a Greek of the Lower Empire.

Reverses, direful calamities, were multiplying themselves in Spain on the head of the intrusive King, Joseph Bonaparte. Napoleon resolved to set out for that country himself, and he told his legislative body and a deputation which came to him from Madrid, that he would soon drive the English out of every part of the Peninsula, esta-

blish the power of his brother, and plant the eagles of France on the ramparts of Lisbon. What he did, and all that he failed to do, are briefly related in the "Memoir of Wellington" before alluded to. He could not intercept the retreat of General Sir John Moore, he saw nothing of that army except the rear of the last division, as it was filing off for the glorious field of Coruña, and he never encountered English troops again until he met them on the field of Waterloo.

It was Austria that recalled him in such a hurry from Spain. That Court and country, having made astonishing exertions in the way of recruiting, had raised their armies to more than 400,000 men, and, with such a force on foot, the Emperor Francis was determined to make one more attempt to check the rapid strides of Napoleon towards universal dominion. At the moment the spirit of the Austrian army was excellent, the people of the various kingdoms and States which composed the empire were loyal and devoted to the sovereign, and bitterly incensed against the French by recollections of the past. It was only by an excess of blundering on the part of ministers, Aulic councillors, and generals, that these advantages were thrown away, and these immense forces led to defeat and disgrace.

Early in 1809, Napoleon, with great rapidity, began to collect and mass his Grand Army in the States of the princes of the Confederacy of the Rhine, beyond that river and extending towards the frontiers of Bavaria. The Elector of Bavaria was called upon by the Emperor Francis to unite with Austria for the independence of Germany, but there was no spirit of union, no oneness of German feelings in this dislocated country, and, hating Austria, she leaned to France, even as she had done in the days of Louis XIV, and during the campaigns of our great Marlborough, who won on Bavarian soil his memorable victory of Blenheim. In Germany the command of the Austrian forces were entrusted to the Archduke Charles, in Italy to Archduke John. These good and brave soldiers were brothers. On the 9th of April the Archduke Charles crossed the Inn and occupied Bavaria, which raised a loud cry about violation of neutrality. Napoleon repaired to Augsburg, and by one of those skilful strategetical movements on which his fame as a warrior must

always depend, broke through the long Austrian line, gained the battle of Eckmuhl, and constrained the Archduke Charles to retire into Bohemia, and leave the road to Vienna open to the French. On the 12th of May the French, for the second time, entered that capital. But the Archduke Charles now collected his army at a short distance from the city, on the opposite side of the Danube, and his forces were again in an excellent spirit. Napoleon did frequently that which a wise and truly great general will never do once: he put himself in a condition where defeat might entail the entire destruction of his army, and where he might lose in a single day all that he had been gaining in many years. Without providing means of retreat, or security against an accident likely enough to occur at this season of the year, he crossed the Danube and attacked the Archduke.

The great battle of Aspern, one of the most memorable of modern times, was begun on the 21st of May. When night closed on the field of carnage the combat was undecided, but the loss of the French far exceeded that of the Austrians, and was appalling. The battle was renewed early on the following day, and was raging with fury on both sides, but still disadvantageously for the French, when Napoleon was informed that the bridges in his rear, constructed to keep up his communications with the right bank of the Danube and Vienna, had been swept away by a flood, upon receiving which intelligence he ordered a retreat, and withdrew, humiliated and in great confusion, into the island of Lobau, in the midst of the Danube. His loss in killed and wounded, in these two days of stern combat, was indeed enormous. Marshal Lannes finished his earthly career at Aspern, Generals d'Espagne and Saint Hilaire were also among the slain; and an immense number of field officers perished on the spot or died of their wounds on the isle of Lobau. For two days the defeated French army remained cooped up in that island, without provisions, bandages, medicines, or medical attendance, and numbers of the wounded, whose cases were deemed hopeless, were, while yet living men, thrown into the Danube. The French remained six weeks on Lobau, where, with proper energy and activity, the Austrians ought to have exterminated them in the first two days.

His reverses, however, lowered the haughty tone of the invader. Before the campaign of Aspern he appeared to contemplate nothing less than the total dismemberment of the Austrian empire—he detained, as prisoners of war, all bearers of flags of truce, and refused to answer the letters brought to him in the name of the Emperor Francis “What *emperor*?” said he. “there is no longer an Emperor of Austria! There are only Princes of the House of Loraine, Grand Feudatories of the Imperial Crown of France” In spite of all the painstaking by his worshippers to conceal the fact, it is quite evident that he now bitterly repented of these words, and that he more than once despaired of his army, if not of his own personal safety. Massena, who was in Lobau, could not conceive how the Archduke Charles should fail in exterminating the French in the rat-trap to which they had fled. The thing, indeed, is scarcely to be accounted for without corruption and treachery in some quarter or quarters. The French Emperor took the field with a great treasure, and this is said to have been exhausted long before he returned to Paris. What became of that money? It was not spent in purchasing provisions and supplies, for none of his armies ever paid for these things.

Having received immense reinforcements and established bridges, the French at last quitted the isle of Lobau, crossed to the left bank of the Danube, and, on the 5th and 6th of July, fought the battle of Wagram. After many vicissitudes, and not a few chances of victory, the Austrians were defeated, but again the loss of the French was terrific—three generals were killed, twenty-one generals wounded, and 33,000 men either slain or put *hors de combat*. Napoleon’s lying bulletins, which could no longer deceive anybody, stated his total loss at 1,500 killed, and a few thousand wounded! The French army was no longer what it had been (it was a great mistake ever to deem it invincible)—large portions of it consisted of young recruits, or of unwilling conscripts, raised in the subdued States of Germany, in Holland, Switzerland, and Italy. When reproved by his master for not doing impossibilities, Bernadotte said, “Sire, we have no longer such troops as those we brought from the camp of Boulogne to Vienna, in 1806!” Wagram, on the side of the French, was another

battle of artillery. On the field Napoleon cried, "The Austrian centre must be battered by artillery, like a fortress!" When the struggle was going against him, he exclaimed to Drouot, his artillery general, "More guns, Drouot! Bring up all the batteries of the guard! We must sustain Davoust's column at any price! *Allons*, Drouot, throw me ten thousand cannon-balls! Crush me those masses before you!" Thus, the less he relied on his troops, the more he relied on his cannon; and he accordingly kept increasing his artillery out of all proportion.

The Austrian army was not destroyed or dispersed—it was not even dispirited, and the Archduke Charles was for continuing the contest. Other counsels, however, prevailed, an armistice was concluded at Znaim, and this led to the Peace of Schonbrunn. The definitive treaty, however, was not signed till the 14th of October, and its conditions were far less unfavourable to Austria than had been anticipated, and this on account of causes and considerations far apart from any magnanimity or generosity in Napoleon.

Prussia, completely broken by the war of 1806, remained neutral during this conflict, and Russia, agreeing to aid the oppressor of nations, sent an army into Galicia. These troops took, indeed, little or no part in the war, but they obliged the Austrians to detach a corresponding force to meet and observe them. Napoleon, however, could never feel quite sure of Russia, and he soon began to fear that the troops of the Czar, which he had brought so near to the field of war, would, in case of any great reverse befalling him, join the Austrians, and make common cause with their old allies. England had landed a considerable force at Walcheren, which yet threatened Holland and Belgium, and the war in Spain continued with dubious success, but with an immense monthly loss to the French. On the 28th of July, only two and twenty days after Bonaparte's victory over the Archduke at Wagram, Wellington, with very inferior forces, gave a thorough defeat to Marshal Victor, at Talavera. The news of this exploit, in spite of French postmasters, who opened and destroyed letters, and of French police, who took other means to suppress or silence the truth, was rapidly spread all over the Continent, and it was now that men first began to turn their eyes towards our great

soldier, and to hope that Europe would find an avenger, and Napoleon a chastiser, in Wellington. "From that moment," said a veteran Austrian officer to me, in 1816, "I kept looking to the Spanish Peninsula, and every battle fought, and every movement made, whether in advance or retreat, by your Lord Wellington, convinced me and most of my comrades that *there* was the great man the world wanted." In the interval between Napoleon's invasion of Austria and the signature of the Treaty of Schonbrunn, Northern Germany began to be agitated by a spirit of popular resistance to him and his tyrannical rule; and bands of partisans under Schill, the Duke of Brunswick, and other heroic leaders, appeared on the field. Moreover the Tyrol, one of the hereditary States of the House of Hapsburg, devoted heart and soul to the Emperor Francis, was still in arms, and causing great losses to the French and their allies the Bavarians. It was on these and other grounds that Napoleon thought it best to be moderate in his conditions. Yet Austria ceded Trieste, Carniola, and part of Croatia, Salzburg, Cracow, and Western Galicia, and several other districts, to the amount of about two millions and a half of inhabitants. The Archduke Charles, who strongly disapproved of the peace, gave up his command when he saw it was decided upon. The heroic Tyrolese were abandoned to their fate, and, after a time, Hofer, and others of their celebrated chiefs, were seized by the French, carried away to Mantua, and there pitilessly, barbarously, lawlessly shot, by sentence of French courts-martial. These rustic heroes—they were all men of humble condition—were not yet subjects of France, or of any ally of France, but, as their forefathers had been for many ages, the faithful, most devoted subjects of Austria, they had fought only for the Kaiser, their own mountainous country, their properties and homes. As they owed Napoleon no allegiance, they could not be guilty of treason towards him, and, in putting them to death, he and his military tribunals were guilty of foul and horrible murder.

But in the whole course of this Austrian war of 1809, and the events which closely followed it, Napoleon gave evidence of a hardened heart, an irritable savage temper, a vindictive spirit, a coarse tongue, and a want of feeling and generosity. General Chasteler, who com-

manded for a time the Austrian troops in the Tyrol, was outlawed; and the French Emperor ordered that if he were taken he should be brought before a military commission and shot. The Austrian General Weissenvolf waited upon him and stated that three French generals were in the hands of his countrymen as prisoners of war, and that they would be held responsible for any injury done to General Chasteler. Napoleon sprang from his seat, exclaiming with vulgar fury, "If you but scratch a single one of them, I will order 10,000 Austrian soldiers to be shot, and cause six of your princesses, and twenty ladies of rank, to be violated by the drummers of my army!" Thus intemperate and coarse could be, when irritated, the Charlemagne of the nineteenth century.*

Napoleon also passed sentence of outlawry against the patriotic minister Count von Stein, and other German patriots, pretending that as they were not born Austrian subjects they had no right to be in arms. A number of the officers of the brave Schill were tried by French courts-martial and shot.

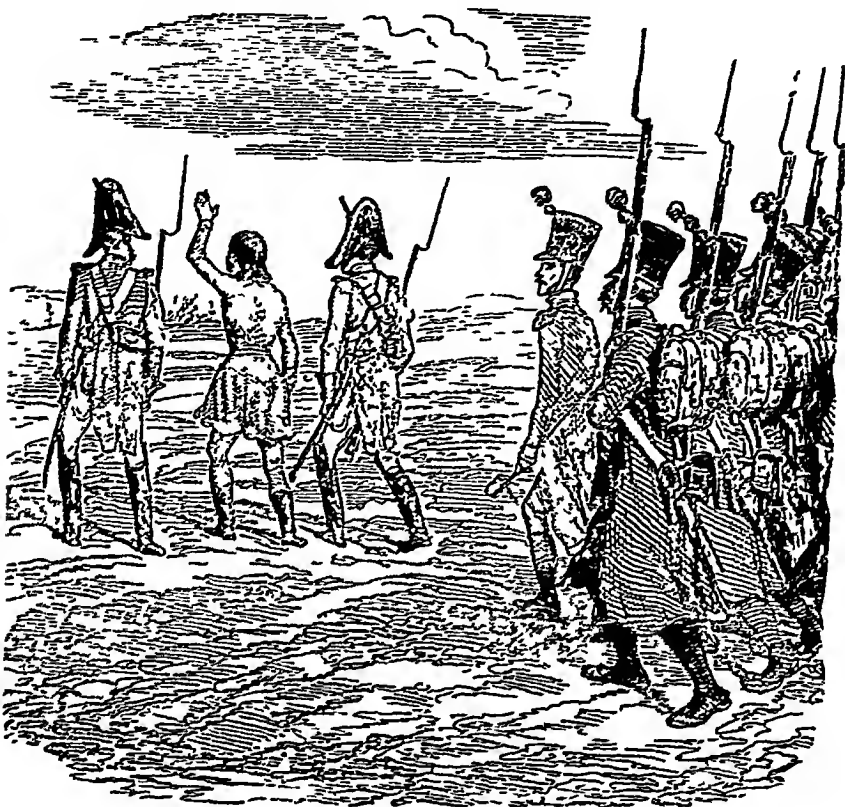
While the peace was negotiating at Vienna, an event happened at Schonbrunn, which, according to Bignon, one of Napoleon's best historians and best apologists (as being the most moderate and sensible), made a deep impression on the French Emperor, and led to the immediate signature of the treaty. Napoleon was reviewing some troops, on the morning of the 13th of October, when a young man was observed trying to force his way through the crowd of staff officers who always hemmed in the sovereign. General Rapp it is said, in trying to force the youth back, felt a weapon beneath his coat, and caused him to be arrested. This political fanatic, whose name was Stapz, was only nineteen years old, son of a Lutheran minister at Erfurt. When Napoleon returned into the palace, instead of leaving that duty to others, he himself interro-

* This startling anecdote is given on the authority of Baron Hormayr, whose historical works (relating chiefly to this period, and to the war of German Independence) are well known and highly appreciated in all parts of Germany. The Baron was acquainted with many actors in the great drama, and had access to living witnesses and to innumerable sources of information. Of course the reader will not expect to find his books often quoted by authors of the Bonaparte school, or by any French writers.

gated the prisoner, who boldly avowed his intention to kill him. "And why would you assassinate me?" said Napoleon. "Because there will be no peace in Germany so long as you live," replied the young man. "Do you believe Heaven justifies murder?" inquired Napoleon. "I have my doubts on that head," answered the youth, "but I expected forgiveness from God in consequence of the service I should have rendered my country." "If I were to forgive you," continued the Emperor, "what would you do?" "I would still slay you, if I could," was the answer. The poor young enthusiast was sent before a military commission, condemned to death, and shot accordingly. Napoleon's idolators tell us that it was only the resolution expressed by Stapz to persevere in his attempt which prevented the Emperor from pardoning him. These are indeed wretched puerilities, fit only to impose on the dull and credulous, for had the invader felt any generous humanity, nothing could have prevented the unhappy maniac from being assigned to a lunatic asylum in France. Hatfield, who in a fit of insanity fired a pistol at George III., was confined at Bedlam, and lived many years afterwards to pray for the welfare of the generous monarch who had pardoned the maniac's crime. But death was the only remedy that presented itself to Napoleon.*

Colonel Mitchell remarks, "Though there is nothing altogether improbable in the manner in which Stapz is said to have been arrested, it is more likely that he was traced to the spot by the French police, and seized in time to show their zeal and avert misfortune." Bignon tells us that a letter written by the unhappy young man to his parents, at the moment of his leaving Erfurt for the avowed purpose of executing the murderous design, had fallen into the hands of the French authorities, and it is certain that they would not fail to pursue the intended criminal. The historian on this occasion makes rather a curious confession. "All Germany," he says, "ought to have suspected that there existed an office, first at Berlin and then at Erfurt, for *unsealing letters*, and yet it seemed to strike no one, for this secret inquisition every day brought to

* Lieut. Col. J. Mitchell "The Fall of Napoleon an Historical Memoir"



Execution of Staps.

light the most curious avowals and indiscretions which were constantly discovered in private letters, and communicated by extracts to the Emperor"*

Baron Hormayr confidently connects with these incidents the mysterious disappearance of Mr Bathurst, an active English diplomatist, who was in the south of Germany at this time, and was never afterwards seen or heard of. The Baron says that Napoleon took it into his head to suspect Mr. Bathurst to be concerned in the

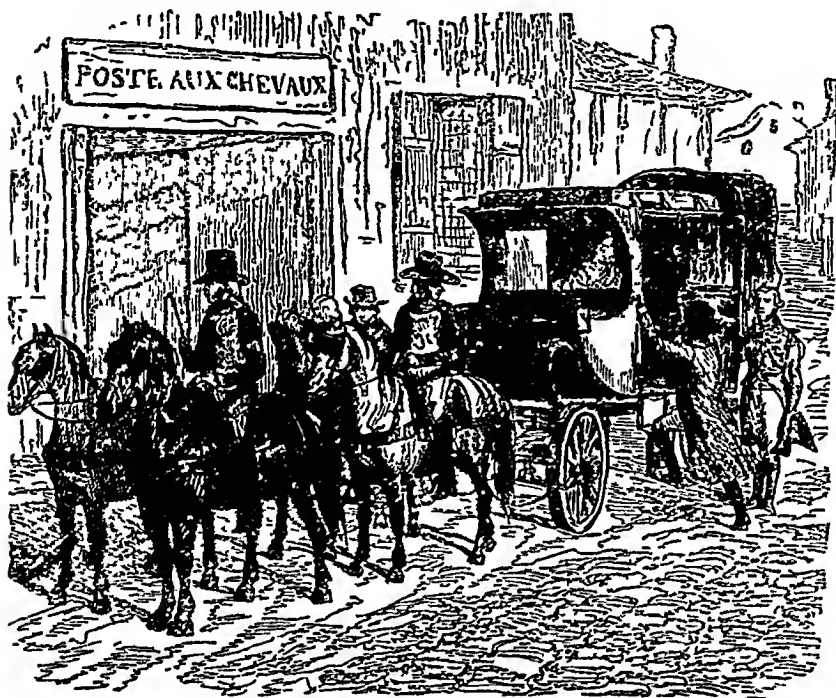
* "Fall of Napoleon"

murderous attempt of Stapz We doubt the reality of this suspicion, but Napoleon may have *said* he suspected this noble, honourable Englishman, just as he pretended our Prime Minister, Mr. Pitt, had employed assassins against him, knowing in his own heart that this was a monstrous falsehood But Mr Bathurst, by his great activity in Germany, and his close connection with many of the German patriots, had attracted the mortal hatred of the conqueror. His life was known to be in danger "Contrary to the advice of his friends," says Baron Hormayr, "he persisted in taking the nearest and most dangerous route overland to the Baltic, instead of going by way of Trieste or Constantinople Bonaparte signed imperiously to Savary to make him vanish Bathurst reposes, with his single confidential attendant, in the dark depths of a lake in the march of Brandenburg" *

Shortly after his return from Vienna to Paris, Napoleon made known to his wife, Josephine, who had so essentially aided him in his first most difficult steps towards greatness, his irrevocable determination to divorce her, in order that he might have a legitimate son and heir by a younger woman

A painful scene took place upon this occasion, but, if Napoleon was affected at Josephine's grief, the feeling did not last long It is known, that ever since the time of the conferences at Erfurt, he had contemplated a marriage with one of the sisters of the Emperor Alexander, and that the Empress-Mother had always and successfully objected to the match Ostensibly this was done on the plea of difference of religion, but it is certain that the imperial dame, who had great influence over her son, regarded Napoleon as an adventurer and a *parvenu*, and looked down with contempt upon such a misalliance Whether the match with a daughter of the Emperor of Austria formed part of the secret negotiations at Schonbrunn has been doubted, but we are inclined to think that it did, and that the Emperor Francis was brought to consent to this humiliation by the fond hope of acquiring family influence over the insatiable con-

* Lebensbilder, &c. "Biographical Sketches from the time of the War of Freedom." Jena, 1847



First Meeting of the Emperor and Maria Louisa

queror, and securing Austria from his blows for the future. The divorce being consented to by Josephine, in presence of commissioners from the Senate, the act was solemnly passed and registered on the 16th of December, 1809. On the 11th of March, 1810, at Vienna, Napoleon married by proxy the Archduchess Maria Louisa, who soon after set out for the French capital. The real marriage ceremony was performed at Paris by Napoleon's uncle, the Cardinal Fesch. A complete crowd of satellite kings and vassal princes was in attendance in Paris. The way in which Napoleon first met his youthful imperial bride on the roadside at Coucelles, and detained her on that night (previous to the Church ceremony) at Compiègne, are things too indelicate to be dwelt upon in an English book. Even his admirers confess that he made love like a diagoon, and treated

the daughter of the Emperor Francis as if she had been a chambermaid. The discarded Josephine, with a luxurious household, was sent into Navarre, where she took up her residence on the domain of the ancient house of Bouillon, which had been usurped by her ex-husband against all the rights of property.

In this year 1810, and the following year 1811, the power of Napoleon was at its greatest height. A servile or a stupid world gazed on and wondered, but thinking men saw the seeds of decay and rapid dissolution in all this greatness—saw that the ambition which had carried him so far would tempt him to go further, and bring about his ruin in the end. As his brother Louis (father of the now reigning Emperor Louis Napoleon, and the best and most amiable member of the Bonaparte family) would not be a party to the oppression of his Dutch subjects, Holland was taken from him to be united to the French empire. There was more absorption than this, and all effected without the slightest regard to nationalities or to the feelings of the people thus absorbed. In 1810, Holland, Friesland, Oldenburgh, Bremen, and all the line of coast to Hamburgh, and the country between that town and Lubeck, were annexed to the French empire, of which this new territory formed ten additional departments. The French empire now extended from the frontiers of Denmark to those of Naples, for Napoleon had finally annexed Rome and the southern Papal provinces to France. This Papal territory was divided into two departments of the French empire,—the Department of Rome, and the Department of the Thrasymene. Napoleon gave his “good city of Rome” the rank of second city in the French empire. Perugia, whither Raffaele went in his boyhood to study painting under honest old Pietro, was converted into the capital of the Thrasymedan Department.

A Papal bull, excommunicating the Corsican Emperor of the French, had been prepared in anticipation of these events, this climax to robbery, spoliation, violence, and (in the eyes of the real Roman Catholic world) impiety and sacrilege. Shall the feeble Pope, a prisoner in his own palace, in the midst of armed hosts, launch this thunder against the Charlemagne of the day? Seeing clearly the danger of so doing, Pius VII hesitated; but it was only

for a very short time—for an instant Addressing Cardinal Pacca, his Secretary of State, and a priest of courage and action, he said, "What would your Eminence do?" "The question is difficult to answer," replied the Cardinal, "but let your Holiness raise your eyes to heaven, and give me your orders, and they shall be executed." Folding his hands on his breast, and raising his eyes to heaven, the venerable Pontiff paused for a moment, and then said firmly, "Let duty be done, come what may!" And thereupon the bull of excommunication was issued.

The thunder of the Vatican fell almost unheeded, the lightning that had brought emperors to their knees, and shattered royal crowns, in the middle ages, had lost its force in the nineteenth century. True; but the men who now considered it as a mere *brutum fulmen*, unproductive of any results, assuredly were much mistaken, and could have known very little of the believing peasantry and *bourgeoisie* of the ardent South.

In these years the thunder of the Vatican was still of awful significance, and the wrongs put upon the poor old Pope were to these people causes of exasperation, detestation, and hatred. In the kingdom of Naples, in the Roman States, in Tuscany, in Lombardy, and in every part and corner of Italy, in all the Roman Catholic States subjected to the French, and in some parts of France itself (particularly in the south and west), it became more and more difficult, after the issuing of this bull of excommunication, to raise the conscription or annual levy of troops, in Spain and Portugal, where the annual sacrifice of life continued to be enormous, the bull put a new vigour into the arm of many a soldier or guerilla, and convinced the devout that the proud man, cut off from the fellowship of the Church, and anathematized by the successor of St Peter, must soon fall and perish, and in the ranks of Napoleon's own army, recruited from all manner of nations, but mostly from those which adhered to the old, unreformed Church, there were many thousands of men who bore the toils of the march with less patience, and charged or fought with diminished spirit, from the day they knew the Emperor Napoleon had been excommunicated by Pope Pius VII. Only a few years later, when ruin had overtaken him, Napoleon him-

self frequently said he had made a mistake in proceeding to extremities against the spiritual head of the Roman Catholic world "That quiet old man of Rome, those unarmed, peaceful priests, did me more injury than armies and coalitions of emperors and kings In some way or other, I felt their influence everywhere!" Such were some of his tardy lamentations, but a wise and calm statesman would have foreseen the consequences, and, in policy, would have respected the very limited territorial possessions of the Roman See

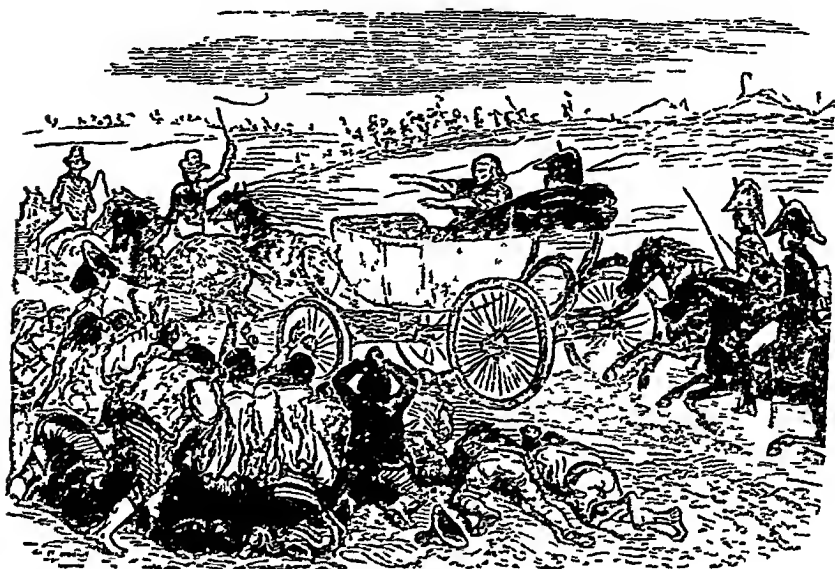
The events that immediately followed the publication of the bull deepened the impression made by that instrument. In the middle of the night of the 5th of July, 1809, the Pope's palace on the Quirinal was surrounded by gendarmes, commanded by General Radet, a common ex-gendarme himself, and a rough low-born man Led by a few native Roman *reformers* who knew the building well, and who would have had no reluctance to cut the old Pope's throat, some of the French gendarmes scaled the walls of the palace, broke open several interior doors, and, throwing open the great gates, let in their comrades from without. The Swiss body-guards, whom the Pope had collected within the walls, offered no resistance, having received his own solemn order to that effect. Penetrating in a brutal manner to his private apartment, Radet found the Pope, in full pontifical dress, surrounded by priestly attendants "You must go to France," cried Radet, "you must go to France, or instantly recall this bull, and consent to sign an entire abdication of your temporal authority" "This I cannot do," replied Pius "Then you must pack off immediately," said Radet. "I yield to force," said the aged, truly venerable Pontiff, and, taking his breviary under his arm, he meekly followed the French general of gendarmes to the gate of the Quirinal A carriage was ready; as soon as the Pope was seated in it, it was driven off under a strong escort of gendarmerie Not a soul was permitted to accompany him or to follow him; and it was in vain that he represented his advanced age, his great physical suffering from this rapid, bone-breaking, never-resting way of travelling Radet was in an agony of alarm lest the person of the Pope should be recognized by some

of the country people. Had this happened in any part of Italy, it might have further chanced that Radet would have been torn to pieces, and his gendarmes butchered or put to flight. When Pius was well advanced on his journey, he was transferred to the custody of some other gendarme officer, and thus he was carried on from one military post to another, there being no lack of gendarmerie in any part of Italy, as the poor Italians had long known to their own great cost and infinite suffering. When they reached the Riviera di Levante, or eastern coast of Genoa, the French escort dreaded the mountain passes and the devout peasantry. They therefore huddled the poor old Pope on board a foul and frail barque that was bound for the city of Genoa, and which was creeping along the coast, as all vessels were then obliged to creep, in order to avoid the British squadrons and cruisers which swept the Mediterranean, and hardly let a ship of any size escape them. It might very well have so happened that the Pope should be captured by the English, and carried to England! This, to use a modish diplomatic word of the present day, would, indeed, have been a new and startling *complication*. England, however, had not the honour of showing her hospitality to the Pope of Rome, but within five years she rendered the Pontiff the rather more important service of restoring him to the Eternal City and the whole of his dominions. On first being put into the barque, Pius asked whether they intended to drown him. The gendarmes answered, "No." As soon as they landed him in Genoa they smuggled him into another carriage, which was driven off at full gallop. They whirled him over the mountainous and, at that period, very rough, stony road of the Bocchetta, and never made a halt till they came to the fortified town of Alessandria, near the field of Marengo. From Alessandria they carried him with the same speed across the plains of Piedmont, then scorched by the July sun, to Sant Ambrogio di Susa, at the foot of the Alps. Completely exhausted, the Pope asked his captors whether their Emperor wanted to have him dead or alive. "Alive, certainly alive," was the answer of the gendarmes. "Then," said Pius, "let us rest here to-night." They were forced to consent, for it seemed certain that if they continued their journey he would die that night on the lofty cold Alps.

On the following day they hurried him over the road of Mont Cenis, and through the deep valley of Savoy. From Savoy they turned aside to the old French province of Dauphiny, now about the most revolutionary part of France. Here they imprisoned him for a time in the undevout city of Grenoble, but orders came from Napoleon to send him back to the outskirts of Italy, and confine him in the fortress of Savona, on the western Riviera of Genoa. There was a much nearer road from Grenoble; but these Frenchmen were ingenious tormentors, and so they carried the Pope round by Valence, where his immediate predecessor had died a prisoner in the hands of the French, by Avignon, which, until the French Revolution, had belonged to the See of Rome, and then by Aix and Nice. Pius VII. was left in his captivity at Savona for nearly three years, when he was hastily carried back to France and relegated at Fontainebleau*. Even the heart of a fanatical Calvinist, and the harder heart of a bigoted *philosophe*, must feel some pity and more resentment at this treatment of a helpless old man. A curse clung to the walls of Fontainebleau: it was there that, in 1814, Napoleon was reduced to sign his own abdication.

Comprising the recent annexations, the French empire now counted 130 departments, and 44,000,000 inhabitants. Besides all this, Napoleon held under his sway the kingdom of Italy, which included Lombardy and Venice, Modena, Bologna, and the other Legations and the Marches, with above six millions of inhabitants, and the Illyrian provinces, including Dalmatia, Carniola, and part of Croatia, which formed a separate government. The kingdom of Naples, with about five millions more, was also dependent on his will, as well as the kingdom of Westphalia, and the Grand Duchy of Berg. The policy of Napoleon towards the countries which he bestowed on his brothers and other relatives was plainly stated by himself to his brother Lucien, in an interview at Mantua in December, 1807. "In the interior as well as the exterior all my relatives must follow my orders, everything must be subservient to the interest of France, conscription, laws, taxes, all must be in your respective States for the advan-

* Charles MacFarlane "Pict Hist England"



Kidnapping the Pope.

tage and support of my crown. I should otherwise act against my duty and my interest. No doubt you would like to act the part of a Medici at Florence" (there had been some talk of placing Lucien over Tuscany), "but were I to allow you to do so, it is clear that Tuscany, happy and tranquil, would become an object of envy to the French." He would not allow his brothers to identify themselves with their subjects, or to strengthen themselves on their thrones, because he foresaw that it might suit him some day to remove them on the occasion of a general peace, or upon some new scheme of his own. He sacrificed the people of those countries and their interests, as well as the happiness and the greatness of his brothers, to what he conceived to be the interest and the glory of France. But even his brothers were restive under this discipline. Louis ran away from his kingdom of Holland, Murat was in continual disputes with his brother-in-law, Jerome was in a condition of tutorship in his kingdom of Westphalia, and Lucien would not accept any crown on such conditions.

As Protector of the Confederation of the Rhine, Napoleon had under his orders the Kings of Saxony, Bavaria, and Wurtemberg, the Grand Duke of Baden, and the other German princes. He had also under his protection the Helvetic Confederation, which was bound to furnish him with troops and to follow his policy. Prussia, humbled and dismembered, lay entirely at his mercy. He could thus dispose of more than eighty millions of people. Never, since the fall of the Roman empire, had so great a part of Europe been subject to the will of one man. Austria was his ally through fear, as well as family connexion, Russia through prudence and self-interest. In Sweden General Bernadotte had been chosen Crown Prince, and, after obtaining Napoleon's consent, had repaired to Stockholm. Spain, bleeding at every pore, struggled hard, and apparently with little hope of ultimate success. Britain alone continued to defy his power, and held Sicily and Portugal under her protection *

Such was the political condition of Europe at the beginning of the year 1811. Ever since the discomfiture of the Austrians and the Treaty of Schonbrunn in the autumn of 1809, England had had to fight single-handed, and to fight against the world in arms. But it was a combat for life or death, or—which to high, honourable, patriotic hearts, is much the same—a combat for liberty or servitude. There were timid minds—there were factious men, who, out of mere party spirit and greed of power and place, would have basely truckled to the conqueror and have brought a brief truce by submitting to his will, riveting the chains of the continental States, and forging fetters and handcuffs for their own country, but these abject minds were powerless—these factious men were neither numerous nor strong; the mass of the nobility, gentry, and people, were one-hearted, firm, ardent, and hopeful, such degrading thoughts never entered into their heads, and certainly never found their way either into council or Court. Whether it was the staunch, and steady, and sedate

* In this critical year, 1811, the population of England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, did not much exceed 18,000,000, the population of Sicily was about 1,000,000. Taking man for man we had nearly five to one against us.

George III, or his somewhat more volatile son, the Prince Regent, who dated from St James's, and presided over the destinies of England, there was the same unabating firmness, the same determination to carry on the war, to see this long drama played out in the only way becoming a great and free nation, that is, with the sword uplifted in one hand, ready on the first opportunity to strike home, and the shield in the other hand to cover our oppressed friends on the Continent, who had ceased to be our allies only through terror or force, and absolute coercion. The mind of Napoleon was neither framed nor tutored to comprehend these things, he never understood the character of the English nation, the true nature and the real extent of our resources. Hence his utter ruin in the end.

In the month of March, 1811, Maria Louisa was delivered of a son, who was saluted by Napoleon as "King of Rome." "This," says an able writer, himself an Italian by birth, "was an ominous title to those Italians who still fondly fancied that the crown of Italy, according to Napoleon's promise, was to be separated from that of France." *

But in the same eventful year decided symptoms of coolness and estrangement manifested themselves between the Emperor Alexander and Napoleon. Russia could not bear the Berlin and Milan decrees, and the trade-murdering continental system which the conqueror had established. Had there been nothing else to provoke hostilities, there would have been *bellum crumenæ*, a war of the purse. The Russian nobility and landowners could not export by sea the produce of their vast estates, all of which, consisting chiefly of hides, tallow, tar, hemp, flax, timber, and corn, was too bulky to bear exportation by land, even if Germany, or France, or any other continental country would offer a good market. But there was at this time no such market on the Continent, for trade and commerce were nearly dead. The only market for Russia was England, but, by commandment of Napoleon, the Russian ports were now shut against us, and English ships of war blockaded all those ports, preventing the ingress or egress of every other flag. All classes in Russia

* A Vieusseux "Napoleon Bonaparte his Sayings and his Deeds"

suffered in consequence. Finding that their incomes were annually decreasing, and that poverty was staring them in the face, the great landed proprietors loudly protested against this ruinous French alliance, and called for a renewal of trade with their old friends, the English. Had Alexander been willing so to do, he could not long have resisted this national will. On the 31st of December, 1810, he issued a ukase, by which colonial and other goods were allowed to be introduced into the ports of Russia, unless they could be proved to belong to subjects of Great Britain. The restriction was of course easily evaded, and the trade with England might be said, in reality, to be reopened. At the same time, Alexander doubled the import duties levied on articles principally of French manufacture. All this led to indignant reclamations on the part of Napoleon, and to firm replies on the part of Alexander. The Russian Emperor, on his side, complained that his own near relative the Duke of Oldenburg, and others of his friends or relations, had been dispossessed of their territories, contrary to the provisions of the Treaty of Tilsit.

Another subject of difference was concerning Poland—that ever-fruitful source of jealousies and political quarrels. Since the last peace of Vienna or Schonbrunn, Napoleon had united Western Galicia and Cracow to his dependent Duchy of Warsaw, which was held for him by his near tool the King of Saxony, and while he seemed again to encourage the Polish hope of re-establishing the whole of Poland as an independent State, he aimed at nothing more or less than getting Poland into his own hands, or entirely under his own control. So soon as the Czar learned that Maria Louisa had accepted the hand of the French Emperor, he foresaw war, and said, “The next step will be an attempt to drive me and the Russians back into our forests.” It has been conjectured by many, and does not seem improbable, that Napoleon’s vanity, wounded by the refusal of a Grand Duchess of Russia, contributed very materially to the rupture. But the grand fact is this, the evident assumption of universal dictatorship by Napoleon, especially since his Austrian marriage, startled and disgusted, if it did not alarm, the Russian Emperor and his nobility, and as Russia was resolutely determined not to submit to this dictatorship, war became inevit-

able. At Tilsit Napoleon had been willing to share the empire of the world with Alexander, but now he must have all that empire to himself. If not the greatest of men, he was one of the greatest and loudest of talkers; he was nearly always talking too much and too openly. He now said to his ministers, and his words were repeated in all directions, and transmitted in writing to foreign Courts — “With regard to Russia I am in a false position. This cannot continue. The Emperor receives English merchandise in his port, he will not adhere to the continental system, but I shall force him to it. I must have all the ports of the Baltic, my custom-house officers must extend to Petersburg. If the Emperor objects, I will make war upon him, and dictate my own terms in his capital” (He had already forgotten the Russian fighting at Austerlitz, Pultush, Eylau, and Friedland) “Prussia seems quietly disposed, but I cannot much depend upon her. The Prussian troops are very good. If I had led them, they would have fought as well as the French. The King of Prussia will offer me part of his army, but I must have securities. The Prussian soldiers do not like me, I will have the Prussian princes with me, they will serve as hostages for the fidelity of the troops. If Prussia behaves well, I will do her as much good as I have done her harm. Who knows what I may not do for her? But I must keep all her ports. I will build twenty-five ships of the line in the Baltic, and that will prevent the English from entering it. The King of Saxony is an old fool (*vielle tête*), he does not know how to govern at Warsaw. I had lately some intentions with regard to Murat, but I have since had reason to be displeased with him. I shall see what is to be done with Poland. Bavaria and Wurtemberg behave very well. Baden is also very well. The Grand Duke of Wurtzburg is my relation, and behaves well, I will enlarge his dominions. I am greatly displeased with Denmark but have not yet resolved what to do with that country.”*

During a public *levée* at the Tuileries he addressed the Russian ambassador in the same bullying tone which he had used towards Lord Whitworth. After taxing the ambassador with falsehood, he

proceeded, "I have a lucky star! Be it good fortune or the bravery of my troops, or because I understand something of the business, I have always been successful in war. I do not say that I shall beat you, but we shall fight, *nous nous battons*! You know that I have money, that I have 800,000 men under arms, and that every year places 25,000 French conscripts at my disposal. In three years I can augment my army by 700,000 men. This will enable me to carry on the war in Spain and the war against you at the same time."

To a Parisian deputation that came to the palace to congratulate him on the birth of the King of Rome, he said, "If I made peace at Tilsit it was because the Emperor Alexander engaged to hold no further communication with England. Nothing else could have prevented me from marching to Riga, and on to Petersburg or Moscow" (This was mere boasting at the time of the Treaty of Tilsit he was quite as anxious for peace as the Czar could be, he was in no condition to advance, and if he had tried the experiment, he would have encountered, in 1808, the fate he met with in 1812, and an Austrian army, interposing between his retreating forces and the frontiers of France, would have rendered his own return, or the return of a single French regiment, next to impossible) "My revenues are perfectly clear. I have 200,000,000 of francs belonging to myself here in these very vaults under the Tuileries. I don't need this money to buy my chocolate or coffee, it shall all be at the service of the State. Were I only King of France, I might be obliged to act as Louis XIV and Louis XV acted, but I am the *Emperor* of the Continent! One must go back to Charlemagne to form an idea of the power I possess."

As the cannon's mouth was pointed to the north, it was time for the princes there to be stirring. As if to give Russia a staunch ally, Napoleon imperiously summoned Sweden to enforce his decrees against British trade, and seized fifty Swedish merchantmen, which were confiscated upon the charge of contraband trade with England. Yet, though the Swedes had chosen to place a Frenchman (Bernadotte) on their throne, Sweden was an independent country, and proud of her independence and military strength and old glories.

Moreover, in January, 1812, Napoleon sent Davoust to take possession of Swedish Pomerania and the Swedish island of Kugen. This monstrous act of aggression naturally induced Bernadotte, as Crown Prince, to throw himself into the arms of the Emperor Alexander, and in the month of April, 1812, a treaty of alliance between Sweden and Russia was concluded and ratified. In a long interview between these two princes at Abo, in Finland, a plan of resistance to the French Emperor was fully settled.

But were there none about the person of Napoleon to counsel him against this new war, and show him in what his invasion of Russia must terminate? There were many, but probably few spoke out, as all remembered the disgrace which had fallen upon Talleyrand for opposing the equally mad war and invasion of Spain. A few of the older and wiser of his councillors had, however, the courage to remonstrate with him, not indeed on the injustice—political morality being banished by the statesmen of his school—but on the glaring impolicy of this new act of aggression. The crafty Fouché presented to him an eloquent memorial in this sense. "I regulate my conduct," answered Napoleon, "chiefly by the opinion of my army. With 800,000 men I can oblige all Europe to do my bidding. I will destroy all English influence in Russia, and then Spain will easily fall. My destiny is not yet accomplished, my present situation is but the outline of a picture, which I must fill up. I must make one nation out of all the European States, and Paris must be the capital of the world. There must be all over Europe but one code, one court of appeal, one currency, one system of weights and measures. Am I to blame if the great power which I have already attained forces me to assume the dictatorship of the world?" To De Pradt at Dresden he said, "I will destroy Russian influence in Europe. Two battles will do the business. the Emperor Alexander will come on his knees, and Russia shall be disarmed. Spain costs me very dear. without that I should be master of the world, but when I become such, my son will have nothing to do but to retain my place." In calmer times, and after the full experience of disappointment, we find him confirming the sentiments which he had expressed on the former memorable occasions. After his return

from Elba, he said to Benjamin Constant, "I desired the empire of the world, and who in my situation would not? The world invited me to govern it, sovereigns and subjects vied with each other in bending before my sceptre. I have rarely found any opposition in France"

Before leaving Paris for the Russian frontier, Napoleon directed his minister Maret, Duke of Bassano, to write a letter to Lord Castlereagh, proposing negotiations for peace on the basis of the *uti possidetis*. In his arrogant self-confidence he would resign next to nothing, he would keep all that he and the French republicans before him had acquired in the course of twenty years of desolating war. He was, indeed, now willing to let Sicily remain under the Bourbon King Ferdinand, and Portugal under the royal House of Braganza, but here he yielded nothing that was in his possession, for Wellington had entirely liberated Portugal, and cleared it of the last of the French, while in Sicily the French had never been able to set foot, inasmuch as that island was defended by a British army and a British fleet. He insisted, as a *sine quâ non*, that Spain should be secured to his brother Joseph, who had never known a happy or an easy hour since he first entered that country. Now, when this demand was set forth, Lord Wellington, who had just captured Badajoz and Ciudad Rodrigo, was advancing in Spain towards Madrid, which he shortly afterwards entered in triumph upon gaining the battle and glorious victory of Salamanca. Lord Castlereagh immediately replied that our engagements with the Spanish Cortes, acting in the name of King Ferdinand II (still a State prisoner in France), rendered the recognition of Joseph an impossibility. His lordship felt that he could rely on the skill of our great soldier in the Spanish Peninsula, and on the firmness of the Emperor Alexander, and this high-minded, thoroughly English hearted minister appears to have been one of the very first of our statesmen who foresaw that, in marching into Russia, Napoleon would rush to his ruin.

The Russian minister, Prince Kowrakin, still remained at Paris. Early in May he intimated to the Duke of Bassano that the matters in dispute might be easily made the subject of amicable negotiations, provided the French troops evacuated Pomerania and the Duchy

of Warsaw, where they could be kept for no other purpose than that of threatening the frontiers of Russia. At the very climax of his power, when his measureless pride was on the point of drawing down upon him the curse of the Almighty, Nebuchadnezzar himself was not prouder or more haughty than Napoleon. But in the diatribe he let fly at the Russian ambassador there was at least as much of the Scapin as of the Jupiter—as much vulgarity as vehemence. He was, or he affected to be, in a most violent passion: the demands of the Emperor Alexander were insolent! He was not accustomed to be addressed in such a style! No one was to tell him where he was to place or keep his troops! No foreign sovereign, no! nor all the sovereigns of Europe united together should dictate his movements. Bah! the idea was too ridiculous. Prince Kowrakin might have his passport, and had better go home! Of course, the prince went immediately.

Previously to this the Duke of Bassano had said for his master, "His Majesty the Emperor has no wish to make war; but he is resolved, and nothing can alter his resolution, to effect the display of immense forces, and place himself on the Vistula." Thus no concession on the part of the Emperor Alexander could keep a French army from his frontiers: humiliation must accompany submission: the Czar was not only to obey, but also give the world to understand that he feared, and trembled, and prostrated himself before the display of Napoleon's might: if he conceded every point at issue, it must still be under the uplifted sword, raised to enforce submission.* Had Alexander now failed to appeal to arms and to the God of battles, he had been unworthy of his throne.

Impelled by an inordinate and apparently insatiable ambition, which had only grown more reckless from almost undeviating success, Napoleon determined upon the prosecution of the attack upon Russia. This expedition, he vainly imagined, was to place the sceptre of the world in his grasp. To the temperate suggestions of the more impartial of his advisers he turned a deaf ear, his resolution being formed, he rejected salutary counsel, and silenced the accents

* See Colonel Mitchell's "Fall of Napoleon."

of remonstrance The design was entirely of his own conception By bold, and in many cases extremely hazardous measures, he had carved out his way to the throne; and his subsequent fall and humiliation may be traced to his obstinate perseverance in a policy at once senseless and absurd. The most devoted admirers of Napoleon will scarcely deny that in this project of invasion even his usual sagacity seemed to have suddenly forsaken him To speak of his conduct on this occasion in the mildest terms, we are constrained to declare that it was a most injudicious proceeding to provoke a contest on the opposite frontiers of France at the same moment. He was thus placing himself between two assailants,—and two assailants, be it remembered, whom he had never yet defeated in fair and open conflict To commence hostilities with a formidable adversary in the north-east, in spite of the repeated defeats sustained by his legions in the west, is certainly not what we are led to expect from the military genius of Napoleon The more prudent plan would have been, first to have driven the English from the plains and strongholds of the Peninsula, to the element on which their sway was not disputed, as he so often boasted that he would, and this object once satisfactorily accomplished, then to have proceeded to the chastisement of the Colossus of the North The campaign of 1812 was, as the course of our narrative will show, an error from first to last it was, indeed, a plunge headlong to destruction

Early in the morning of the 9th of May, 1812, Napoleon, accompanied by the Empress Maria Louisa, left Paris for Dresden, to meet the sovereigns he had invited to that city. At every stage of his journey he was greeted with enthusiasm and rejoicing. Not only in France, but even in Germany, the greatest delight was manifested at his approach Bonaparte reached Metz on the 10th, and spent a short time in the inspection of its fortifications He entered Mayence on the 11th, and took up his abode in the imperial palace, once the residence of the archbishops Napoleon was particularly partial to Mayence * The historical associations of this ancient city

* "Europe during the Consulate and the Empire" By M Capefigue Vol. ix. chap vi. page 154

charmed the mind of the fortunate soldier they were evidences of its regal as well as of its ecclesiastical power and importance, they told of the mighty Charlemagne, and of those princely prelates who ruled with all the splendour of spiritual and temporal despotism. Moreover, Mayence was one of the barrier fortresses of the empire. the tide of war had ebbed and flowed around it, under its battlements the warriors of the middle ages had wrought valiant deeds, and these memorials of some one of the world's greatest conquerors might be expected to regard with more than ordinary satisfaction and delight. The good citizens of Frankfort welcomed Napoleon with triumphal arches and every outward demonstration of allegiance and devotion, but he hurried through their busy city, not even pausing to receive their congratulations.

On the 16th the King and Queen of Saxony met Napoleon and the Empress at Freyberg, desirous of paying them due respect, and escorted them to Dresden, where they arrived at eleven the same night. Here the reception was of the most gorgeous character, and the triumph of Bonaparte complete. Kings, princes, ministers, statesmen, soldiers, flocked around him, to pay homage to the master of the Continent, now at the zenith of human pomp and glory. Two days after the arrival of Napoleon, the Emperor and Empress of Austria joined the gay and glittering crowd by which he was surrounded. The King of Prussia, the most tardy courtier in the group, did not make his appearance till the 26th. Various reasons have been assigned for his late entrance on the scene of so much adulation and display. statecraft had doubtless something to do with the matter, the sovereigns of Prussia are ever cunning and cautious. Nothing, however, was heard but the most extravagant flattery, the voice of admonition being drowned in the uproar of revelry and exultation. No anticipations of defeat or disaster appeared like vapours to dim the brightness of that unclouded horizon. Napoleon treated these magnates as puppets. he made them the mere creatures of his will. The Emperor of Austria was required to furnish a contingent of 30,000 men, and from the King of Prussia 20,000 were extorted. During his stay in this beautiful city, Napoleon, hearing of the visit of the Emperor Alexander to Wilna, sent his

aide-de-camp the Count Narbonne thither, with a missive to that monarch, inviting him to Dresden ; but this advance, whether made in good faith or not, was rejected by the Czar

Napoleon's immense army, consisting of combatants from almost every nation in Europe, had been, in the meantime, assembled in the country lying between the Vistula and the Niemen. In some parts the most lamentable excesses were committed by the soldiers, and the stores and property of the peasantry were appropriated for the supply of their wants. In spite of every precaution, provisions could not be obtained for this great multitude ; and thus, before the commencement of hostilities, the difficulty of feeding the troops became apparent. The strength of the army has been variously estimated by different authors : while some authorities give the total, in round numbers, at 600,000, others reduce it so low as 400,000 men. Capefigue, in general a safe guide, estimates the grand total that Napoleon took with him into Russia at 498,000 men *. According to his account, the army consisted of 60,000 Poles, 20,000 Saxons, 30,000 Austrians, 30,000 Bavarians, 22,000 Prussians, 20,000 Westphalians, 32,000 combatants from the minor States of Germany, 20,000 Italians and Neapolitans, 4,000 Spanish and Portuguese, 10,000 Swiss, and 250,000 French. This calculation affords a very fair idea of the various elements of which the expedition was composed, and illustrates the wonderful influence which Bonaparte wielded over the different European nations †

Napoleon, having taken leave of the Empress Maria Louisa and the assembled potentates, quitted Dresden on the 29th May. In this beautiful city he sojourned fourteen days. It is difficult to account for these delays, not only, as in this instance, in Germany, but subsequently in places on the Russian soil, in which much valuable time was wasted. They were golden opportunities lost in unimportant

* "Europe during the Consulate and the Empire," vol. ix., chap. vi., p. 161

† Sir A. Alison, taking the imperial muster rolls given in Chambray as a guide, estimates the total effective force which, under Napoleon, invaded Russia, including both wings and the reserve which joined towards the close of the campaign, at 647,158 cavalry and infantry, 187,111 horses, and 1,327 guns. See "Hist. of Europe," vol. xv., chap. lxxv. appendix.



Napoleon at the Niemen

ceremonies, or under the frivolous pretence of negotiations which were never, we believe, conducted in any serious hopes of a pacific result. On the 30th of May Bonaparte entered Poland, and reached Thorn on the 2nd of June. Having completed his military arrangements and set the troops in motion, he started for Dantzic on the 6th, which place he inspected, and soon after joined his levies, then in full march for the Niemen. The passage of the bulk of the army commenced at Kowno, on the 24th of June, at which place three bridges had been constructed for the purpose. The troops were in excellent order, and their enthusiasm had been excited by one of those glowing appeals which Napoleon was in the habit of addressing to his soldiers. From an eminence, he on the first day beheld the passage of half of this mighty concourse of armed men. The remainder crossed on the following day. The left wing, under Marshal Macdonald, crossed the Lower Niemen at Tilsit. It was 30,000 strong, and intended to act against Riga, whilst the right, under Schwartzemberg, crossed the Bug near Mogulnica. The reserve

joined the main body of the troops a few days later. From wing to wing, a distance of nearly three hundred miles interposed, and this being oftener increased than diminished during the progress of the campaign, will account for many of the calamities that befell this truly unfortunate expedition

The Czar had not remained an idle spectator of these preparations and offensive movements on the part of his antagonist. Perceiving that war was inevitable, he commenced negotiations for peace with Sweden and Turkey, and proceeded to develop the resources of his empire. At first he could only bring 180,000 men into the field against the numerous squadrons of his opponent. Clausewitz* says, "The Russian army on the frontier at the opening of the campaign was disposed in three main branches — 1 The first army of the West, under Barclay, 90,000 strong, stood with its right wing (Wittgenstein) on the Baltic, its left (Doctoroff) towards Grodno, the head-quarters at Wilna. 2 The second army of the West, under Bagration, 45,000 strong, extended from Grodno to Muchawetz, head-quarters at Wolkowisk. 3 The reserve army, so called, under Tormasow, beyond the marshes in South Volhynia, 35,000, head-quarters in Luzk. 4. To the above are to be added 10,000 Cossacks, chiefly under Platoff, with Bagration. Total in first line, 180,000 men." The Russian plan of the campaign was to retire slowly, and take post on the Duna, at Drissa, where an entrenched camp had been prepared. Napoleon's object was, of course, to bring these troops to action as early as possible, but subsequent events changed the plans both of the invader and the heroic defenders of their fatherland. Whilst partaking in festivities at the country seat of one of his generals in the neighbourhood of Wilna, Alexander received the intelligence of the passage of the Niemen by Napoleon and his army. The next morning he issued a proclamation setting forth the justice of his cause, and appealing to his soldiers to defend their religion, their country, and their liberty. The latter word might have been very judiciously omitted from the document. Bonaparte pressed on, hoping that the Russians would make a stand at Wilna,

* "Campaign of 1812," chap. II., p. 47

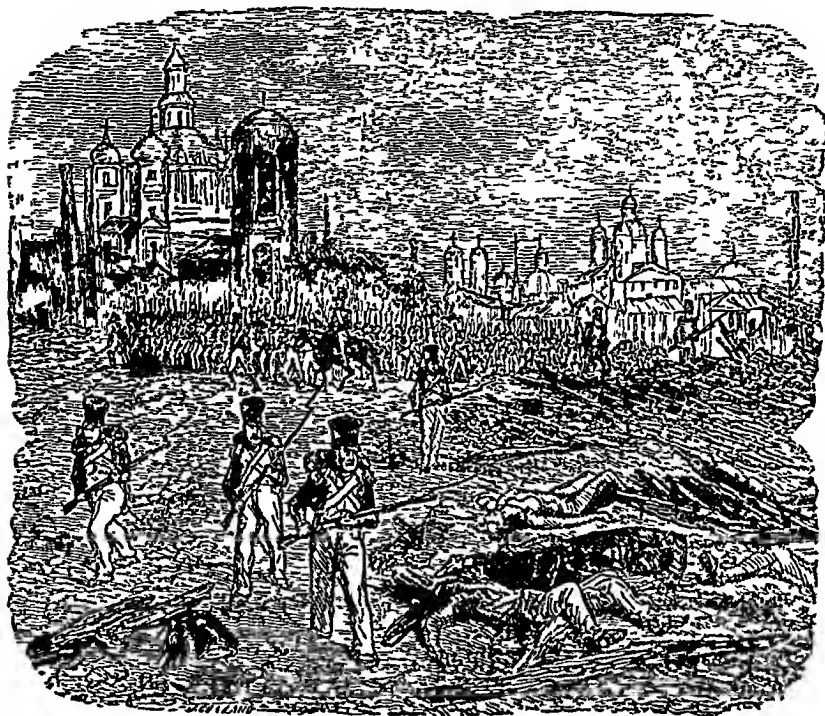
and hazard an engagement. In this he was, however, disappointed, for Alexander, at the earnest solicitation, it is said, of his General, Barclay de Tolly, abandoned the town, setting fire to his magazines, and blowing up the bridge over the river Wilia.

Napoleon entered the capital of Lithuania on the 28th of June, and on the same day received the keys of the town from a deputation consisting of its principal inhabitants. Here also he was presented with an address from the Diet of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, in favour of the revival of the ancient kingdom of Poland. Napoleon was not, however, to be betrayed into any rash pledges that might fetter future operations or prejudice negotiations, and although he had before raised the expectations of the Poles, to this address he returned an evasive and consequently an unsatisfactory reply. In Wilna Bonaparte made his first halt, remaining in this town nearly three weeks, during which time his attention was principally directed towards the formation of a provisional government for the province of Lithuania, the direction of military affairs, and a laborious correspondence necessary for the transaction of matters pertaining to the welfare of the vast empire which he had left behind him. Alexander, alarmed at the reports he received of the strength of the army of his assailant, and ignorant of the difficulties which attended its progress, and the severe losses it had already sustained, sent General Balachoff to Napoleon, at Wilna, with offers of accommodation. On condition of the immediate retirement of Napoleon and his forces beyond the Niemen, the Czar expressed his willingness to uphold the continental system and to enter into negotiations for an honourable peace. This concession did not, however, satisfy Bonaparte, and, in rejecting it, he threw away the last chance of terminating the war with advantage, and thus sealed the fate of more than a million of human beings, who fell victims in this expedition and the hostilities that arose out of it.

Several encounters took place between various portions of the contending hosts, in which, while the French fully maintained their high military reputation, the firmness and valour of the Russians were made manifest, indeed, in some of these skirmishes the latter gained decided advantages. The Russians, however, continued

their retreat, abandoning, without a struggle, the entrenched camp at Drissa, which they had taken such pains to prepare and fortify. General Barclay de Tolly's chief aim at this part of the contest seems to have been to effect a junction with Bagration at Witepsk, intending there to await the approach of the French army for the purpose of opposing its further advance. Napoleon soon came up, and, elated at the prospect of an immediate contest, which the sight of the Russian forces drawn up before the town afforded him, indulged in fervent expressions of delight. Experience had already taught him the insecurity of his position on the Russian territory, but again was the opportunity he so ardently sought denied him. On the evening of the 27th of July General Barclay received intelligence of an action between Davoust and Bagration, at Mohilow, on the 23rd, and the subsequent retreat of the latter towards Smolensko, he at once resolved upon falling back in the same direction. The Russians kept large fires burning during the night, and concealed their movements so admirably that the French had not obtained the least intimation of the intended withdrawal, and were, consequently, much surprised and disconcerted when returning daylight revealed the actual state of affairs. Napoleon beheld with dismay the abandoned lines, which showed that the enemy had once more eluded his grasp, he made his entrance into Witepsk on the same day, the 28th of July, and again halted his troops. The town presented a scene of terrible desolation, its inhabitants having left their homes to follow the retiring army.

Nearly three weeks were wasted in delay at Witepsk; the same amount of valuable time was lost at Wilna, and six days at Gloubocki. Thus in three resting-places, on the Russian territory, a space of nearly two months had been consumed. Possibly these delays, which eventually proved so fatal to Bonaparte's army, could not be avoided. The French force was gradually melting away in its progress into the heart of the country, whilst that of the Russians was daily increasing in numbers. During his stay at Witepsk, Napoleon entertained serious misgivings as to the expediency of a further advance, and even contemplated the entire abandonment of the expedition. In the midst, however, of debate and discussion



Battle of Smolensko

between Napoleon and his generals, many of whom strongly opposed his plans, information arrived at the junction between the armies of Barclay de Tolly and Bagration, and their concentration towards Smolensko. The French Emperor at once collected his scattered bands, and quitted Witepsk on the 13th of August. Some sharp contests ensued, but Smolensko was eventually abandoned by the Russians, their generals being still unwilling to risk an engagement. The town, one of the most ancient in Russia, was well defended by the rear-guard of Barclay's army, and the object of checking the advance of the invader until the bulk of the Russian army had effected its retreat being attained, this gallant band set fire to the town and retired. The French continued the pursuit, and on the 19th Ney received a severe repulse from the Russian rear-guard at

Valutina Goia. The loss of the French at this place, and in the actions before Smolensko, is estimated by a very impartial authority* at 20,000 men, but this was a mere trifle in comparison to the losses they had sustained since they first set foot upon the Russian soil from famine, fatigue, sickness, and the horrors of a state bordering upon disorganization. The stern and dogged manner in which the enemy fought in these sanguinary encounters already excited the apprehensions of Napoleon.

In the meantime dissensions had broken out in the Russian camp. The troops were dissatisfied at their continued retreat before a foe by which they had not been vanquished. The people demanded a sterner resistance, and, in compliance with their demands, the Czar appointed the veteran general Kutusoff to the command of his armies. This distinguished officer was then nearly seventy years of age and if his defeat at Austerlitz by Napoleon had somewhat tarnished his reputation, recent victories over the Turks upon the Danube had served to restore him to public favour. At the village of Borodino the Russian leaders resolved upon making a stand. Kutusoff joined the army on the 29th of August, and was received with the greatest enthusiasm, he led his troops into their position at Borodino on the 3rd of September. On the evening of the 5th the French army came up, and the next day was spent by both sides in making preparations for the struggle. Both Napoleon and Kutusoff addressed proclamations to their soldiers. the former appealed to their love of glory, and pointed out Moscow as the prize within their grasp, the latter sought to excite the patriotism of his men, and for this purpose referred to their homes, which had been outraged and destroyed, and their altars, which had been desecrated by an impious invader. On the eve of the battle, Colonel Fabvier, one of Marshal Marmont's aides-de-camp, brought the unwelcome tidings of the victory of Wellington at Salamanca, in which glorious action the English won many trophies, and which opened for them the gates of Madrid. Can we wonder that Bonaparte was anxious and depressed, as some of his most devoted followers have allowed?

Can we feel surprised that he was more than usually agitated and disturbed, or that he was oppressed by fears lest the Russians should once more decline battle? Defeats and reverses for the first time in his extraordinary career began to accumulate around his path. His most strenuous efforts for driving the English from the Peninsula had failed; and an advance into Russia, which had cost him more than half his army in less than three months, afforded additional reasons for dissatisfaction, if not for despair. His lucky star was evidently on the wane, nor can we be astonished that gloomy forebodings disturbed his mind.

There was no great disparity in the strength of the opposing armies, the French, however, had the advantage, though slight, in both infantry and cavalry. The battle began early in the morning, on the 7th of September. Prodiges of valour were performed on both sides, and, whilst we admit that the assault of the invading force was furious, it must be conceded that the resistance of the Russians was heroic. The slaughter on that hotly-contested field was tremendous, and when night put an end to the strife, victory had declared itself for neither combatant. It was a drawn battle after all. Fifty thousand men were killed or wounded in the encounter, of which number about 28,000 were Russians. Prince Bagration, decidedly the most vigorous of the Russian commanders, was slain in this action. The conduct of Bonaparte on the occasion has been very harshly criticised. His ordinary vigour seems to have forsaken him, and he remained apart from the battle in gloomy reserve. The issue was not in the least degree calculated to inspire him with hope or animation. "No political result," says Capefigue,* "was gained by the battle of Borodino, in fact, it weakened Napoleon more than it hurt the Russians. Kutusoff, in continuing his retreat, found reinforcements and a population in the rear of his army, Napoleon, on the contrary, was getting farther from his resources, in the midst of an unexplored country and a hostile people. At the muster on the morning of the 8th of September, only 90,000 men could be assembled—the evening before, 120,000 men were under arms.

* "Europe during the Consulate and the Empire, vol. ix. chap. ix. p. 278.

We learn its effect upon the Russians from the testimony of Clausewitz,* who states —“The Russians retired on the night of the 7th, and, as we have said, in four contiguous and parallel columns on one and the same road. They made only a mile † of distance, to behind Mojaïsk, which sufficiently proves that they were in a state of order and preparation, which is not usual after the loss of a battle. The author can also attest that there was no symptom of that dissolution which has been attributed to it by an otherwise very impartial writer (the Marquis de Chambray). The number of prisoners may have reached a few thousands, that of guns abandoned, between thirty and forty. The trophies of victory were, therefore, trifling”

The battle of Borodino opened the road to Moscow to the French, who, too anxious in pursuit, met with a severe repulse from the rear-guard of the Russian army at Mojaïsk, thenceforward the retreat of the Russians was not molested. By easy marches they reached Moscow, and the commander-in-chief having determined upon retiring still farther into the country, the troops defiled through that city on the 14th of September, leaving their ancient capital at the mercy of the invader

On the same day the French came in sight of Moscow, and made their entrance into the city with the most extravagant delight. Napoleon fancied that the investment of the capital would ensure the submission of the Czar. In this expectation he was once more doomed to disappointment. Immense quantities of plunder fell into the possession of the troops, who gave themselves up to every kind of excess, but above the sounds of riot and revelry suddenly arose the alarm of “Fire!” The first outbreak was speedily extinguished, but flames again appeared, and in several directions. The fury of the devouring element was fanned by a violent gale of wind, which raged just as the fire had obtained full power. Napoleon, who had taken up his residence in the Kremlin, was very reluctantly compelled to retreat to the summer palace of the Czars, at a short distance from

* “Campaign of 1812,” chap. III p. 172 (English edition)
equal to about five English miles

† One German mile,



First sight of Moscow

the city. With intense anxiety he watched the progress of the conflagration, and began to question whether the blow he had inflicted upon his opponent was worth the many sacrifices it had even then entailed

The fire arose partly from design and partly from accident. Some of the inhabitants of the city set the torch to their houses on abandoning them to the foe, and others put combustibles in dangerous places. The inebriated soldiers, in their drunken frolics, not only assisted these endeavours, but actually fired several habitations. Thus a conflagration, that with due care and caution might have been subdued, spread over the city. Peace now became the chief object for which Bonaparte laboured, and upon his return to the Russian capital on the 18th, he directed his best efforts towards its

accomplishment. Weary of waiting for a reply to proposals that he had addressed to Alexander, and, instead of receiving any tokens of submission, being harassed by the incessant attacks of the enemy, who availed themselves of every opportunity for cutting off supplies, capturing stragglers or foraging parties, and inflicting defeat upon various portions of his army, on the 3rd of October Napoleon dispatched General Lauriston to the Russian camp. The Comander-in-Chief Kutusoff declared that he had no powers to treat, that he could not grant the pass required in order to enable General Lauriston to proceed into the presence of the Czar, but, with an assumed air of civility, promised to send off an aide-de-camp to learn Alexander's intentions. Time passed on, no answer reached Bonaparte, again was General Lauriston entrusted with a mission to the Russian head-quarters, and again was he unable to elicit a satisfactory reply. Suddenly the French advance-guard, under Murat, which was stationed at Winkowo, was attacked by the Russians, and forced to retreat in terrible disorder. Signs of the recommencement of offensive operations by the Russian army appeared on all sides. The Russian commanders had received information of the entry of the English into Madrid, and this gratifying intelligence doubtless excited their ardour and animated their drooping spirits in just the same proportion as the news of the defeat of Salamanca had depressed the mind of Bonaparte on the eve of the great battle at Borodino. By degrees it became painfully evident to Napoleon that the Russian Emperor and his generals were trifling with him, that they were only waiting for an opportunity to strike a decisive blow. Deeply impressed with this conviction, and of the impossibility of maintaining his position at Moscow, Napoleon reluctantly quitted that city on the 19th of October. Preparations for a retreat had been going on for some time, yet the Emperor delayed giving the final order, vainly hoping that the submission of the Czar might enable him to retire not only with honour, but also with safety. Thus more than a month had been once more consumed in idle expectations—a month of precious and invaluable time.

Kutusoff, having refreshed his men by rest and care, and having received reinforcements to a very considerable extent, was in a much

better condition than Napoleon imagined. He was, indeed, prepared to assume the offensive in great force. His plan was to press hard upon the path of the retreating foe, to avail himself of the slightest advantage in order to fall upon Bonaparte's weakened columns, and by rapid marches to cut off their retreat at every opportunity. Thus Napoleon, who had intended to return to Poland by a new line of route, in which he hoped to meet with supplies, found his plans frustrated by the indefatigable activity of his opponents. His road lay through Kalouga, Medin, Yuknow, Elnia, and Smolensko ; * his march was, however, intercepted at Malo-Jaroslawitz, and he was reduced to the extremity of fighting a battle there on the 24th of October, only five days after his departure from Moscow. Although victorious in that dreadful conflict, the French did not succeed in opening a passage through the Russian army. It had been largely reinforced towards the close of the action, and still occupied the line of retreat, so that the French were compelled to fall back upon the old route. In a cavalry charge of 6,000 Cossacks of the Don, under Platoff, Bonaparte narrowly escaped being made prisoner, only the day after this battle. In fact, had the Russian general been aware of the prize almost within his grasp, there is little reason to doubt that Napoleon would have been captured.

From this battle the disasters of the retreat fairly commenced. Unable to pierce into that part of the country which had not suffered from its devastations, Napoleon's last hope of feeding the army vanished. On the 6th of November the severity of winter added to the horrors of their march. On that day the snow began to fall, and beneath it the strong and the brave sank to rise no more. Ill fed, scantily apparelled, pressed hard by an insolent and implacable enemy, the remnant of the French army was ever in the presence of the avenger. Discipline became gradually relaxed, spoils were abandoned, disputes occurred among the officers, the men quarrelled, the most lamentable sufferings prevailed in every rank. Bridges over the streams had been broken down, the rivers in many places overflowed their banks, at every moment the enemy was upon their

* Ségur "Expedition to Russia," vol. II. book IX. chap. 1 p. 94.

retreating steps One day they were entangled in dark and gloomy forests, another their road lay across desert steppes, there was the piercing blast and the fatal snowdrift, and, to crown all, a night of seventeen hours' duration Never before did the calamities of war fall with such severity upon the soldier Language cannot paint the horrors of their situation, and the heart sinks at the bare imagination of its extremity.

Smolensko was reached on the 9th of November Napoleon originally intended to halt here awhile, in order to recruit the strength of his almost exhausted followers The desolate state of the city, the failure of the arrangements for bringing up supplies, adverse news from Paris, and, above all, the energetic movements of the Russians in pursuit, compelled him, however, to continue his retreat. Ney defended the rear with the dauntless courage and fortitude that have rendered his name illustrious, but his efforts were almost unavailing The Russians pressed hastily on, the bravest of the French marshals was at last completely surrounded, and only by the most desperate exertions did he succeed in extricating himself from his critical position, with a loss of two thirds of his small but gallant band

On the 25th of November Napoleon reached the banks of the Beresina. Here he found his retreat cut off by a Russian force recently arrived from the Danube Another Russian army, of equal strength, was posted on his right, whilst the main body, under Kutusoff, was approaching rapidly on the left In this fearful dilemma the genius of Napoleon once more displayed itself The Russian commanders, still over-estimating the strength of the French army, permitted themselves to be out-manceuvred, and although a desperate conflict ensued, Napoleon effected his escape The slaughter at one part of the passage of the river was tremendous. The camp-followers—men, women, and children—terrified by the furious discharges of the Russian artillery, rushed forward to the bridge; they were literally mown down by the shot, and multitudes perished in the stream. On the return of spring 12,000 bodies were taken from the bed of the river in the immediate neighbourhood of this well-contested action.

At Malodeczno, where Napoleon arrived on the 3rd of December, he prepared the twenty-ninth and last bulletin of the Grand Army, announcing, though in a mitigated form, the failure of the expedition. In that celebrated document it is stated that the movements of the army had been executed with the greatest success before the commencement of the cold. This was a decided violation of the truth,



Commencement of the Retreat.

as Napoleon's army had suffered not only from the attacks of the enemy, but from fatigue, famine, disease, and exhaustion, long before the 6th of November. But the fact of the defeat was publicly acknowledged at last. On the night of the 5th of December a conference was held at Smorgoni between Napoleon and his generals, at which the former declared his intention of leaving the army and setting out immediately for Paris. To Murat, King of Naples, he entrusted the chief command. The arrival of the Emperor at Warsaw on the 10th, and the wretched exhibition he there made of himself, have been related by the Abbé de Pradt. At Dresden he received a visit from the King of Saxony on the 14th, and he sur-

prised the inmates of the Tuileries at eleven in the night of the 18th of December

The miserable remnant of this once magnificent army soon after effected its escape from the Russian territory, the gallant Ney being the last to retire ; and of the mighty hosts which six months before had swarmed across the Niemen, not more than 42,000 men returned, and of these but 18,000 were French.* The left wing, under Marshal Macdonald, and the right, under Schwartzenberg, are not included in this calculation We refer exclusively to the Grand Army, which, under Napoleon, entered the Russian dominions. Of the remnant many were in the most pitiable condition, their constitutions being undermined, and in some cases their intellects affected , and few amongst them could indulge in the boast of having shared in "the great battle under the walls of Moscow"

Thus ended the Russian campaign of 1812. In that disastrous expedition nearly a million human beings perished. War, at all times calamitous, became in this instance one unmitigated scene of suffering, misery, and death The voice of lamentation resounded in thousands of homes, and a season of gloom and affliction, to which on this earth there was to be no reviving dawn, settled upon many whose fathers, sons, brothers—in some cases their sole protectors—had perished in the campaign

This celebrated but unfortunate expedition has occupied the attention of many writers, and has elicited the most conflicting opinions While some have represented the Russian plan of defence as a wonderful triumph of military science, others have applauded the sagacity displayed by Napoleon in his advance upon Moscow. The admirers of the French Emperor have attributed the failure of the enterprise and the destruction of his army to the burning of Moscow and the inclemency of the winter season , the partisans of Alexander maintain that his patriotic and unflinching attitude ensured the ruin of the grand design The truth is not to be found in either of these extreme views there was much to blame, as well as something worthy of commendation, in the measures of either antagonist. Na-

* Sir A Alison "History of Europe," vol xvi chap 74.

pooleon, accustomed to wage war in rich and populous countries, did not duly estimate the difficulties of procuring supplies and keeping open his communications in desolate and dreary regions, in which the inhabitants were not only poor, but thinly dispersed over the surface. The roads in Russia were bad, the towns far apart, and cultivation in a very wretched state. It cannot be denied that he made the most extensive preparations, formed magazines, and caused provisions to be collected in the rear. As he advanced, however, the impossibility of maintaining the efficiency of a large army became more and more plainly apparent, and the fearful diminution which had occurred in its ranks before he came in sight of the towers of Moscow shows how small was his chance of ultimate success.

In conversation with an English nobleman, we are well aware that Bonaparte expressed a very different opinion, and in justice to him we quote it at length —“Speaking of the Russian campaign, he said, that when he got to Moscow he considered the business as done, that he was received with open arms by the people on his march, and had innumerable petitions from the peasants praying him to emancipate them from the tyranny of the nobles, that he found the town supplied with everything, and might perfectly have subsisted his army there through the winter, when in twenty-four hours it was on fire in fifteen places, and the country all round for twelve miles laid waste, ‘an event,’ said he, ‘on which I could not calculate, as there is not, I believe, a precedent for it in the history of the world.’”^{*} What does this amount to but a confession that he did not anticipate a resolute and determined resistance from the Russian Emperor and his people? Bonaparte no doubt expected an easy and a ready surrender, like those he had met with in Vienna, Berlin, and elsewhere. If the burning of the city was something unprecedented, surely the laying waste of the neighbouring country, and the destruction of supplies, were not measures that ought to have come upon him like a thunderbolt! Nor can we place reliance in his assertions with regard to the cordial reception given him by

^{*} “Memorandum of Two Conversations between the Emperor Napoleon and Viscount Ebrington, at Porto Ferrajo, on the 6th and 8th of December, 1814,” p. 12

the serfs, and their petitions for his protection. The Russian peasants are indeed slaves, but slaves that lick the hand that holds them in bondage. If they crouched at his feet, they did so more from the habit of the chain, the necessity of humbling themselves to some one, than from any hope of a higher destiny or faith in his powers of delivering them.

It must not be denied that the resistance of the Russians was obstinate and unflinching, but their leaders lacked ability and the energy necessary for the crisis. Had the Russian generals been the great captains that some authors delight in representing them, Napoleon would never have seen Moscow. The French, weakened by famine, fatigue, and disease, could not possibly have made head against vigorous and uncompromising opposition. Three or four battles, even had they been victorious in each, must have arrested their progress. The fact that only one general engagement was fought before the French entered Moscow, although the armies were continually in sight of each other, proves how feeble the Russian generals availed themselves of the enthusiasm of the nation and the determined bravery of the Russian soldiers. It is notorious that during the advance upon the capital it was Napoleon's chief anxiety to bring the Russians to action. And when we remember how well they fought upon the solitary occasion on which a resolute and general resistance was offered to the invader, and how difficult it is to determine who were the victors in the actual conflict at Borodino, we are constrained to declare that had such troops been ably and properly commanded the career of the aggressor must have been checked almost at the outset. Clausewitz states in their defence, that "Russia is very poor in positions," still, every stream and every hill—its dense forests and its mighty steppes—ought to have been fiercely contested. All would have afforded some shelter to the defender, and presented fearful obstacles to the assailant.

The history of this expedition, and of its terrible results, must remain as a perpetual warning to ambitious aggressors. Numbers cannot always ensure success; and strength, unsupported by right, is a giant without trustworthy means of defence. It has been asserted by those who shared Napoleon's confidence to a great extent



Crossing the Beresina

that the invasion of Russia was but one portion of a colossal project, embracing even the conquest of the East Indies. We hardly believe it possible that the mind of this ambitious conqueror could have been subject to such hallucinations. The road to India is not across the snows of Russia; the success of the expedition to Egypt might possibly, under the most favourable circumstances, have led to such a result, but had Napoleon subdued Alexander, the safety of our dominions in the East would not have been in the least degree imperilled by that event.

We stated that unfavourable news from Paris reached Napoleon as he was entering Smolensko, on his retreat from Moscow. This was no other than the intelligence of the conspiracy of General Malet.

This officer, according to the statement of Capefigue,* was a man given to reflection, who, almost alone, through the pomps and splendours of the imperial system, detected its actual instability. Although both the republican and the Royalist parties had dwindled into insignificance in presence of the Consulate and the Empire, yet the captivity of the Pope, and the rigorous manner in which Napoleon treated certain Roman Catholic dignitaries, excited deep resentment in the minds of zealous sons of the Church. His rule was gradually becoming unpopular among an important section of the community, and it was of this unpopularity that General Malet sought to avail himself, in plotting for the overthrow of the imperial system.

It has been asserted by some authorities that General Malet was of obscure extraction, but this is not the fact, he was, indeed, of noble birth. To the advantage of honourable descent he added the far more important claims of exalted merit, having served with distinction in the wars of the Republic, both on the banks of the Rhine and in the fertile plains of Italy. True to his republican principles, he steadily opposed the elevation of Napoleon to supreme power, and for his share—if not actual, at any rate suspected—in certain conspiracies, he had been arrested and imprisoned. Upon the marriage of Napoleon with Maria Louisa he had been removed from prison to a *Maison de Santé*, where he was still under the *surveillance* of the police. The plan determined upon by this enthusiastic opponent of royalty was to announce the death of the Emperor, and to proclaim a Provisional Government on the authority of a forged decree from the Senate. He had two accomplices, the Abbé Lafont, a fellow-prisoner, and a corporal named Rateau. On the night of the 22nd of October, Malet and his accomplices, having completed their preparations, proceeded to put their plans into execution. The public were then in a state of great excitement and anxiety, awaiting intelligence from the Grand Army, the last despatch having announced the entrance of the French into Moscow, and the burning of that city. In the middle of the night

* "Europe during the Consulate and the Empire," ix. chap. xii. p. 367

Malet effected his escape from his place of confinement, presented himself under an assumed name to the soldiers, and distributed his forged *Senatus Consultum*, announcing the death of the Emperor, and the formation of a Provisional Government. Savary, the Minister of Police, and Pasquier, the Prefect of Police, were seized without resistance. The scheme prospered admirably, and might have succeeded altogether, had not Malet been recognized and arrested whilst endeavouring to secure the person of General Hullin, the Governor of Paris. The chief conspirator once in custody, the whole affair miscarried, and Malet, with several of his accomplices, was tried before a military commission. The old soldier showed the same fortitude in the presence of his judges that had before gained him renown on the field of battle, and his last words were—"I fall, but I am not the last of the Romans."

Although this conspiracy terminated fatally to its projector, and to some persons who had too readily accorded their assistance to his scheme, it was not without its significance. Not only did it create a great sensation in Paris and the provinces, it also made a deep impression upon the mind of Napoleon. On his return from Russia, it formed a prominent subject of debate between him and his Ministers, and bitterly did he upbraid them that in the first moments of uncertainty they had not proclaimed the succession of the King of Rome. To the Council of State he spoke warmly on the matter. After censuring the apathy of those in authority, and declaring that the rallying-cry of their fathers was, "The King is dead!—Long live the King!"—he continued, "It is to this love of ideology that we must attribute all the misfortunes that France has experienced, the errors of this system necessarily paved the way for, and actually produced, the reign of the men thirsty for blood. Who, indeed, proclaimed the principle of insurrection as a duty? Who flattered the people in attributing to them a sovereignty which they are not able to wield? When one is called upon to regenerate a State, exactly the opposite principles must be adopted. History paints the human heart in history we must seek for the benefits and the disadvantages of different systems. These are the principles of which the Council of State of a great empire should never lose sight. It ought

to add to these a courage equal to any emergency, and, after the example of the presidents Harlay and Molé, be ready to die in defence of the sovereign, the throne, and the laws. . . . The noblest of deaths would be that of a soldier expiring on the field of battle, if the death of a magistrate in the defence of the sovereign, the throne, and the laws, was not even still more glorious"* By such language he betrayed his desire to give permanence to the system which he had established, to transmit the crown as a legacy to his own immediate posterity. The fortunate soldier sought something more than the fame of his victories and his own elevation to supreme power, he wished to become the founder of a race of sovereigns.

This conspiracy and other untoward events most probably increased Bonaparte's anxiety to terminate his disputes with Pope Pius VII. The venerable pontiff had experienced the full force of the Emperor's bitter resentment. Having been forcibly seized in his own dominions, and dragged about Europe from place to place, he was at last brought to Fontainebleau, on the 19th of June, 1812, soon after Napoleon's departure on the Russian expedition. In this royal retreat, although honoured with a certain amount of delicacy and respect, he was still a prisoner. Napoleon had formed a stupendous and magnificent design with respect to the papacy. In fact, he contemplated making himself Pope, in other words, he intended to wield the temporal power, and make the spiritual subject to his control. For the more effectual accomplishment of his plan, he thought of transferring the seat of the Pontifical Government from Rome to Paris. Compelled by circumstances to modify this scheme, and anxious to accommodate his differences with Pius VII as early as possible, on the 19th of January, 1813, Napoleon suddenly intruded on the seclusion of the Pope at Fontainebleau. The day after, another interview took place, at which the preliminaries of a concordat were settled. So anxious was Napoleon to propitiate the Roman Catholic party, that he published the articles of this concordat in the columns of the *Moniteur*, as if the instrument had been already signed. The Pope, alarmed

* Fain "Manuscrit de 1813," vol 1 chap 11, p 20.

at this flagrant breach of confidence, and instigated by the remonstrances of his advisers, ultimately revoked his consent to the concordat

Thus was the Emperor scattering the seeds of discontent and disunion amongst his subjects, while his enemies were preparing to invade his dominions. The failure of the expedition into Russia, and the successes of Wellington in the Peninsula, destroyed the general belief in the invincibility of Napoleon. The period of the emancipation of the nations was at hand, the iron circle through which he could not break was gradually closing around him. Appearances still deceived Bonaparte, he did not heed the warnings of an approaching storm. The voice of admonition is calm and majestic, the accents of flattery are loud and deceptive. Most loyally had he been welcomed upon his return to Paris, addresses and congratulations were poured in from every quarter. They arrived not only from the provinces of old France, but from Rome, Milan, Turin, Florence, &c. They were all equally enthusiastic in their expressions of joy at his safe return and of devotion to his cause. One author* states that he could not spare the space even for the enumeration of the addresses, that more than fifty pages of the *Moniteur* of the time were filled with them, and that amongst the signatures appended to them might be found those of some of the most celebrated men of the age.

The state of affairs beyond the Rhine was, however, daily becoming more alarming. The principal part of the invading army, having effected its escape from the Russian territory, proceeded to its old quarters between the Niemen and the Vistula. Marshal Macdonald with his corps, was, however, left some time at Riga. No sooner had he commenced his retreat than the Russians were upon him. By a well-planned and ably-executed movement, their General Diebitch cut off the Prussian corps under General York, then forming a portion of Marshal Macdonald's army, which was retiring with considerable difficulty. In this dilemma the only resource left for the Prussian commander was to surrender. But the triumph was

* Fain. "Manuscrit de 1813," vol. 1 chap. 1 p. 12, note

to be turned to better account. On the 30th of December a convention was agreed upon between the Russian and the Prussian generals, by which it was arranged that the troops of the latter were to remain neutral for the space of two months. The news of this important convention came upon the King of Prussia like a thunder-bolt. His mind was not yet disenchanted of its faith in Napoleon's ascendancy, he was not prepared for an immediate rupture with France, and accordingly he issued an edict condemning General York's conduct, superseding him in his command, and ordering him before a court-martial. The force of public opinion, however, hurried this monarch in quite an opposite direction, and his faithful soldier was neither dismissed nor disgraced. His bold deed of defiance aroused the Prussians to their senses. The population in some places rebelled against the French authority, the most fearful excesses were committed, and no King of Prussia, determined to maintain an alliance with Bonaparte, in the face of popular excitement and enthusiasm, could have preserved his crown.

Alexander was not satisfied with having expelled the invader from his territory, he resolved to chastise him at home. For this purpose his legions crossed the Niemen in great force. In January, 1813, his vanguard reached the Vistula, the French retiring as the Russians advanced. The Czar issued proclamations for the purpose of giving confidence to the inhabitants of the districts through which his soldiers marched. Meanwhile the excitement in Berlin increased, as the disasters experienced by the French became known, and on the 22nd of January, Frederick William quitted his capital for Breslau, in Silesia, hoping thus to escape from the influence of Napoleon. On the 3rd of February he issued a proclamation to his subjects, calling them to arms. In the middle of March Alexander arrived at Breslau, and the Treaty of Kalisch, which had been signed a few days before, was at once made public. A defensive and offensive alliance was thus concluded between the sovereigns of Russia and Prussia, the former engaging to furnish 150,000 men, and the latter 80,000, in order to prosecute the war against France. Sweden soon after joined this alliance, agreeing to furnish 30,000 men, England ceding Guadaloupe, and granting other important

advantages. Austria, in spite of the ties of relationship by which her royal family was connected with the French Emperor, already gave signs of defection. Anxious, as ever, to come in at last with the winner in the strife, the chief aim of her diplomacy at the commencement of 1813 seemed to be to ascertain on which side the chances of success preponderated. Thus she made fresh levies, and while she secretly favoured the designs of the allied sovereigns, she talked to Napoleon of her interests and her honour, and hinted at an armed mediation.

Napoleon's efforts to meet the exigencies of his situation were worthy of a better cause. Whilst making the most extraordinary exertions to increase the efficiency of his army, both by recruiting its ranks and animating the spirit of the men, he sought to tranquillize the public at home by shifting the onus of the strife to the shoulders of his adversaries. In his address to the legislative body on the 14th of February, he attributed the necessity for war to the inveterate animosity of England, declaring that her agents spread dissension over the Continent, and he concluded his address in these words — "I desire peace, it is necessary to the world. Four times since the rupture of the Treaty of Amiens I have solemnly proposed it. I will never accept any other than an honourable peace, and one in conformity with the interests and greatness of my empire. My policy is not mysterious, I have shown what sacrifices I could make."* Immense sums of money were voted, large levies made, and every preparation required for carrying on the contest with vigour and determination.

No sooner had the Russian hordes crossed the Vistula, than Murat, King of Naples, threw up the chief command of the French, entrusted to him by Napoleon previous to his departure from the army, and retired to his own dominions. This flagrant act of desertion aroused the anger of Bonaparte, nor did he conceal his indignation. Eugene Beauharnais, Viceroy of Italy, received the vacant appointment, and conducted the retreat with caution and ability. Unable to stem the rapid torrent set in against him, he abandoned the

* *Gazette* "Manuscrit de 1813," vol. 1 p. 224, supplement

line of the Oder, and upon the further approach of the Russians he evacuated Berlin, and fell back upon the Elbe. Defeated in a smart skirmish at Mockern, near Magdeburg, on the 4th of April, by the Russian General Wittgenstein, Eugene concentrated his forces on the Saale, determined if possible there to await the return of Napoleon, the prospect of whose speedy arrival had a material effect in keeping up the spirit of his troops.

On the recommencement of hostilities the Emperor hastened to put himself at the head of his soldiers. Mindful of the risk incurred during his absence in Russia by the conspiracy of General Malet, he took precautionary measures in order to ensure the succession. Probably also with a view to propitiate his father-in-law, Francis of Austria, he caused the regency to be conferred upon Maria Louisa. Yet it was but the shadow of authority that he placed at her command; the real power he retained as usual in his own hands. On the 30th of March the Empress took the oath as Regent of the French empire. It was not, however, until the 15th of April that Napoleon was able to leave Paris, and he reached Mayence late at night on the 16th. During his stay in this city he learned that Frederick Augustus, King of Saxony, who had not swerved in his allegiance, in order to escape from the indignant remonstrances of those around him, had taken up his abode at Prague.

At the commencement of the first portion of the campaign in Germany of 1813 the forces of the Allies were greatly inferior in numbers to those arrayed against them by Napoleon. The levies in Prussia were not at that period completed, many of the Russian troops had not reached the scene of action, and Austria, although engaged in secret negotiations, had not openly joined the cause. Reinforcements having arrived from Italy and elsewhere, Bonaparte found himself at the head of about 250,000 men, including both cavalry and infantry.* Of these, however, 50,000 were Germans, and in consequence of the excitement prevailing throughout their country, could not of course be relied upon with any degree of safety. The

* Thibaudeau "Empire," vol. vi. chap. lxxxviii. p. 254. Capefigue (vol. x. chap. iii. p. 92) estimates the Emperor's force at 230,000 men.

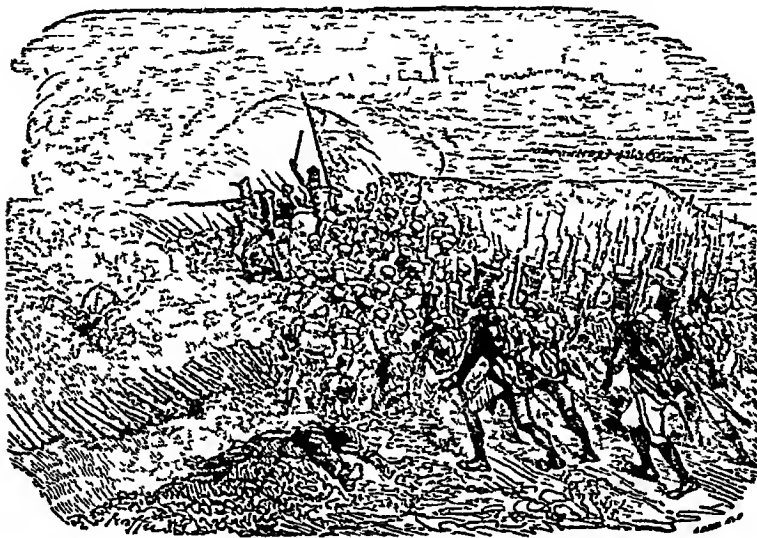
allied armies in Germany at this time mustered probably about as many fighting men as were assembled under Bonaparte and his marshals, yet not more than half of these had then reached the scene of hostilities

The first part of the campaign was not of long duration. Napoleon having resolved upon an advance towards Leipsic, soon encountered the allied army. Several fierce conflicts occurred, one near Rippach, in which the Duke of Istria was killed, and on the 2nd of May was fought the well-contested battle of Lutzen, at which Napoleon, with 115,000 men, gained no very easy victory over 75,000 Russian and Prussian troops. In this action no guns were captured, the retreat of the allied army was not molested, and the loss fell most severely on the French. Their deficiency in cavalry will in some degree account for this, yet it must be admitted that their opponents fought with great bravery and determination. This battle opened the road to Dresden, which city Bonaparte entered in triumph on the 8th of May, and received a visit there from his faithful ally, Frederick Augustus of Saxony, on the 12th.

The Russian and Prussian troops, after this defeat, directed their march towards Bautzen, on the banks of the river Spree, where entrenchments had been thrown up, and preparations made for an obstinate resistance. Their front extended seven miles from wing to wing, and in this lay their weakness, for although the position was strong, the numbers that occupied it were inadequate for its proper defence. They had, however, the river in face of their line of works. Napoleon attacked them on the 20th of May, in much superior force, indeed, his army nearly doubled that of the Allies, and on this occasion he had the further advantage of a large cavalry force under his command. The Czar Alexander directed the movements of the Allies, and, with the King of Prussia, was present in the thickest of the fight. The battle lasted two days, and was both sanguinary and obstinate, but the Allies were eventually compelled to retire, which they did in excellent order, presenting an unbroken front to the enemy, and leaving no trophies on the abandoned field. Again did the loss of the French considerably exceed that on the side of their opponents, which proves how firmly the latter withstood the

onslaught of much superior forces. The next day an engagement took place at Reichenbach, with a Russian division constituting the rear guard, in which the French sustained a very severe check

Hostilities were waged in other parts of Europe with varied success, and on the whole the situation of Bonaparte was extremely precarious. Under his command, indeed, the soldiers generally advanced to victory, but dangers appeared on every side. And after



Defeat of the Allies

all, his recent triumphs were not of a pleasing character. They cost too much, and were not decisive. Baron Odeleben, with reference to this short campaign, says — "It has been proved that up to that day inclusively, the last before the armistice, in which any action worthy of the least notice occurred, the Allies had invariably lost less artillery and men than the French, they had, besides, obtained the advantage in some little affairs, by turning the French with the assistance of their cavalry, and had intercepted their couriers and orders. At Rippach, Lutzen, Koenigswartha, Bautzen, Reichenbach, in fine, everywhere, Napoleon lost more men than

the Allies, nor could he boast of captured artillery, or other trophies, nor of the death of general officers belonging to the enemy. On the other hand, Marshal Bessières, the Grand-Marshal Duroc, Generals Delzons, Gruner, Bruyère, and Kirchner had been killed.* Thus in Germany he no longer made the easy and rapid conquests which shed so much lustre on the earlier period of his military career.

Negotiations for a short period suspended the contest. Napoleon, alarmed at the menacing attitude assumed by Austria, and anxious to create dissension between the sovereigns of Russia and Prussia, had, as early as the 18th of May, proposed to treat separately with Alexander. This advance was, of course, at once rejected, and a subsequent offer, of a personal interview with the Czar, met also with a polite refusal. At length Napoleon declared his willingness to accept the mediation of Austria, and to agree to an armistice, that the conditions of peace might be discussed. Considerable difficulty was at first experienced in settling the terms of this armistice, but the progress of events having removed some obstacles, and the mutual concessions of the belligerents having overcome others, the armistice of Pleswitz was signed on the 4th of June†. A cessation of hostilities was thus secured for six weeks, six days' notice of breaking the armistice being required from either contracting party.

On the 15th of June treaties were concluded at Reichenbach, between England, Russia, and Prussia, and these powers became still more intimately associated in their designs to put an end to the intolerable tyranny of Bonaparte‡. Much time having been wasted in frivolous delays, towards the end of June Prince Metternich had an interview with Bonaparte, which turned out to be a very stormy one. England, as usual, came in for the principal share of the Emperor's abuse, we must, however, refer the reader, desirous of further particulars, to the account of the meeting given by Bona-

* "Campaign in Saxony, in the year 1813," translated by Kempe, vol. 1 chap. 1. p. 112

† Capefigue, vol. x chap. iv p. 129

‡ Thibaudeau, "Empire," vol. vi chap. xc p. 318

parte's private secretary * It was not, however, quite futile The results are thus given in the Appendix to the Marquis of Londonderry's account of the campaign † "A convention was then signed the 30th of June, by Count Metternich and the Duke of Bassano, the heads of which were as follow —

"Art I Austria offered her mediation

II France accepted the mediation

III. Plenipotentiaries on the part of Austria and France, and also Russia and Prussia, were to assemble at Prague on or before the 5th of July

IV The period limited for negotiation, viz, 20th of July, being too short, the Emperor and King will agree to extend the same to the 10th of August, and the Emperor of Austria reserves to himself to endeavour to obtain the accession of the Emperor of Russia and King of Prussia to this prolongation

V Ratifications were to be exchanged within four days The Emperor Francis ratified the convention, agreeing to prolong the '*terme obligatoire de négociation*' to the 10th of August"

It is impossible to say whether peace might have rewarded the exertions of those most anxious to secure it had the negotiations been carried on fairly to the end An event occurred which, while it increased the enthusiasm of the northern nations, only served to excite Bonaparte to a more determined resistance The news of Wellington's victory at Vittoria, in Spain, reached the combatants early in the month of July Lord Londonderry, writing from the allied head-quarters, says ‡ "Early on the morning of the 16th we were gratified by the arrival of a British messenger bearing the glorious news of the battle of Vittoria The Prince Royal returned the same evening from Trachenberg, and it was easy to perceive

* Gan "Manuscript de 1813," vol. II. chap. IV p. 34, &c

† "Narrative of the War in France and Germany, in 1813 and 1814," second edit., 1830, Appendix III p. 369 In the original there are serious errors as to date, which we have corrected in our quotation

‡ "Narrative of the War," &c, chap. V p. 81

that Lord Wellington's great achievements had produced as great a change in the political atmosphere of Dresden and the north as it could have effected in Southern Europe."

The irritation the intelligence caused in the mind of Napoleon, and the confidence and hope it gave the allied sovereigns, were both alike unfavourable to the satisfactory conduct of the peace conferences. In support of this view we have again the testimony of Lord Londonderry,* who declares in the following express terms, the conviction that the victory of Vittoria led to the renewal of the war—"The impression of Lord Wellington's success had been strong and universal, and produced ultimately, in my opinion, the recommencement of hostilities." From the moment the news arrived both parties devoted themselves with increased energy to preparations for the renewal of the strife. Austria openly joined with the Allies, declared war against France on the 11th of August, and her distinguished general, Prince Schwartzenberg, was nominated commander-in-chief of the allied armies.

Thus commenced the second part of the campaign in Germany of 1813, and during its progress war was waged upon the grandest and the most imposing scale. Nearly one million of fighting men had been collected by the mighty rivals over the extensive territories upon which the contest raged. The world, indeed, trembled at the shock of arms, and mankind watched with the most intense anxiety those grand operations in the issues of which the fate of many nations was involved. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed throughout Germany, and the arrival of Moreau from America at the allied camp increased the excitement of the hour. This old republican soldier had been induced by the repeated solicitations of Alexander to resume his former profession. His career, however, came to a sudden termination in the first battle of the campaign. At the action before Dresden, on the 27th of August, a cannon-ball wounded him in both legs, almost severing them from his body. He bore amputation with that serenity for which he was remarkable, but expired five days afterwards of a fever caused by extreme

* *Ibid*, chap vi p 88

suffering Thus perished one of the heroes of the Revolution; and, strange to relate, his body was embalmed and buried with due solemnity at St Petersburg It seems almost incredible that so stern a republican should have received funeral honours from the despotic ruler of a foreign country Extraordinary and unaccountable indeed are the alliances and the friendships that grow out of the extremities of war¹

After much animated discussion at head-quarters, it was determined by the allied commanders to march at once upon Dresden. In the very severe actions before that city on the 26th and 27th of August, with which the campaign may be said to have fairly commenced, Napoleon gained most decided advantages The loss on the side of the Allies was immense, and numerous trophies fell into the hands of the French This was undoubtedly the most terrible reverse the Allies had yet sustained, and their retreat was effected at considerable risk and with great difficulty

Important operations were, however, at the same time in progress in other parts of the Continent, in which Bonaparte's generals met with nothing but disaster On the same day that the attack upon Dresden commenced, Marshal Macdonald, who commanded in Upper Silesia, was defeated at the battle of Katzbach, with the loss of guns, ammunition, eagles, and prisoners. In retreating before the victorious General Blucher, several of his divisions underwent further castigation, and his army was for a time rendered altogether unmanageable, and consequently unavailable. Bernadotte and Bülow defeated another French force, which was advancing upon Berlin, at Gros-Beeren, on the 25th, and compelled them to retire in confusion But the greatest blow was struck in the mountain defiles between Saxony and Bohemia, where Vandamme, who had been ordered by Bonaparte to throw himself on the rear of the Allies, was both out-manceuvred and beaten in fair fight by Ostermann The French general's force was dispersed. Some thousands were killed in the fierce encounters that took place, some escaped over the mountains, and about 10,000, with Vandamme himself, were made prisoners

These magnificent successes quite compensated the Allies for



Napoleon at the Battle of Leipsic.

their failure before Dresden, and at once checked the despondency that had seized upon their minds. Their cause, far from being hopeless, was, in fact, in a prosperous condition. The news of these reverses induced Bonaparte to attempt the concentration of his forces. Certain corps were, indeed, pushed forward in one or two directions, but from this hour his retreat may be said to have commenced. Marshal Ney, who had been sent to restore matters in Prussia, was repulsed with great slaughter at the battle of Dennewitz, on the 5th of September, and a total rout ensued. Napoleon went hastily from place to place, endeavouring to create confidence, and to repair the losses which his generals had suffered, and in some cases almost invited, but the Allies, emboldened by their success, pushed forward, and he was constrained to retire.

Towards the plains in the neighbourhood of Leipsic the masses

of the allied army now moved, and here Napoleon, after considerable hesitation, determined to give them battle. The battle of Leipsic, both as regards the number of combatants engaged and the magnitude of the interests at stake, is justly considered as the greatest battle of modern times. Short-sighted writers, who regard it only with respect to its immediate results, underrate its real importance. They do not pause to consider what a decisive victory before Leipsic by Napoleon might have led to—how it would most probably have changed the whole condition of affairs. The French Emperor, as the conqueror at Leipsic, might have dictated his own terms to Russia, Prussia, and Austria, and would, it is likely, have preserved his throne and broken up the Grand Alliance.

From the above sketch of the commencement of the campaign, it will be seen that the Allies had gradually drawn their forces round Bonaparte: not only had they beaten his generals, on some occasions at the head of very superior numbers, but they had compelled the mighty chieftain himself to retire. The battle of Leipsic set the seal to their triumph. On that celebrated battle-field Bonaparte had taken his stand with about 180,000 men and 700 pieces of artillery. His opponents had nearly 300,000 combatants, with 1,300 guns. These figures show to what an extent both armies had been reinforced since the opening of the first campaign. The battle commenced on the 16th of October, and the general results of the numerous fearful encounters of that eventful day were unfavourable to the French. The next day, being Sunday, was spent on both sides in preparations for the final struggle, and Bonaparte made some ineffectual attempts at negotiation. Scarcely had the battle commenced on the 18th, when a small body of Saxons deserted from the French. By the evening Napoleon's line was everywhere repulsed, and although the rival armies remained upon the field of battle, the French were in a most desperate condition. To maintain their ground was impossible, their retreat could only be effected at great hazard. The scene in the French camp is admirably described by Colonel Mitchell. He says * "At the close of the battle a number of gene-

* "Fall of Napoleon," vol. II. book II. chap. IV. p. 167

als and marshals assembled round the Emperor. Silence reigned at the meeting ; none wished to speak ; there was no deliberation ; escape was all that could be hoped for ; and that was to be anticipated from the tardiness of the enemy, rather than from any power of enforcing it, if promptly and stoutly opposed. Such was now the position of the army, that it had only a single line of retreat left this lay along the narrow causeway of Lindenau, two miles in length, accessible only at the gate of Leipsic by one bridge over the Pleisse, and the outlet of which could at any time be assailed by the superior forces of the enemy. But there was no alternative ; and by the light of a watch-fire, Napoleon, who, overcome by fatigue, had actually fallen asleep in the midst of his generals, dictated to Berthier the orders for the retreat. At nine o'clock he left his bivouac, and repaired to the Hôtel of Prussia in Leipsic, where he sat up the greater part of the night receiving reports and issuing orders. He also informed the King of Saxony of the intended movement, leaving it to him to accompany the army or make terms with the Allies."

Thus rapidly did disasters accumulate around Napoleon's path, and from this period his star was not again in the ascendant. A celebrated historian points out the remarkable coincidence that Marie Antoinette ascended the fatal scaffold at nine o'clock in the morning of the 16th of October, 1793, and that at the same hour, on the self-same day of the month of October, 1813—just twenty years afterwards—"the discharge of three guns from the allied headquarters announced the commencement of the battle of Leipsic, and the infliction of the greatest punishment on a nation which the history of mankind had exhibited."* In this the historian traces the sure sign of retribution, and few will, we believe, dispute the conclusion. The hand of Providence directs the course of events, and whether one man suffers or a whole nation is chastised, depends equally on His divine will.

Napoleon had given orders for the destruction of the bridge over the Elster, so soon as his army should have retired ; but by some misapprehension it was blown up before that object had been ac-

* Alison, vol. xvii. chap. lxxvii.

complished Owing to this, 25,000 of the French rear guard were made prisoners, 250 pieces of artillery, immense quantities of ammunition, and other trophies, fell into the hands of the Allies, numbers were precipitated into the stream and perished, the brave Marshal Macdonald escaped with difficulty, and Prince Poniatowski was drowned. Leipsic was taken on the day after the great battle, and the allied sovereigns entered the place amid the most extravagant demonstrations of delight from its afflicted inhabitants. The retreat thus inauspiciously commenced by Bonaparte was scarcely less disastrous than the fatal flight from Moscow. The army was thoroughly disorganized, and even two days' repose at Erfurt did not restore order in its ranks, nor inspire its commanders with confidence. At Hanau, Napoleon found the Bavarian army, under Wrede, not long since acting with him, interposed between him and the Rhine, and only after a most sanguinary battle, on the 30th of October, did he succeed in securing his retreat. Lord Londonderry, in his charming narrative of the campaign, says * "On the 1st of November Napoleon continued his retreat from all points. The Emperors of Russia and Austria, and the King of Prussia, accompanied by Prince Schwartzemberg, Generals Barclay de Tolly and Wittgenstein, surrounded also by their other generals and suite, made their magnificent and solemn entry into Frankfort on the 4th; and the main French army was now effectually driven from the right bank of the Rhine." The soldiers he had left in garrison in various parts of Europe either capitulated or were taken prisoners, the foreign levies deserted from his ranks, and Napoleon reached France with a miserable remnant of that large army at the head of which he had challenged the world in arms only a few months before. In reviewing the events that occurred after the breaking of the armistice of Pleswitz, Sir Walter Scott very truly remarks † "The rupture of the armistice seemed to be the date of his declension, as indeed the junction of the Austrians enabled the Allies to bear him down by resistless numbers. Nine battles had been fought since that period, including the action at Culm, which, in its results, is well entitled to

* Chap. xiii p. 199.

† "Life of Bonaparte," chap. lxxi.

the name. Of these, Bonaparte only gained two—those at Dresden and Hanau; that at Wachau was indecisive, while at Gros-Beeren, at Jauer on the Katzbach, at Culm, at Dennewitz, at Mockern, and at Leipsic, the Allies obtained decisive and important victories" Napoleon being driven across the Rhine, Germany was thus delivered from his tyrannical interference, and a spirit of resistance everywhere aroused which eventually ensured the overthrow of the man who for nearly twenty years had kept the different nations of Europe in strife and confusion.

Upon the return of Napoleon to Paris on the 9th of November, 1813, the aspect of affairs had everywhere changed. In Spain and in Italy, as well as in Germany and the north of Europe, the imperial forces had met with the most humiliating reverses. Enthusiasm no longer reigned amongst his own subjects, they felt the pressure of former sacrifices, and perceived that the tide of invasion, which had flowed from France over Europe, had at last ebbed, and was coming back upon them with irresistible power. Bonaparte was not received with acclamations and congratulation—no addresses welcomed him on his return to the capital.

In spite of these ominous signs, he persisted in the prosecution of the war, and convoked the Chambers for the 19th of December. A committee was appointed by the legislative body to examine into and report upon the communications made by the Emperor respecting the negotiations for peace which were then in progress at Frankfort. This report was presented on the 28th, and ordered to be printed by a large majority. It required from the Emperor some specific declaration as to the terms upon which he was willing to conclude a peace, and hinted at the necessity for a due enforcement of the laws relating to the liberty and security of the French people. This at once aroused the anger of Bonaparte: he was unwilling to have his proceedings scrutinized, so he ordered the report to be seized, dismissed the representatives, and thus created himself Dictator.

At his reception on the 1st of January he made a violent speech to the refractory legislators, of which the following is a fair summary. "Deputies of the legislative body, you are not the representatives of the people! I am more so than you are. Four times

I have been named by the army, and four times I have had the votes of five millions of citizens for me I have sacrificed my passions, my ambition, my pride, for the good of France. . . . In your address the most bitter irony aggravates your reproaches You have sought to degrade me in the eyes of the French people. that is an outrage You say that adversity has given me salutary counsels How could you reproach me with my misfortunes? I have borne them with honour, because I am of a firm and unbending disposition I stood in need of consolations; I expected them from you You have sought to disgrace me, but I am one of those men who may be killed, but not dishonoured. . . . What after all is the throne? four pieces of wood covered with cloth. . . . All depends upon him who is seated thereupon France stands more in need of me than I do of France. . . . Are you not satisfied with the Constitution? Well! you should have asked for another four months ago You speak of abuses, of grievances I know of their existence as well as you do, they grow out of the circumstances and the misfortunes of the times Why speak before Europe of our domestic disputes? I named a secret committee. . . .

People should wash their dirty linen at home I have a title, you have none What are you in the Constitution? Nothing. You have not a vestige of authority The throne is in the Constitution all centres in the throne and myself I repeat it: there are factious men amongst you M Lainé is a bad man, the others are conspirators, and I will prosecute them M. Raynouard says that Marshal Massena pillaged the country-seat of a citizen, in that M Raynouard lied Nature has endowed me with firmness of character, it can withstand all I am above your miserable upbraidings My victories will silence your clamours In three months we shall have peace or the enemy will be chased from our territory or I shall be dead We possess more resources than you think for The foe has never conquered us, nor shall they conquer, but they shall be driven back at a much quicker

pace than that at which they came"* His anger at their attempt to control his actions and to examine into his policy knew no bounds Like Cromwell, when he found that the Parliament would not do exactly as he pleased, he resolved to manage without any Parliament at all

Bonaparte dared not, however, carry his resentment and his resistance too far. He could no longer act in open defiance of the nation Certain conciliatory measures were adopted for the purpose of tranquillizing the public and allaying general agitation Towards the end of the month he consented to the liberation of Pope Pius VII, but even this was not done until he had exhausted every effort in order to induce the venerable Pontiff to concede to his harsh conditions, nor was a full release granted, for Pius did not reach Rome until after the abdication of Napoleon The relinquishment of Spain may be called another concession, but it arrived too late, and was accorded with a very bad grace The treaty for the restoration of Ferdinand VII. to the throne which belonged to him by right was burdened with unjustifiable conditions, intended to cause a rupture between Spain and its protector, Great Britain In such mean acts the character of the fortunate adventurer is betrayed, the magnanimous and powerful ruler is inspired by loftier aims, and usually displays a nobler and more active generosity

The allied sovereigns were not in the meantime idle at Frankfort. They had no sooner arrived at that city than they opened negotiations with Napoleon The nature of these advances, and the manner in which they were received, are very clearly stated by Bourrienne† "According to the proposals of the Allies at Frankfort, Germany, Italy, and Spain were to be entirely withdrawn from the dominion of France England recognized the freedom of trade and navigation, and there appeared no reason to doubt the sincerity of her professed willingness to make great sacrifices to promote the object proposed by the Allies But to these offers a fatal condition was added, namely, that the Congress should meet in a town, to be

* Montgaillard. "Histoire de France," vol. 111. book 1. chap. 21. p. 239.

† "Private Memoirs of Napoleon," vol. 14. chap. xvi. p. 239.

declared neutral, on the right bank of the Rhine, where the plenipotentiaries of all the belligerent powers were to assemble, but 'the course of the war was not to be impeded by these negotiations'" And Fain,* another of the Emperor's adherents, admits that "the Allies offered peace on condition that France should abandon Germany, Spain, Holland, and Italy, and retire within her natural boundaries of the Alps, the Pyrenees, and the Rhine" So that after the fatal campaign of 1813 Napoleon might still have made an honourable peace, and preserved his throne, had he been inclined to make proper concessions. He entertained no serious ideas of an accommodation; but in order to gain time, that he might secure some advantages in the field, or sow dissensions amongst the Allies, he made a show of coming to terms. Bourrienne† confesses that "Napoleon wished, by an apparent desire for peace, to justify, if I may so express myself, in the eyes of his subjects, the necessity of new sacrifices, which, according to his proclamations, he demanded only to enable him to obtain peace on as honourable conditions as possible. But the truth is, he was resolved not even to listen to the offers made at Frankfort. He always represented the limits of the Rhine as merely a compensation for the dismemberment of Poland, and the immense aggrandizement of the English possessions in Asia. But he wanted to gain time, and, if possible, to keep the allied armies on the right bank of the Rhine." This is a very fair statement of the manner in which Napoleon carried on negotiations, and they accordingly fell to the ground, and were only renewed on one occasion, and then upon less advantageous terms, until the Allies had gained possession of Paris.

At the very commencement of the year 1814 France was invaded at several portions of its frontier. The allied troops, after a few weeks of rest and repose, had received the order to march, and they speedily possessed themselves of various strongholds in the provinces, in the immediate neighbourhood of the Rhine. The

* "Memours of the Invasion of France by the Allied Armies, &c," part 1. chap. 11. p 6

† "Private Memours of Napoleon," vol iv chap xvi p 232.

Grand Alliance had received accessions to its strength during the negotiations at Frankfort by the adhesion of Switzerland, of the Confederation of the Rhine, and of Denmark to its cause. Even some of Bonaparte's marshals had not scrupled to negotiate with his foes. True it is that the plans of the Allies were not very definite, and their unanimity of a fragile and inconstant character; still, the pressure of a great danger—the tyrannical supremacy of Bonaparte—allayed rival jealousies, stifled incipient quarrels, and produced something like harmony in their counsels. Nor was this difference of opinion altogether unknown to Napoleon. On more than one occasion he sought to turn it to his own advantage. Relying upon it, at one moment he seemed willing to negotiate, at another resolved to stake everything on the issue of a campaign. In the direction of military operations his great and transcendent abilities shone forth in their true lustre, and never were these displayed to more advantage than in that short campaign, in the spring of 1814, which terminated in the capitulation of Paris. Bonaparte was indeed indefatigable in his exertions to drive the invader from his territories, but the mightiest efforts were of little avail, in presence of the overwhelming forces that were gradually closing in around him. On the 25th of January he embraced the Empress and the young King of Rome, and set off to the head-quarters of his army. This was the last occasion upon which he beheld his wife and son. When the enemy approached Paris, Maria Louisa withdrew to Blois, and hence she sought refuge in her father's Court, taking her child with her. The battle of Brienne was fought on the 29th, when Bonaparte succeeded in driving Blucher from a strong position before the town, but the Allies, having concentrated their forces, retaliated at La Rothière, on the 1st of February, on which occasion the French were repulsed with great loss. Having received intelligence that part of the allied army was advancing upon Paris, Napoleon went immediately in pursuit, and by the most wonderful energy and ability cut off several corps, and gained most important advantages. The victories of Champaubert on the 10th, Montmirail on the 11th, and Vauchamps on the 14th of February, were of the most brilliant kind, and must for ever add lustre to the military

fame of Napoleon Not only were they mighty triumphs, but the genius by the exercise of which they had been achieved, in spite of great disadvantages, was indisputable They revived the ancient glory of the French arms, and many believed that he who could thus snatch laurels from the very jaws of danger and difficulty of no ordinary character must prevail in the end The citizens of Paris displayed a transient enthusiasm at the receipt of the intelligence of these achievements, and once more felt proud of the hero who could wield the sword to such advantage, and, as it were, command success by his indomitable energy and his unrivalled ability

These victories, however, led Napoleon to underrate the actual strength of the alliance formed against him, and he indulged in sanguine expectations of ultimate triumph. But from the masses that were pouring in upon him from every side there could be no deliverance It had been determined at Frankfort that a Congress was to be held at Chatillon-sur-Seine, and the conferences commenced on the 4th of February* Napoleon seemed at first inclined to listen to reasonable terms. Three important victories, in the short space of one week, rendered him more arrogant in his demands Previous to the passage of the Rhine, the Allies had expressed their willingness to make that river the boundary of the French empire upon the north-eastern side, now, however, they demanded the relinquishment of Belgium† To these terms Bonaparte, after the favourable opening of the campaign, would by no means consent. He threw away the last chance of a pacific solution of the long-pending dispute by making absurd proposals, which, although they served to prolong the sittings of the Congress, were not in any way calculated to bring about definite results The allied powers did everything in their power to draw closer the bands of unity amongst themselves A treaty of union, concert, and subsidy was signed at Chaumont, on the 1st of March, between England,

* Fain. "Memoirs of the Invasion of France by the Allied Armies, &c.," part II chap. III p 87

† A convention bearing on this question was signed at Troyes, Feb 15, 1814, between Great Britain, Austria, Prussia, and Russia. See "British and Foreign State Papers, 1812-1814," vol I. part I p 119

Austria, Prussia, and Russia By the second article of this treaty each of the contracting parties agreed to keep in the field 150,000 effective men, exclusive of those in garrison In case this force should not be sufficient, by the seventh article the contracting powers engaged to come to the assistance of any power attacked with 60,000 men each England furnished money, and had the right of paying subsidies for her contingent of men * In the meantime hostilities continued, though they were not prosecuted with quite so much vigour as at first, and one or two proposals for an armistice emanated from the allied camp From the aspect, however, of the negotiations at Chatillon, both parties felt convinced that the arbitration of the sword could alone settle their disputes. Several encounters with varied success occurred between the combatants, and on the 7th of March was fought the great battle of Craone, in which the French gained the day, and Blucher retreated upon Laon "This," says Lord Burghersh, now Earl of Westmoreland, and English ambassador at Vienna,† "was the best fought action during the campaign, the numbers engaged on both sides were nearly equal, the superiority, if any, being on the side of the enemy" Two days after this, several contests took place before Laon, in which Napoleon was baffled and compelled to retire in the direction of Paris

The advance of the Allies upon the capital was fiercely opposed, and at Fère Champenoise, on the 25th of March, the French, under the command of Marshals Mortier and Marmont, made a gallant stand against superior forces, but were defeated with immense loss The very same day upon which this battle was fought the negotiations at Chatillon came to a termination, and the allied powers published a declaration, at Vitry, giving an account of the conferences In one portion of the document they set forth that "all the proceedings of the French Government had henceforth (that is, after the passage of the Rhine by the Allies) no other object than to mislead opinion, to blind the French people, and to endeavour to throw upon the Allies the odium of the disasters inseparable from invasive war-

* "British and Foreign State Papers, 1812—1814," vol 1 part 2 p 121, &c.

† "Memour of the Operations of the Allied Armies in 1813 and 1814," part vi. p 196

fare."* The insincerity of Bonaparte had exhausted the patience of those who once hoped that he might eventually yield the difference between his professions and his practice destroyed every vestige of confidence, and induced the allied powers to insist upon his expulsion from the throne of France. It was not at first a war for the restoration of the Bourbons, but, by a deceitful and dangerous policy, Bonaparte turned the fury of the strife against himself, and rendered his fall the necessary result of the triumph of his opponents.

Sanguinary engagements were fought under the very walls of Paris, but the struggle had now become hopeless. It was unequal from the moment that the Allies succeeded in concentrating their forces, and only by the greatest heroism had it been maintained so long by the French. The capital surrendered on the 31st of March. Napoleon, who, after an indecisive battle at Arcis-sur-Aube on the 21st, had turned aside with the intention of threatening the rear of the allied armies and cutting them off from their communications, no sooner received intelligence of the threatening aspect of affairs around his capital than he set off to its relief. On arriving in the neighbourhood, the tidings of its fall reached him, as well as of the departure of his wife and son to Blois, and he very reluctantly withdrew to Fontainebleau. The Allies made their entrance into Paris on the 31st, and were, according to the testimony of those who witnessed the scene, received with joy and enthusiasm. "Towards England," says Lord Burghersh,† "the most undisguised sentiments of respect and friendship were constantly manifested." A proclamation was issued declaring that neither Napoleon nor any of his family would be treated with‡. By a *Senatus Consultum*, dated April 1st, a Provisional Government was appointed, with Talleyrand at the head.§ On the 3rd of April the Conservative Senate declared and decreed—"1 Napoleon Bonaparte has forfeited the throne, and the hereditary right established in his family is abolished. 2 The French people and the army are released from

* "British and Foreign State Papers, 1812-1814," vol. 1 part II p. 912. † "Memoir," part viii p. 253.

‡ Thibaudeau "L'Empire," vol. vi chap. ci p. 642.

§ "British and Foreign State Papers, 1812-1814," vol. 1 part II p. 947.

their oath of fidelity towards Napoleon Bonaparte. 3 The present decree shall be transmitted by a message to the Provisional Government of France, conveyed forthwith to all the departments and the armies, and immediately proclaimed in all the quarters of the capital"† A similar resolution was on the same day adopted by the



Napoleon receives tidings of the Capitulation of Paris

legislative body By a *Senatus Consultum* of the 6th of April, the exiled King was recalled, and the old order of things in a great measure restored The people began to clamour against their fallen favourite, and with his declining fortunes his friends quickly deserted him.

Bonaparte sent emissaries to Paris to learn how affairs were going on, and the unfavourable accounts he received excited his anger to the highest pitch He resolutely declared that he would not resign, and issued a proclamation to his troops, calling upon them to assist in the deliverance of the capital Some of his marshals and old

* See the *Mouiteur*, April, 1814, and "British and Foreign State Papers, 1812-1814," for these and other State papers relating to the transactions of the period

generals refusing to assist in such a scheme, he at length yielded, and signed the following abdication —

‘ The allied powers having proclaimed that the Emperor Napoleon is the real obstacle to the re-establishment of peace in Europe, the Emperor Napoleon, faithful to his oath, declares that he is ready to descend from the throne, to quit France, and even to lay down his life for the good of his country, which is inseparable from the rights of his son, and from those of the regency in the person of the Empress, and the maintenance of the laws of the empire

“ Done at our palace of Fontainebleau, April 4th, 1814

“ NAPOLEON.”

When, however, his commissioners reached Paris, they found that the abdication in favour of his son would not be accepted. Dreadful scenes occurred upon the communication of this unpalatable intelligence to Napoleon, and he talked of rekindling the strife, and dictating terms with the sword, he forgot, however, that he was no longer the powerful chief at the head of his battalions, but the deserted, if not defeated, monarch. The defection of many who had risen by his favour increased his indignation, and added fuel, as it well might, to his passion. Reduced to the last extremity, he penned a second abdication in the following words —

“ The allied powers having declared that the Emperor Napoleon was the only obstacle to the re establishment of a general peace, the Emperor Napoleon, faithful to his oath, declares that he renounces for himself and his heirs the thrones of France and Italy, and that there is no personal sacrifice, not even that of life itself, which he is not willing to make for the interest of France

“ Fontainebleau, April 6, 1814.

“ NAPOLEON ”

On the 11th of April the Treaty of Fontainebleau was signed between the Emperor Napoleon, Russia, Austria, and Prussia, of this the third article, which relates chiefly to the subject of our memoir, is the most important, and it reads thus — “ The isle of Elba,

adopted by his Majesty the Emperor Napoleon as the place of his residence, shall form, during his life, a separate principality, which shall be possessed by him in full sovereignty and property There shall be besides granted, in full property, to the Emperor Napoleon, an annual revenue of 2,000,000 francs, in rent charge in the Great Book of France, of which 1,000,000 shall be in reversion to the Empress" It must be admitted that Bonaparte, in signing his abdication, made no conditions in his own favour, but probably this was owing to his firm resolution not to abide by any agreement extorted from him by the force of circumstances

On the night of the 12th Bonaparte attempted suicide. The truth of this is confirmed by his own confession at St Helena, which is thus related by the Count Montholon.* After declaring that he had made a similar attempt in the earlier part of his career, Napoleon said —"From the time of my retreat from Russia, I had constantly carried, suspended round my neck, and contained in a little silken bag, a portion of a poisonous powder, which Evan had prepared by my orders, when I was in fear of being carried off prisoner by the Cossacks My life no longer belonged to my country the events of the last few days had again rendered me master of it 'Why should I endure so much suffering?' I reflected, 'and who knows that my death may not replace the crown on the head of my son?' France was saved. I hesitated no longer, but, leaping from my bed, mixed the poison in a little water, and drank it with a sort of feeling of happiness But time had taken away its strength; fearful pains drew forth some groans from me, they were heard, and medical assistance arrived It was not God's will that I should die so soon St Helena was my destiny"

On the 20th of April Bonaparte quitted Fontainebleau for his new empire. He was attended by four commissioners, representing England, Prussia, Austria, and Russia Before entering his traveling carriage, he made a speech to the Old Guard, who were drawn up to bid him adieu Count Truchses Waldburgh, the Prussian commissioner, who attended the fallen sovereign from Fontainebleau

* "Captivity of Napoleon," English edition, vol. iii chap iv pp 130—135

to Frejus, states, in the short narrative of the journey which he published, that during the early part Napoleon was in a very lively humour, often indulged in jokes, and upon one occasion, with reference to his position, remarked, "After all, I lose nothing I commenced the game with a crown in my pocket, and I leave off very rich" In some parts of the south of France he was with difficulty preserved from the fury of the populace, who rushed round his carriage, clamouring for his blood According to the testimony of Cardinal Gabrielli, an eye-witness of the scene, his effigy was burned in his presence at Orgon, on the 25th of April, and other figures were held up to him, with mangled bosoms and smeared with gore These outbursts of popular indignation affected him deeply He arrived at Frejus on the 28th, and embarked on board an English frigate, the *Undaunted*, in preference to a French vessel which had been placed at his disposal During the passage, his good humour revived, he chatted freely with the officers, it is even asserted that he praised Wellington, and seemed to enjoy himself most thoroughly General Koller, who with Col Campbell had been commissioned to attend him to the island of Elba, says—"During the five days passed at sea (contrary winds, storms, and calms having rendered it impossible to sail quicker), Napoleon was constantly in good humour, of singular condescension and courtesy, and impatient of reaching the place of his destination" He landed at the seat of his new empire on the 4th of May, and soon after made an inspection of the whole island, which at that time contained about 1,200 inhabitants, two towns, and several villages The island is in general fertile, and the air salubrious Its fortifications and defences particularly engaged his attention, and he was heard to boast that he would there defy the Bourbons At first he appeared pleased with his asylum, interested himself in the island, its production and inhabitants, established a little Court, held receptions, had a theatre, and seemed to forget the vast dominions he had resigned. Some of his old officers and favourite guards resided with him, and had it not been for his ambitious nature, he might, like a second Dioctetian, have ended life in tranquillity and dignified retirement.

The English Government objected to the Treaty of Fontainebleau

because it recognized Napoleon's title as Emperor, and made him an independent sovereign, but the agreement having been formally concluded, there was no remedy, and the work of pacification continued. On the 23rd of April a convention for the cessation of hostilities between France and the allied powers was signed, and on the 30th of May a definitive treaty of peace and union between



At Elba

the same parties, known as the Treaty of Paris, was concluded. It was eminently favourable to France, and although the second article ran thus,—“The kingdom of France retains its limits entire, as they existed on the 1st of January, 1792,”—yet, by the succeeding article, important accessions of territory were granted to her, and she was not even required to restore the plunder brought from neighbouring States.

To crush Bonaparte was one thing, to give security to France another. The people had been too long in a state of agitation to settle down quietly under the feeble rule of Louis XVIII. The warriors whom Bonaparte had led in triumph from one end of Europe to the other sighed for the return of their favourite general. It was indeed

a difficult matter to govern at such a turbulent period. There were many conflicting interests to be reconciled, knotty questions to be solved, and stubborn prejudices to be overcome. The community was split into parties, and these parties but too often degenerated into factions. Discontent speedily ensued, and all attributed their grievances to the new Government, and not to the elements of disunion amongst themselves. The calm and impartial observer of events saw with horror, that although the fierce struggle was indeed suspended, it had not yet terminated.

In the meantime Napoleon was left to do exactly as he pleased in his new principality, and an English minister declared, that if informed of his escape, he knew not by what authority he could be arrested. The allied commissioners were his guests rather than his guardians. Sir Niel Campbell, who had been sent with Bonaparte to Elba by the English Government, went to Leghorn on the 17th of February, 1815, and in a despatch to Lord Castlereagh, written in that city on the 26th, stated that he thought a plan for the Emperor's escape was on foot. Bonaparte was intimately acquainted with the state of affairs in France, and in the unpopularity of the Bourbon rule he saw the signal for his own return. Moreover, he carried on an extensive correspondence with his friends and agents in Europe, who gave him accurate accounts of all that was passing. Indeed, from the moment that he landed in Elba, intrigues were commenced with a view to his restoration to the imperial throne. At eight o'clock in the evening of that day on which Sir Neil Campbell wrote the warning to the British minister, Napoleon quitted Elba. The intrigues which for several months had been carried on in France, Italy, and the small island in which he resided, terminated in his sudden embarkation, with 400 of his veterans, on board the brig *Inconstant* on the 26th of February, about 700 more of his followers being conveyed in six small vessels. During the passage the flotilla was becalmed, and the delay thus caused created considerable alarm and anxiety. On board the *Inconstant* Napoleon dictated two proclamations, one to the French army, and the other to the French people, of which numerous copies were made by his companions. In the former the following passage occurs —

"Soldiers ! in my exile I heard your voice I have come through all obstacles and every peril Your General, called to the throne by the voice of the people, and raised on your shields, is restored to you. Come and join him" The nation he addressed in different terms — "Frenchmen ! in my exile I heard your complaints and desires you demand that government of your own choice, which alone is legitimate You blamed my long slumber, you reproached me with having sacrificed the great interests of my country to the love of my own ease I have crossed the seas amid perils of all kinds I come among you to resume my rights, which are also yours Everything that has been spoken or written, since the capture of Paris, I will blot out for ever, it shall not in the least degree influence the remembrance I preserve of important services rendered by the same persons, for these events are above human control"

On the 1st of March Bonaparte's small fleet cast anchor in the Gulf of Saint Juan, and on the same day he landed near Cannes. His enterprise met with a severe check at its commencement Twenty-five men, under a captain of the guard, were made prisoners at Antibes, by the governor of that place, whilst they were endeavouring to bring over the garrison to their cause. Undismayed by this inauspicious event, Napoleon continued his march, and found willing adherents among the inhabitants of the Alpine villages through which he passed The first town of any importance that he reached was Grenoble, and here his entrance was not effected without difficulty and danger Indeed, the garrison prepared to resist his further advance, but Napoleon announced himself to the troops, and, baring his breast before them, inquired whether they would fire upon their Emperor The bold stroke succeeded the soldiers threw aside their arms and flocked around their old leader, rending the air with their acclamations Shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur !*" rose on all sides, and he entered Grenoble in triumph late on the same evening, the 7th of March His proclamations were at once printed and distributed, and from that hour his progress resembled the march of a victorious general Ney, who had been sent by Louis XVIII to oppose his advance, went over to him, and issued a proclamation to the troops declaring the cause of the



"Vive l'Empereur!"

Bourbons to be irremediably lost Napoleon hastened towards the capital, and reached the Tuileries on the evening of the 20th of March, a few hours after the departure of Louis XVIII. The royal refugee resided first at Lille, where he was received with unbounded enthusiasm, but removed his Court to Ghent on the 25th, and remained in Flanders until the second and final overthrow of Napoleon

The contracting parties to the Treaty of Paris unanimously agreed to transfer the settlement of many important matters to a Congress, which they appointed to be held at Vienna on the 29th of July. The conferences did not, however, commence until the end of September, and the formal opening was then adjourned to the 1st of November. The difficulty of regulating the affairs of Europe soon became apparent. Indeed, so serious were the disputes that arose, it was at one time thought that the allied powers would have taken up arms against each other. There can be little doubt that the extravagant pretensions of Russia mainly contributed to create these

differences It has been the aim of some writers to extol the Czar Alexander as a model of prudence, moderation, and sagacity to endeavour to prove that in his opposition to Napoleon he was animated by a lofty patriotism, and inspired solely by the hope of giving peace to Europe. This view must be received with caution. No doubt Alexander is as good a specimen of a Russian Emperor as we can hope to meet with, he was, however, faithful to the ancient policy of his race. He required territorial aggrandizement, and in order to invest his demand with an appearance of fair dealing, for Prussia he sought to obtain Saxony. Resolved to have Poland by persuasion or force, he ordered the Grand Duke Constantine to take military possession of the coveted spoil, in defiance of the Congress. Lord Castlereagh at once perceived the aim of Alexander, and used every effort to baffle his infamous designs. By the exertions of the British minister a secret treaty was signed on the 3rd of February, 1815, between England, France, and Austria, having for its object the enforcement of the stipulations of the Treaty of Paris. The contracting parties in this convention renounced all aggressive and ulterior objects, and engaged, in case of necessity, to furnish, each of them, 120,000 infantry, 30,000 cavalry, with artillery and munitions of war.* This offensive and defensive alliance was not without its beneficial effect, still matters were far from being settled, indeed, they were not at all in a satisfactory state when, on the 7th of March, Metternich received the news of Napoleon's departure from Elba. Authentic intelligence of his landing at Cannes, and his successful exploit at Grenoble, arrived on the 11th. The sovereigns and ministers assembled at Vienna, who had been quarrelling amongst themselves, at once felt the necessity of uniting their efforts against the common enemy. A solemn declaration was drawn up and signed by all the Powers, on the 13th of March, denouncing Napoleon in these terms —

‘ By thus breaking the convention which established him in the island of Elba, Bonaparte destroys the only legal title on which his

* See Capefigue. “The Hundred Days,” vol. 1 chap. iv. p. 96, and “British and Foreign State Papers,” vol. 11 1814 1815, pp. 1001, &c

political existence depended. By reappearing in France with the projects of confusion and disorder, he has deprived himself of the protection of the law, and has made manifest to the universe that there can be neither peace nor truce with him. The Powers, therefore, declare that Napoleon Bonaparte has placed himself without the pale of civil and social relations, and that, as an enemy and disturber of the repose of the world, he has rendered himself liable to public vengeance"*

In conformity with this declaration, the allied powers, on the 25th of March, concluded a treaty, renewing that of Chaumont. They also engaged not to lay down their arms until they should have reduced Napoleon to submission, and for this purpose each of the contracting parties agreed to furnish a contingent of 150,000 men. By a separate article the King of Great Britain had the option of furnishing his number of combatants, or of paying at the rate of £30 per annum for each cavalry, and £20 for each infantry soldier that might be wanting to complete the number† The most extensive preparations were at once set on foot, in order to give effect to these measures.

Napoleon found work enough to do at Paris. The populace refused to acknowledge his unconditional ascendancy. He was threatened with civil as well as foreign warfare. The people clamoured for freedom and the legitimate exercise of their rights. From a curious conversation with Benjamin Constant, whom he completely won over, and who was afterwards named President of the Commission entrusted with the formation of a new constitution, we are constrained to make a few extracts. We give them in Napoleon's own terms, as dictated to Count Montholon at St. Helena‡. The more striking and important parts of this speech run thus: 'The nation has been at rest for a period of twelve years from any political agitation, and has now for a year been free from that of war, this double repose has caused her again to feel the need of

* "British and Foreign State Papers," vol. II 1814 1815, p. 665

† Ibid., vol. II 1814 1815, pp. 443, &c.

‡ "History of the Captivity of Napoleon," vol. III chap. IV p. 115, &c.

activity She wishes, or think she wishes, for liberty, a tribune, assemblies; she did not always desire these, she was weary of them when she threw herself at my feet, in order to raise me upon the shield You should remember this—you who endeavoured to oppose my accession to the throne. Where was your support, your strength? You had none. I took less authority than I was invited to do I am not the Emperor of the soldiers alone, as the gentlemen liberals are pleased to say—I am the Emperor of the peasants, of the plebeians, of France Therefore it is that, notwithstanding the striking recollections of my reverses, you have seen the nation return to me *en masse*, it is because there exists a sympathy between us This was not the case with the *privilégiés*, the old nobility served me, they passed in crowds into my ante-chambers There were no places which they did not accept, request, solicit. I have had in my service Montmorencis, Brancases, Noailles, Beanveans, Béarns, Montemarts, but there was never analogy in this The horse made curvets, he was well trained; but I felt him quiver. With the people the matter is different, the popular fibre is the best, I rose from the ranks of the people, and my voice influences them Look at those recruits, those sons of peasants I did not flatter them, I treated them severely, they did not on that account desert me, they did not therefore cease to cry '*Vive l'Empereur*!' This is because we are of a common nature, they look upon me as their support, their protector against their former lords I have but to make a signal, or merely to turn away my eyes, and the nobles will be massacred throughout every province, during the last three months they have reawakened so many feelings of hatred! But I have no wish to be the King of a *Jacquerie*. I believe that it is possible to govern by a constitution, I wished to obtain for France the sceptre of the whole world, and in order to secure it to her, absolute power was necessary to me For the purpose of governing France, if restrained within its actual, or even natural limits, it may be that a constitutional order of government would be better Tell me your ideas. Free elections? public discussions? responsible ministers? liberty? I desire all this, liberty of the press above all To suppress this would be

absurd in the present day. In short, I am the man of the people; and if the people really desire liberty, I owe it them. I have recognized their sovereignty it is, therefore, my duty to obey their will, and even to listen to their caprices. I never wished to oppress them, or to exhaust their resources, in order to forward my personal interests. I had great designs for France fate has otherwise decided, I am no longer a conqueror, I can no longer be one, I know what is possible and what is not. I can now only have one mission again to raise up France, to give her a Government fitting for her. I removed liberty out of my way when it encumbered my path, but I understood it, I loved it; it was the dream of my youth. The work of my fifteen years' reign is also destroyed, it cannot be recommenced. For this purpose, twenty years, and two millions of men to be sacrificed, would be necessary, and besides, I desire peace. But I will not give you false hopes, I shall only obtain it by means of victories. I give out that there are negotiations going forward, there are none of any value, or at least they will come to nothing if my first battle does not recall Austerlitz or Marengo, and to effect this, I should require four months, or perhaps even five, in order to reorganize the army, and increase it to 500,000 men. I foresee, therefore, a difficult struggle, a long war, in order to maintain it, the people must support me, but in return they shall have liberty. The situation is novel, I ask nothing better than to be enlightened on the subject. I am growing old, at forty-five a man is no longer what he was at thirty. The repose of a constitutional king suits me, and will assuredly suit my son."

In these burning words a certain amount of truth is disguised in fair and specious terms. The whole speech forms the key to Bonaparte's policy. He began as a conqueror, he was willing to close his career as a constitutional monarch. His aggression had raised Europe to arms against him, the combination was too strong to be defeated. There is little reason to doubt that in 1815 Bonaparte was willing to accept fair conditions of peace, but he had broken so many promises and violated so many vows that none dared trust to his word. Retribution was about to overtake him, and let the

lesson sink deeply into the minds of all violators of the sanctity of truth.

In answer to the declaration of the allied powers, Bonaparte contended that the conditions of the Treaty of Fontainebleau had not been honourably fulfilled. He complained that his wife and son had not been restored to him, that no precautions had been taken to preserve his life from assassins, that his pension had not been paid, and he pointed out other stipulations which he said had not been carried out. These grievances were embodied in a report, drawn up by the Emperor himself*. On the 1st of April he addressed the allied sovereigns by letter, in which he declared, "My sweetest hope is to render the re-establishment of the imperial throne a guarantee for the peace of Europe." As if these words were not sufficiently explicit, towards the close of the epistle he added, "A nobler arena is now open to sovereigns, I will be the first to descend into it. After having exhibited to the world the spectacle of great combating, it will be now sweeter to exhibit henceforth no other rivalry but that of the advantages of peace—no other strife but that of the felicity of the nations"†. His entreaties were unavailing; he could neither shake the resolution of the allied powers, nor introduce dissensions amongst them. They had all on former occasions suffered too much by trusting to his promises, to be again seduced by them. As soon as it became evident that the strife must be brought to an immediate issue, Bonaparte was indefatigable in his exertions. He appointed a Provisional Government, with his brother Joseph at its head, to direct affairs during his absence, and on the 12th of June left Paris for the head-quarters of the army. The tide of invasion had not yet re-entered France, Napoleon's object was to avert it altogether. At Avesnes on the 14th he issued a proclamation to his troops, denouncing the coalition formed against him, and predicting its speedy discomfiture. On the 15th he crossed the Belgian frontier, passing the river Sambre at several points. Never did this celebrated soldier display greater alacrity and foresight. Impressed

* Fleury de Chaboulon "The Hundred Days," vol. 1 pp. 374, &c. and Foreign State Papers," vol. 11 1814 1815, p. 1010

† "British

with the idea that time was everything, he sought to scatter in confusion the forces of that league which now appeared in arms in order to hurl him from the throne. For the accomplishment of this purpose Napoleon's chief aim was to overwhelm the Prussian and the English levies assembled in the neighbourhood of Brussels previous to the arrival of the Russian and Austrian armies at the scene of the strife. Moreover, he desired, if possible, to interpose between Blücher and Wellington, and thus to crush their forces in detail. Ney was dispatched with the left wing to Quatre Bras, at which place he was defeated by Wellington on the 16th of June. In this memorable action the Anglo-Allied army laboured under every disadvantage. It was almost without artillery, the Belgian cavalry fled from the field, and Picton was compelled to charge Ney's formidable and splendid horse with foot soldiers. Reinforcements came up at the right moment, and the victory was gained. On the same day Blücher received a check from Napoleon, at Ligny, and, after an obstinate contest, was compelled to retreat in the direction of Wavre. Wellington received the intelligence of Blücher's repulse during the night of the 16th, and immediately resolved upon taking his stand at Waterloo. At ten o'clock in the morning of the 17th the retreat commenced, and with the exception of a sharp encounter between the French and English cavalry, near Genappe, which resulted in the repulse of the former, Wellington's troops retired without molestation or impediment, and took up their position near the village of Waterloo.

During the night of the 17th rain continued to fall without intermission, on the morning of the 18th the weather changed a little for the better. Both armies were drawn up in battle array, each commander having shown considerable discernment in the disposition of his forces. The Anglo-Allied army consisted of about 67,000 men and 156 guns, whilst Napoleon had 71,000 men and 246 guns*. The battle commenced by an attack upon Hougomont a little before noon. The British at first remained on the defensive,

* Captain Siborne, the best authority on the strength of the two armies, gives the following estimate ("History of the War in France and Belgium," vol. 1 chap. ix p. 376)

for, as an able author remarks,* "the battle of Waterloo must always be considered as a battle fought by the right wing of an army, for the purpose of maintaining a position till the arrival of its left wing should render victory certain." Napoleon directed all his efforts to break through the English commander's line, the Dutch-Belgian troops turned and fled, but the British infantry stood firm. A French writer declares that the firmness of these soldiers was such as almost to induce one to believe "that they were rooted to the ground." The conflict had already raged for four hours, and yet no impression had been made. Wellington was then momentarily expecting reinforcements under Blucher, whilst Napoleon looked forward to the speedy arrival of Grouchy. The most furious charges were repeatedly made by the French, and at seven the Old Guard, which had been

"The strength of the Anglo Allied army in the field was as follows —

<i>British</i>	<i>Infantry</i>	<i>Cavalry</i>	<i>Artillery</i>	<i>Guns</i>
British	15,181	5,843	2,967	78
King's German Legion	3,301	1,991	526	18
Hanoverians	10,258	497	465	12
Brunswickers	4,586	866	520	16
Nassauers	2,880			
Dutch-Belgians	13,402	3,205	1,177	32
	49,608	12,402	5,645	156

Grand Total

Infantry	49,608
Cavalry	12,402
Artillery	5,645
	67,655 men, and 156 guns

The French army consisted of—

Infantry	48,950
Cavalry	15,765
Artillery	7,232
	71,947 men, and 246 guns

General Gourgaud's estimate is different. He says — "The force of the Anglo Belgic army amounted to between 85,000 and 90,000 men, and 250 pieces of artillery. The French army having only 67,000 or 68,000 men, was, of course, inferior in numbers, though it was superior with regard to the quality of its troops." — *The Campaign of 1815*, chap vi p 83. It is evident that the above is a mere guess at the forces engaged, and not a calculation based upon well ascertained details.

* Mitchell's "Fall of Napoleon," vol III. book IV chap IV p 142

held in reserve all day, advanced, with the gallant Ney at their head. All their efforts were, however, unavailing. As night approached the columns of the Prussian force formed upon the left. Wellington gave the order for the whole line to advance, and with tremendous shouts the soldiers swept everything before them. A great and a glorious battle had been gained, and the Prussians continued the pursuit.

Bonaparte has been severely censured for not having staked his life upon the chance, it must, at any rate, be confessed that his men fought most heroically. The name of Napoleon was a tower of strength to his cause, it spread terror through the ranks of his adversaries. We cannot give a better idea of its magic influence than in the following extract from some MS notes by an early and intimate friend of the Duke's, recording certain conversations between them.* In one of these the Duke said, "The *prestige* of Bonaparte had an enormous influence on the troops. There was a Dutch corps in the French army in the Peninsula—which I knew very well, for I had followed them from the Tagus to the Bidassoa—and they were always in the French rear-guard, and no men could behave better. On the counter-revolution in Holland they came over to us, and I sent them home by sea. The next time I saw my Dutch friends was on the field of Waterloo, where they were with the Dutch army under my orders, and knowing them to be steady good soldiers, I placed them in the garden of Hougomont, but no sooner did they see the great French columns moving down upon them, but they took fright and ran away, and I was obliged myself to go down to try and rally them, but I could not. The Austrian General Vincent was with me, and I said to him, 'These are the troops with which I am to win this battle.' He shrugged up his shoulders, and said, '*C'est bien malheureux*' But luckily I had my own people at hand, and we kept Hougomont and won the battle without the help of my old acquaintances, who were still possessed of the opinion of the invincibility of Bonaparte. This idea, which was even stronger amongst the officers of the continental armies than the soldiers, had a most

* See "Quarterly Review," March, 1853, p. 541

powerful influence over everybody—even emperors and kings; and you may judge what it must have had with his own troops”

This was, however, the last occasion on which it operated on either friend or foe, and the complete disorganization of his army after the battle of Waterloo shows how the best efforts of his troops had been expended on that fatal field. The magic influence he exerted over them led them to struggle desperately, even after a safe retreat had become hopeless, and when the reaction came, they threw away their arms and fled in terrible disorder. Napoleon with difficulty made his escape amongst the host of fugitives. Between four and five on the morning of the 19th he reached Charleroi; he was at Laon on the 20th, and at Paris at eight on the morning of the 21st of June. Discontent prevailed in the capital, rumours of disaster were in circulation, and the aspect of affairs was altogether most unfavourable. Napoleon desired to be invested with the dictatorship in order to deal with the emergencies of the crisis, but Lafayette made a violent speech to the representatives, declared the nation to be in danger, and proposed that the sitting should be made permanent*. The motion was carried almost unanimously. Information of this reached Bonaparte in council, he sent a conciliatory reply, but this was of no avail. It was declared that if he did not abdicate within an hour, he would be deposed. Lucien strongly advised his brother to dissolve the Chamber, and seize upon the reins of power. Napoleon hesitated to adopt so hazardous a measure, and having exhausted threats and entreaties, he submitted to a doom which he found inevitable, and penned his abdication in these terms.—

“Frenchmen! In commencing war for maintaining the national independence, I relied on the union of all efforts, of all wills, and the concurrence of all the national authorities. I had reason to hope for success, and I braved all the declarations of the powers against me. Circumstances appear to me changed. I offer myself a sacrifice to the hatred of the enemies of France. May they prove sincere

* Capefigue. “The Hundred Days,” vol. ii. chap. p. 223

in their declarations, and really have directed them only against my power! My political life is terminated, and I proclaim my son under the title of Napoleon II., Emperor of the French. The present ministers will provisionally form the council of the government. The interest which I take in my son induces me to invite the Chambers to form without delay the regency by a law Unite all for the public safety, that you may continue an independent nation

"Paris, June 22, 1815."

NAPOLEON.*

The spirit of this document shows that, to the last, Napoleon cherished hopes of regaining the throne The concession—if concession it can be called—of abdicating, did not lead to his appointment to the regency, or even to the army, as he subsequently made the offer, in the character of a simple general A Provisional Government was formed, consisting of five members, Grenier, Caulaincourt, Carnot, Quinette, and Fouché Lucien violently advocated the elevation of the King of Rome to the throne, but being unable to influence the Assembly, he quitted in disgust

Napoleon retired to Malmaison, from which place he addressed a proclamation to the army of Paris Undecided as to what course to adopt, at one moment eager to put himself at the head of the troops, at another anxious to leave France, he was called to his senses by the receipt of an order from the Provisional Government to quit Malmaison. At five in the afternoon of the 29th of June he set out with a long string of carriages, laden with the spoils that could in the hurry of the moment be collected In travelling, Napoleon occupied a carriage belonging to some of his suite, and General Gourgaud followed in the imperial chariot. He reached Rochefort on the 3rd of July, intending to sail for America, and for this purpose went on board the frigate *La Saal* The wind was fair, but the English cruisers, which were at that time watching the port, prevented his escape. In the meantime the English and the Prussian armies advanced rapidly upon Paris, meeting with but little opposition The French generals declared the city to be incapable

* Ibid , pp 235 and 236 , " British and Foreign State Papers," vol II 1814 1815,

of a prolonged defence, and on the 3rd of July the terms of capitulation were agreed upon. The allied armies made their entrance on the 7th, and the day after Louis XVIII was restored to the throne. The exertions made by Wellington to spare the beautiful buildings of the city, his firmness in opposing the harsh measures contemplated by the Prussian general, and other matters, well known to the student of the history of the period, do not require a lengthened notice in this biography. English cruisers scoured the Channel in search of Napoleon. On the 30th of June Captain Maitland, of H M S *Bellerophon*, at that time off Rochefort, received a letter without date or signature, warning him of the proposed flight of Napoleon, and indicating Bordeaux or its vicinity as the port from which he would most probably make the attempt *. Every precaution was taken by the gallant officer to prevent the contemplated escape, and so well were his measures planned and carried out, that Napoleon was baffled in his design. At daybreak, on the 10th of July, a small schooner was perceived standing towards the *Bellerophon* under a flag of truce. She proved to be *La Mouche*, having on board General Savary, and Count Las Cases, bearing a letter from Count Bertrand to the English admiral. The object of the mission was to discover whether Bonaparte would be allowed free egress, either in a French frigate or a neutral ship. Captain Maitland declared that his instructions would not permit him to favour the escape of Napoleon. The gallant officer, however, promised to forward the letter to the admiral of the station. On the 14th Count Las Cases again visited the *Bellerophon*, and finding that Captain Maitland had not received any further instructions, and that he could enter into no agreement respecting the surrender of Napoleon, he intimated that the ex-Emperor would most probably come on board.

On the 13th Napoleon addressed the following letter to the Prince Regent —

" Rochefort, July 13th, 1815

" YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,

" A victim to the factions which distract my country, and to the enmity of the greatest powers of Europe, I have terminated my

* " Narrative of the Surrender of Napoleon, &c.," p. 5.

political career, and I come, like Themistocles, to throw myself upon the hospitality of the British people I put myself under the protection of their laws, which I claim from your Royal Highness, as the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of my enemies

" NAPOLEON "

Las Cases returned to Captain Maitland the next day, and informed him that Napoleon intended to take refuge on board the *Bellerophon* In order to prevent any misunderstanding, the gallant English officer again distinctly declared that "Napoleon would not be allowed to land till permission had been given from the English Government," and when one of Napoleon's officers was about to write a letter to him, stating Captain Maitland's willingness to receive him, the captain repeated in these express terms the impossibility of making any conditions " 'Monsieur Las Cases, you will recollect that I am not authorized to stipulate as to the reception of Bonaparte in England, but that he must consider himself entirely at the disposal of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent ' he answered 'I am perfectly aware of that, and have already acquainted the Emperor with what you said on the subject.' " * Soon after six A M on the 15th of July Napoleon was received in the *Bellerophon's* barge from the French bug-of-war *Epervier*. As he stepped upon the quarter-deck of the *Bellerophon*, the fallen hero said, "I am come to throw myself on the protection of your Prince and laws" † Sir Charles Hotham, the English admiral, visited Napoleon, and the latter returned the visit on board the *Superb* During the passage to England the distinguished captive made himself very agreeable, chatted freely with the officers, and asked questions relative to the organization and discipline of the English navy, with which he seemed particularly pleased A single anecdote will illustrate the

* We have given these particulars, because considerable discussion soon after arose as to the terms upon which Napoleon was received on board the *Bellerophon* The best French authorities have since admitted the truth of Captain Maitland's statement We refer the reader, for a full account of the transaction, to Captain Maitland's narrative, from page 58, from which the above extract is taken.

† "Narrative," p 71

friendly terms on which the English commander and his guest lived during the transit. "Bonaparte amused himself by playing at cards after breakfast, the game was *vingt-un*, in which all the party joined except myself. He proposed that I should play with them, but I told him I had no money, making it a rule to leave it all with my wife before I went to sea, on which he laughed, and good-humouredly



I farewell to France

offered to lend me some, and trust me until we arrived in England, I, however, declined his offer, having the numerous duties of the ship to attend to"*

Torbay was reached on the 24th of July, and on the 26th the *Bellerophon* was ordered to Plymouth. Lord Keith and Sir Henry Bunbury arrived on board on the 31st, and at once communicated to Napoleon the decision of the English Government to send him to St Helena. On receiving this intelligence Napoleon grew very violent, declaring that he would rather be delivered up to the Bourbons, that in transporting him to such a climate they were signing

* "Narrative," p. 100.

his death-warrant, and he vowed that he would only yield to force. He wrote another letter to the Prince Regent, and on the 4th of August drew up a protest against the treatment of the English Government. These efforts did not, however, produce the desired effect. On the 7th of August the fallen conqueror and his suite were transferred to the *Northumberland*, the flag-ship of Sir George Cockburn, which vessel reached St Helena on the 15th of October, and Napoleon landed on the following day.

With reference to his surrender and treatment during his detention on board the *Bellerophon*, Napoleon said to Captain Maitland, the day before leaving the ship — "My reception in England has been very different from what I expected, but it gives me much satisfaction to assure you that I feel your conduct to me throughout has been that of a gentleman and a man of honour"* These words, coming from Napoleon's own lips, afford conclusive evidence that in sending him to St Helena the English Government neither acted treacherously, nor violated engagements entered into by any of its representatives or officers. In surrendering to Captain Maitland, he placed himself entirely at the mercy of his enemies, and was bound to submit to their decision whatever that might be. Whether an asylum might not have been granted to him in England is another question altogether, and rests upon a very different basis. Bonaparte's residence at St. Helena was embittered by a series of disputes, which arose between himself, his attendants, and the governor of the island, Sir Hudson Lowe. Recent investigations show that the latter has been hitherto unjustly censured and reproached. The fact is, the grievance lay really between Bonaparte and the British Government. He who had reigned despotically, with splendour and magnificence, could not bear reverses with fortitude and magnanimity. He had torn crowns from the brows of kings, but when his turn came to be stripped of authority he was ill prepared to support the sudden change of fortune.

One complaint was, that the English Government would not recognize his title of Emperor. This they never had done, and for



Longwood, Napoleon's Residence at St. Helena.

this very reason objected to the treaty of Fontainebleau Restrictions as to the limits for his rides, and the necessity of his showing himself occasionally, that the governor might be assured of his safe custody, furnished other grounds for dispute Yet these precautions were requisite, for it is certain that several attempts were made to procure his escape His health soon began to decline, and although he received every attention and the best of medical advice, he gradually grew worse The last consolations of religion, in accordance with the Roman Catholic faith, were administered to him on the 29th of April, at his own particular request At intervals his mind wandered, in these moments he occasionally uttered incoherent sentences relating to military operations, and breathed his last on the evening of the 5th of May, 1821 A *post mortem* exam-

ination of the body was made, and death proved to be the result of the diseased state of the stomach. His remains were interred in a favourite spot on the 9th of May, with due honour, the Roman Catholic service being read over the grave. In 1840, the French Government applied to England for the restoration of the body of her favourite hero. It was at once acceded to, and the remains were brought from St. Helena on board the *Belle Poule* frigate. On the 15th of December the second interment took place in the church of the Invalides at Paris, with great pomp and solemnity. The veterans of the Old Guard followed the coffin, a war-horse that had borne him safely through the tempest of battle appeared in the procession, and the funeral was truly a national demonstration. Thus his wish was at last fulfilled, and he reposed "on the banks of the Seine, among the people whom he had loved so well."

His son Francis Joseph Charles Napoleon, King of Rome, accompanied his mother to Vienna in 1814, and there received the title of the Duke of Reichstadt. He was made colonel of an Austrian regiment. Of a weak and delicate constitution and a rather melancholy temperament, he went into a consumption, and died on the 22nd of July, 1832, in the palace of the Schonbrunn, aged 21. He was buried with great solemnity.

Napoleon's first wife, Josephine, did not long survive the abdication of Napoleon and his departure for Elba. On hearing of his fall she expressed regret that she was not at his side to afford him consolation. She died on the 29th of May, 1814.

Maria Louisa, according to the terms of the Treaty of Paris, became Archduchess of Parma, Placentia, and Guastalla. She contracted an ignoble alliance, and passed the remainder of her life in comparative obscurity. She died on the 17th of December, 1847, aged 56. Her body was conveyed to Vienna, and buried at the side of that of her son, the Duke of Reichstadt.

The remembrance of the majority of mankind perishes at their death. The tomb, in closing over their mortal remains, separates them for ever from the busy world. Another body has been consigned to the dust out of which it was framed, another

"Soul exiled, and journeying back to day,"

has completed its pilgrimage in the flesh, another existence, like a falling star, has trembled, glittered, and suddenly gone out. Death is indeed oblivion. In some deep, loving heart, a silent and a sweet forget-me-not may linger; but time soon effaces this last memorial, and no relic then remains on earth of the life that once has been. Yet it is not so with the great actors on this world's stage. They cannot be accounted dead, as common men die, whose remembrance is buried with them. In their deeds they beget a second and a mightier existence, which fills, like air, the universe of mind. Their good or bad qualities excite the admiration or the disgust of future generations, their achievements form the most attractive materials of history, and furnish the poet with the noblest themes of song. Yet all fame cannot be considered precious. There is the glittering and delusive brilliancy, as well as the pure and steadfast flame, and when we sit in judgment on the mighty dead, reviewing their actions, but often knowing nothing of the motives that produced them, or the mischances that gave them a development different from that at first intended, how difficult does it become to award a fair and righteous verdict! Too frequently biography displays but the skeleton of the subject, in which we look in vain for the full and perfect development of the living man.

The character of Napoleon has perplexed and puzzled his biographers to a wonderful extent. The idol of some, he has been execrated by others. Yet we ought to judge leniently of the mighty dead, and not to be too severe on many points of which it is impossible that we can obtain all the facts. Napoleon was, no doubt, a great delinquent. With some redeeming qualities, his memory is stained with dark crimes which never can be forgotten. Not perhaps

of a cruel disposition, he allowed nothing to stand between him and the accomplishment of his designs To gain a battle he would sacrifice thousands of his fellow-men ; to make himself master of Europe he literally waded through blood

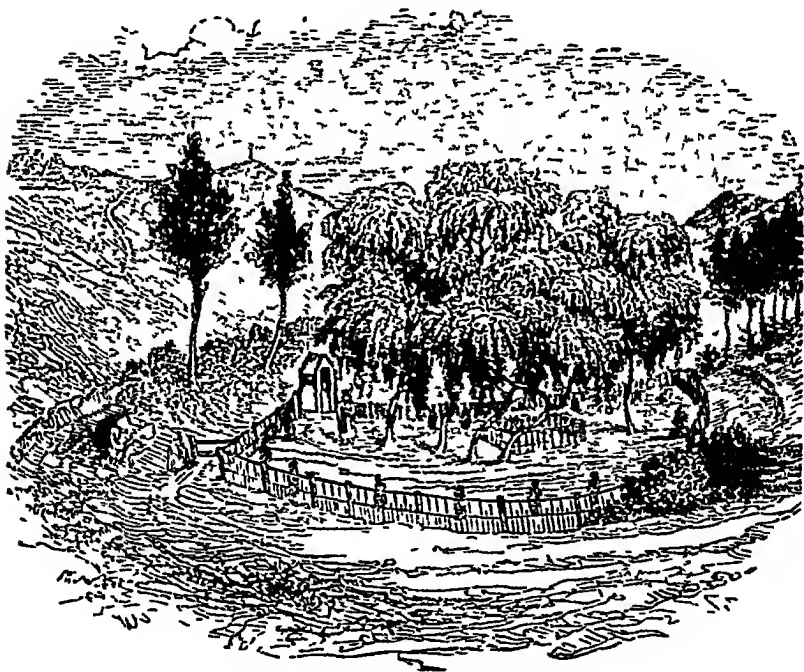
A careful analysis of his character would exceed the limits of the present work. We would merely hint that Napoleon must be judged in the three principal and different parts which he played upon the stage,—the fortunate soldier, the powerful sovereign, and the disconsolate exile. In dark and stormy times he struggled into eminence ; and, had he contented himself with quelling the factions that desolated his country, and in zealously seeking to reconstruct the shattered edifice of power, he would have been one of the greatest benefactors of his race Ambition lured him to his ruin The purple of France could not satisfy his aspiring soul he must wear the iron crown of Italy, he must humble England, and bring Russia to his feet. The career of conquest upon which he embarked soon came to an end His power was not built up upon sound and holy principles, its foundations were on the sand ; and when the tempest burst upon it, its frailty became at once apparent His own subjects grew tired of war which seemed interminable The conquest of one country led only to the attack upon another, and thus France was at last everywhere assailed, without one firm and trustworthy ally. In his sudden fall and his dreary exile we behold the retribution awarded by “even-handed justice” Accustomed to command and intoxicated with success, he could not calmly endure adversity And this suffering in some degree awakens the sympathy of posterity, and pleads, as it were, in extenuation of his numerous faults In the melancholy captive of St Helena we forget the arrogant despot, the violator of treaties, the murderer of D’Enghien, the shedder of seas of blood We are constrained to acknowledge that even in this world the hand of Providence had dealt out bitter chastisement upon him And this reminds us that Napoleon, without any real religious principles, always expressed a firm conviction in the existence of God Very frequently indeed we find him giving utterance to this belief, indignantly demanding on one occasion how else the earth could have been created, and de-

claring in almost his dying words, "Thank God, I am at peace with all the world" But how can we reconcile his practice with these professions? His whole life appeared to be one continued denial of the divine government of the universe. With this confession upon his lips, he acted as though there was no authority above his own. In this lies one of the chief lessons of history its teaching of the general inconsistency of men In prince and in peasant—in the lowly as well as in the great—the same temperament prevails The errors, the vices, the failings of others, are good angels speaking to our souls, when they remind us of our own imperfections

Napoleon ranks amongst the great conquerors of mankind. He carved out a sceptre by the sword, but he could not keep that which his right arm had won. His great military genius was overshadowed by his ambition, and his merits as a statesman are tarnished by a fatal insincerity. His fall was sudden, as his elevation had been almost unprecedented in its rapidity So has it ever been with these mighty conquerors Alexander died from over-indulgence in the zenith of his glory, Cæsar fell the victim of a conspiracy, and Napoleon, like an eagle encaged, fretted out the last six years of his life in captivity at St. Helena. Power is something that man cannot grasp with security He who thirsts after it, and succeeds in obtaining it, eventually becomes its victim Thus we behold Napoleon, once the dictator of Europe and the lord of kings, terminating his career as the lonely prisoner Freedom, the birth-right of all, the sacred treasure of which Bonaparte had despoiled millions of his fellow-men, became the desire of his life The luxury he had denied to others was at length removed from his reach, and he did not possess the consolations either of philosophy or religion, to alleviate the affliction of his desolate and altered condition He quaffed the cup in all its bitterness

The career of Napoleon Bonaparte was indeed an extraordinary one In its strange vicissitudes it savours more of fiction than of reality He emerged from poverty and obscurity to wield all but universal power, and died an unhappy exile. At the zenith of his fame he attracted the attention of mankind, and the world seemed scarcely large enough to satisfy his ambition. Had that ambition

been restrained to prudence he might have worn the crown until his death. With his own hands he destroyed the fabric which he had raised by his indomitable energy and his unrivalled skill. Ambition has made many successful generals, but it never produced a powerful and illustrious monarch, whose rule was firm without being tyrannical, and the chief glories of whose sway were to be found in the happiness, advancement, and prosperity of his subjects



Napoleon's Grave at St Helena.

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